Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 1980 $1.50

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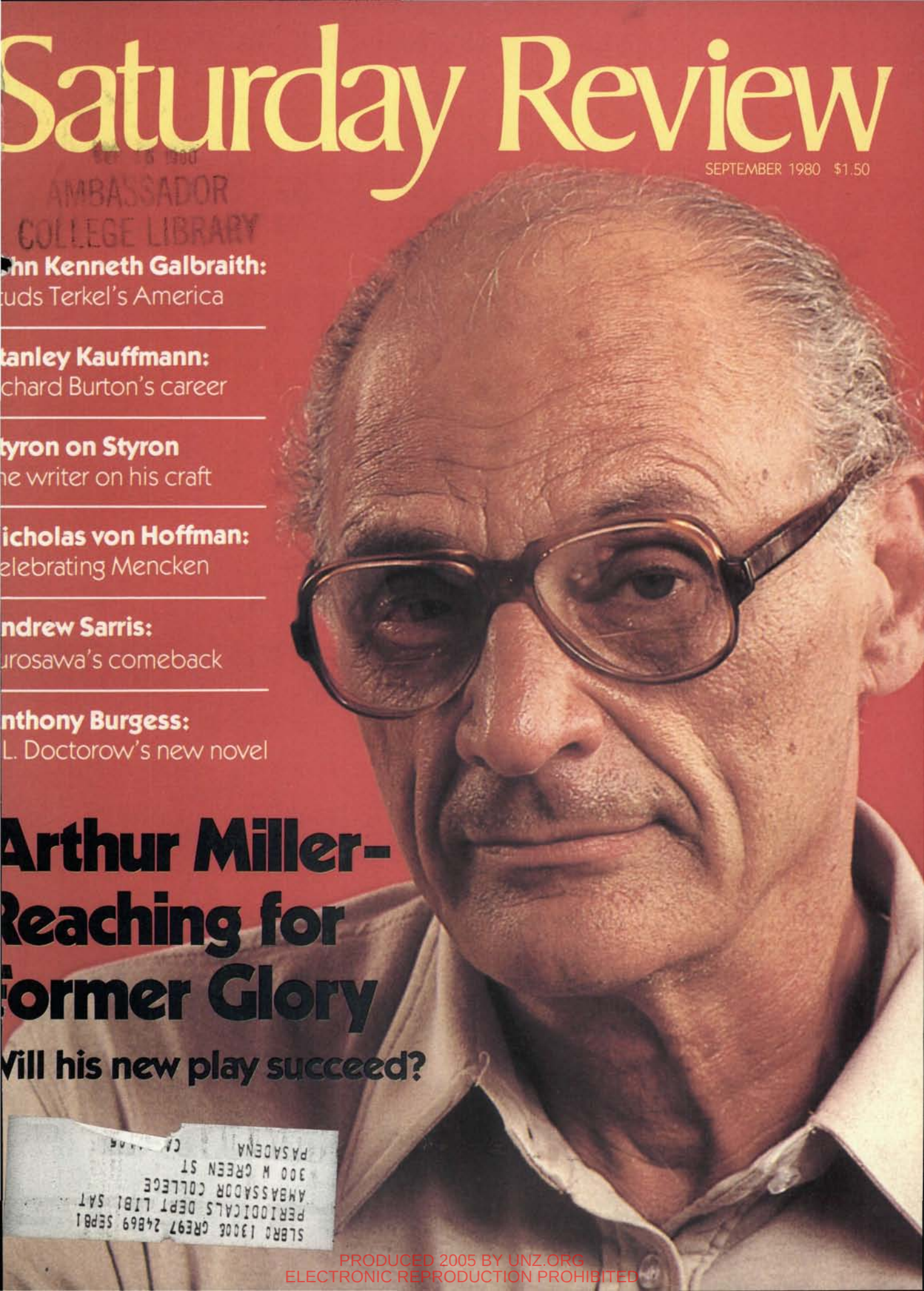

Arthur Miller-
Reaching for
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Will his new play succeed?

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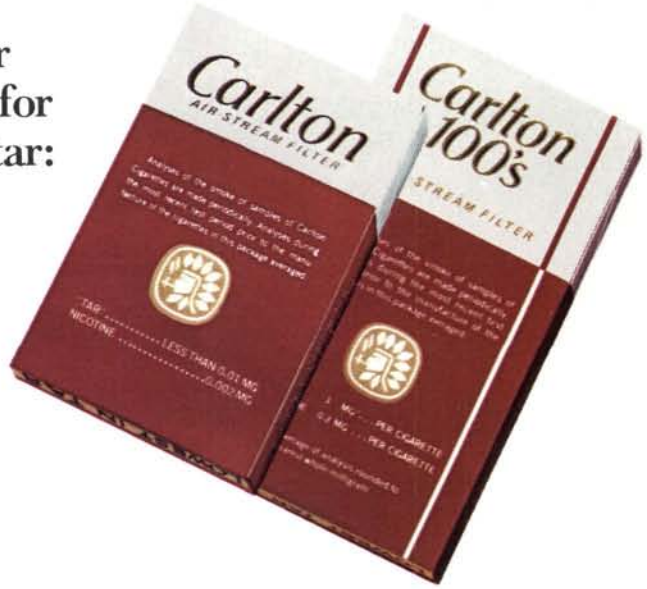

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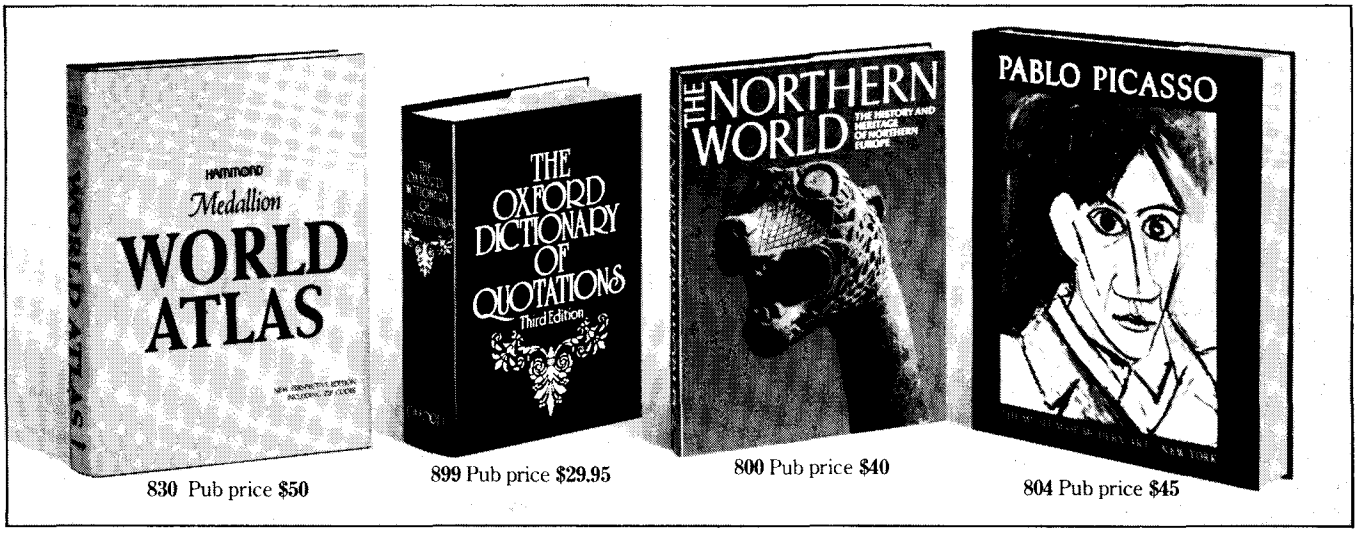

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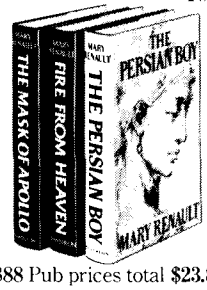

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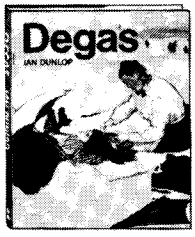

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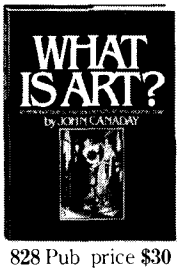

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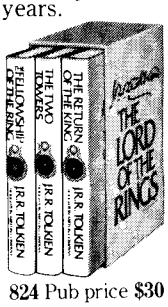

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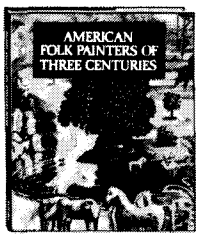

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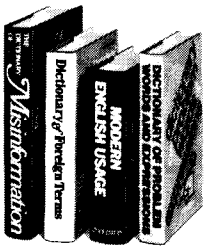

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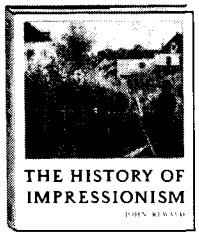

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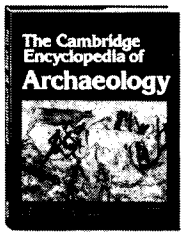

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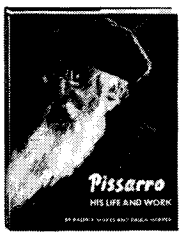

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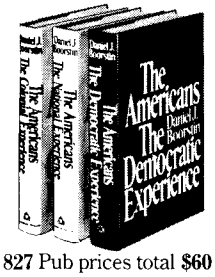

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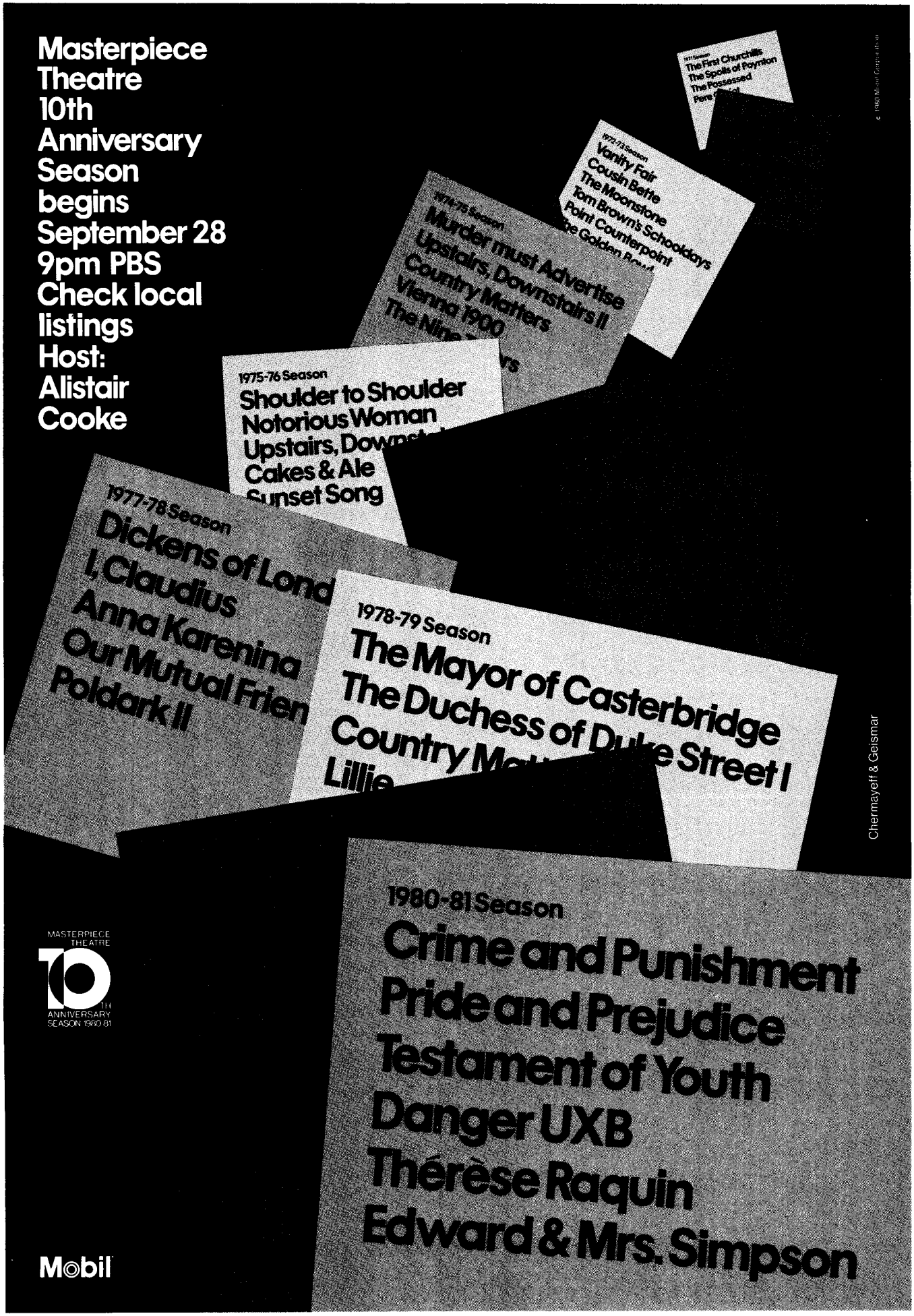

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Saturday Review SEPTEMBER 1980

FEATURES

Russian Artists in America: Is There Life After Exile? by Susan Schiefelbein
Defectors escape repression but must cope with the challenges of freedom **12**

Kurosawa's Comeback by Andrew Sarris
The illustrious Japanese director returns with a film both visceral and cerebral **18**

Arthur Miller Reaches for Former Glory by Robert F. Moss
High-brow critics have driven Miller's reputation down. Can his new play help? **22**

Studs Terkel Talks With Arthur Miller **24**

Celebrating Mencken by Nicholas von Hoffman
H.L. Mencken, born a hundred years ago this month, was our truest iconoclast **29**

Great Private Collections: A Texas Garden of Treasures by Vicki Goldberg
The Nashers have a collection of collections: from outdoor sculpture to textiles **36**

Architectural Follies: The Preservation Craze by Philip Lloyd
Are we subsidizing developers' profits to preserve mediocre relics? **42**

Creators on Creating: William Styron by Hilary Mills
The author of Sophie's Choice *discusses his inspiration and his methods* **46**

Brussels' Europalia
The City by Horace Sutton **59**
The Event by Edward Lucie-Smith **63**

DEPARTMENTS

Letters **5**

September Spotlights **8**

Editorial by N.C. *Capacity and Control* **10**

Book Reviews:
John Kenneth Galbraith on Studs Terkel's American Dreams: Lost and Found; *Anthony Burgess on E.L. Doctorow's* Loon Lake; *Benjamin DeMott on Ronald Steel's* Walter Lippmann and the American Century **64**

Book Briefs **70**

Language by Thomas H. Middleton *The Sociologese Plague* **81**

Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *Goodbye to "Great" Careers?* **82**

Music by Irving Kolodin *Barenboim's Maturing Art* **84**

Art by Edward Lucie-Smith *Vikings Invade the Met* **86**

Dance by Walter Terry *At Last, an American Superstar* **88**

Film by Judith Crist *The New Tracy and Hepburn* **90**

Television by Timothy Mason *Dr. Miller's Deft Dissection* **92**

Home Entertainment by Peter Caranicas *The Video Imperative* **94**

Records by Matthew Gurewitsch *Operas of "The Terror"* **96**

Diversions *Double-Crostic, Puzzles, etc.* **104**

SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **107**

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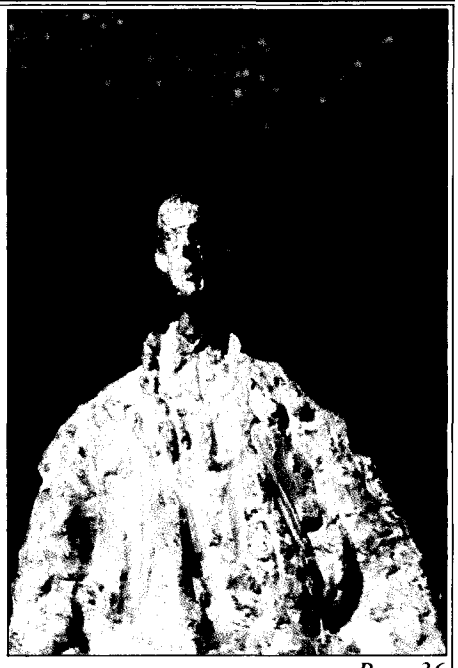

Page 36

Page 46

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Page 59

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Our New Look

Congratulations on your July issue and the "new" look with its focus on the arts. In a way, there is an "old" look about it, but only in the best sense of the word. As a charter subscriber to the old *Saturday Review of Literature*, I am delighted that you have not only restored your viewpoint on books, but also that you have now given us something special for our times. That is, *Saturday Review*... of the arts!

Carolyn W. Stagg
New York, New York

Saturday Review's decision to return to literature and the arts is one that can only succeed. Having watched the magazine go through many transitions, I am very enthusiastic about this latest one. If the July issue is an indication of things to come, I'm looking forward to my next issue.

Edna Schwartz
St. Louis, Missouri

The typography and graphics of the new *SR* are now as excellent as the content of the issue.

Esther Lakritz
Beloit, Wisconsin

Hooray for the new *Saturday Review*! I'm ecstatic about the new monthly format and with the fact that you've returned to the basics—literature, arts, and ideas.

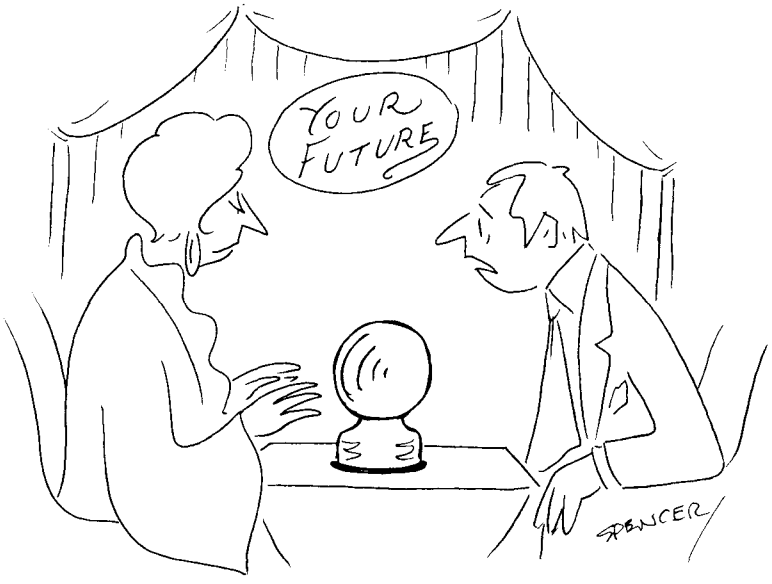
Edith M. Folz
La Canada, California

I just spent a delightful afternoon with the July issue of *Saturday Review*. It is like old times...knowledgeable reviews and intelligent articles. The whole magazine is on the upbeat. From a subscriber who has taken the magazine from the first, congratulations!

Florence Thacker
Camas Valley, Oregon

Art or Junk?

Ben Yagoda's article "Are We Funding Junk?" [July] was a well-balanced and perceptive appraisal of the problems of the National Endowment for the Arts. Because Congress makes the appropriations, political considerations creep into the picture as each state strives for a slice of the pie. Once fully professional and oriented toward the artist and the scholar, the Endowments are now spreading their relatively meager moneys among educationalists, audiences, and amateurs as well. Nothing else could account for all the attention being lavished on such extra-artistic, extra-intellectual concerns as advocacy, arts appreciation, geographical dis-



"Well, how about the Nineties?"

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LETTERS

tribution, and dissemination through the media. This is not what the founders of the Endowments had in mind.

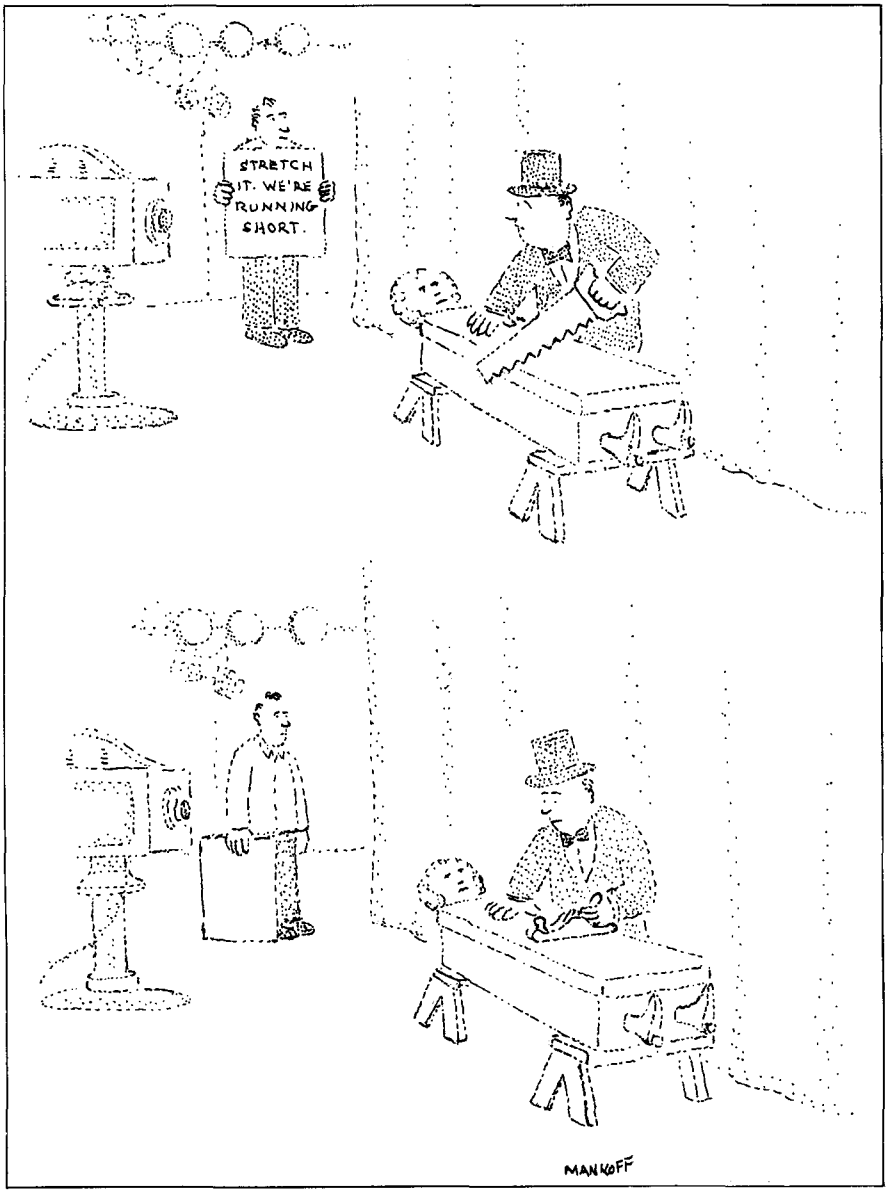
Bernard Kirshbaum
Flushing, New York

Mr. Yagoda's article overlooks the most important source for the evaluation of the National Endowment for the Arts—the people. The question should not be what the NEA has done for or to the artists, but rather what has the NEA accomplished for the American public? More power to the arts, and to your excellent magazine.

W. Cecil Steward
Lincoln, Nebraska

It must be a misdirected sense of journalistic "objectivity" that accounts for the muddled analysis of Ben Yagoda's article "Are We Funding Junk?". He has a distracting habit of presenting contradictory evidence that ultimately leaves the reader misinformed. He says in one place that "Within 10 years, one NEA program was supporting 167 dance companies, many of them mediocre or worse." In another place, he says, "The NEA can also claim credit for the renaissance of particular art forms, like dance and regional theater." The Arts Endowment is not without programmatic faults and policy confusion, but it is the elite agency of the federal bureaucracy and, as such, deserves more careful analysis and criticism.

Kevin Mulcahy
Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Thank you for Ben Yagoda's article. Your editorial sensationalism, however, seems rude and tactless in light of the article's contents. Perhaps less worthy projects have received NEA funds, but it may be a function of the Endowment to support healthy experiments while still allowing standards to be maintained in more traditional settings. I look forward to more about the NEA in future issues; perhaps an artist or composer who has benefited from the Endowment's largess will share his thoughts with your reader-audience.

A. Michael Shea
Skowhegan, Maine

A Reader Review

In his review of *Music for Chameleons* [July], John Fowles pinpoints precisely Truman Capote's strengths ("High stylishness, a marvelous eye and ear") and weakness ("What he seems to me to lack is a literary heart"). A brilliant piece of criticism.

Edward Hatch
Northfield, Minnesota

In Praise of Singer

Your interview with Isaac Bashevis Singer [July] was wonderful. His responses to Katha Pollitt's questions gave me a real feeling for the writer as a human being.

William Jirkowsky
Detroit, Michigan

Sorry, Ken

There was a thought-provoking curiosity of layout in the July *Saturday Review*. On the pages facing your kind review of my novel, *Blackbird Days*, you planted a cartoon of a seafood shop, with clams holding a sign: Boycott Chowder. Is this a kind of subliminal economic skullduggery, or a message for clams only, or are you merely giving shellfish equal time after Don Marquis's bewitching come-

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hither:
Come thou with me
And thou shalt see
While aching hearts beat louder,
How laden spoons can rise and float
From sad tureen to throbbing throat
Where men sit eating Chowder.

Ken Chowder
Portland, Oregon

Defending Dietrich

In reply to Mr. Kolodin's article "Sour Notes" [July] on Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, I beg to disagree. I was present at all the New York concerts except the Brahms Requiem, and found him to be very good, especially in the solo Schumann recitals when he was in exceptionally fine voice. The master recitalist is still without peer.

Evelyn Armstrong
Milford, New York

My wife and I were in New York for two of the Fischer-Dieskau concerts on which Irving Kolodin comments unfavorably. Perhaps some years have gone by. One can hardly contend that a voice at age 55 is comparable to one at age 35. But we find ourselves remembering the total effect of Fischer-Dieskau's performance on those two evenings, in the phrase a bassoonist friend uses on occasion: "It was perfect enough."

Wayne Kearl
San Antonio, Texas

Haydn Fanfare

I was particularly interested in Roland Gelatt's article "The Man Who Made Haydn" [July]. I had recently been to a concert at Simon's Rock in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, that featured Haydn's music. A special guest was H.C. Robbins-Landon.

Henry Willis
Lee, Massachusetts

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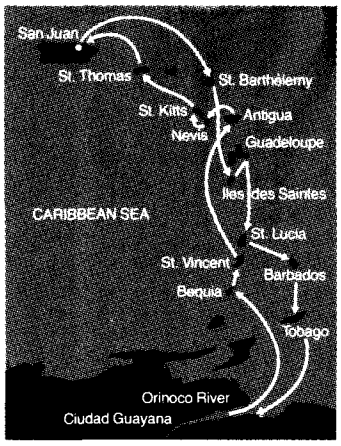

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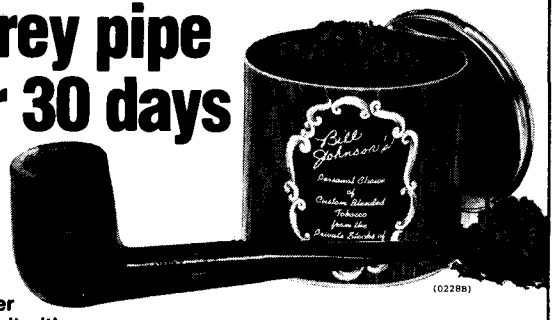

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SEPTEMBER SPOTLIGHTS

TELEVISION

In an inspired stroke of casting, Alec Guinness stars in a 13-episode television series dramatizing John le Carré's best-selling spy novel, **Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy**, for PBS's *Great Performances*. Guinness plays George Smiley, a top-ranking, middle-aged British spy who must ferret out a double agent—a "mole"—inside his undercover network. At the same time, Smiley must deal with his attractive wife whose attentions he realizes are wandering.

Tinker, Tailor's script sticks closely to le Carré's novel, using much of the original dialogue. Sequences have been filmed around the world, in England, Lisbon, Czechoslovakia, and India. The weekly host for the series will be Robert MacNeil who, in addition to reminding viewers of what they saw (or missed) the previous week, will interview author and ex-spy le Carré. (First episode: September 29.)

Alec Guinness and Sian Phillips in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* on PBS.

FILM

His career on a critical rebound, John Huston weighs in with a new suspense-thriller, **Phobia**, filmed in Canada with a largely unknown cast. Paul Michael Glaser, the Starsky of *Starsky and Hutch* TV fame, stars as a prison psychiatrist whose experiment to rid his convict patients of their phobias backfires when fear becomes reality. Each of his patients turns up murdered in a manner the convict fears most.

If neither plot nor casting seems inspirational, any effort by master-story-teller Huston, who began his directorial career with the classic *Maltese Falcon* and along the way gave us such treasures as *Sierra Madre* and *The African Queen*, suggests great possibilities. After a slump during the Sixties and Seventies, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Fat City*, and *Blood Money* have revived his reputation. *Phobia* could carry his rehabilitation one step further (September 26).

Death stalks prison inmates in *Phobia*.

OPERA

Composer Philip Glass, whose serious approach to popular idioms has produced such avant-garde theatrical events as *Einstein on the Beach* (1976, in collaboration with artist Robert Wilson), now offers the world premiere of his new opera, **Satyagraha**, on September 5 in Rotterdam, the Netherlands. *Satyagraha* (nonviolence) profiles the early life of Mohandas Gandhi: as a young English barrister in South Africa in 1891, returning to India, and gradually discovering his calling as a pacifist-revolutionary.

Commissioned by the city of Rotterdam for the Netherlands Opera, Orchestra, and Chorus, *Satyagraha* could well prove as controversial as Glass's legendary, hypnotic *Einstein*. The production will remain in Rotterdam for performances on September 6 and 8 and then tour the country.

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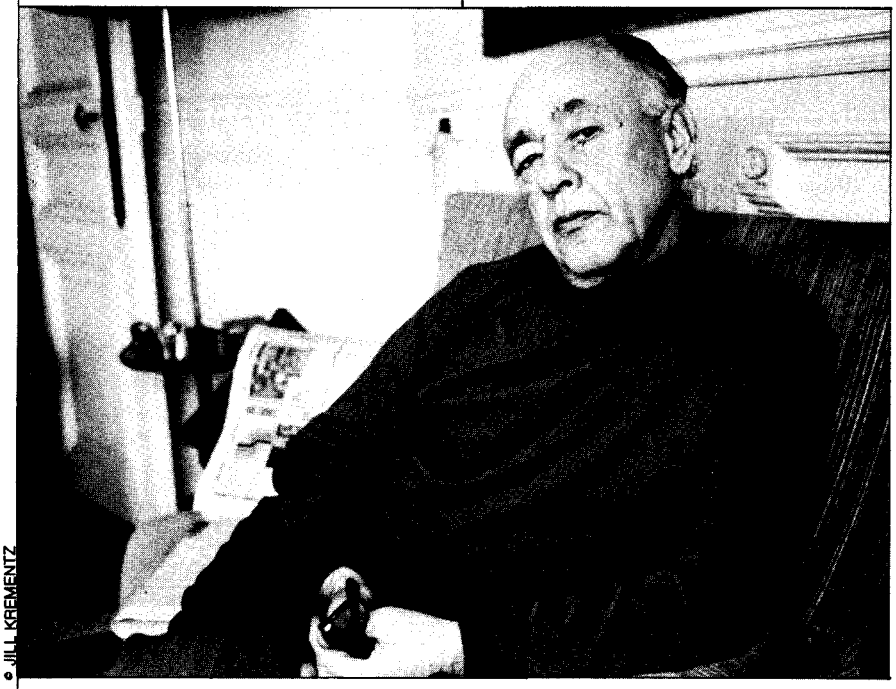
The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is celebrating its 100th anniversary.

MUSIC

This month the **St. Louis Symphony Orchestra** celebrates its 100th anniversary with a gala musical Dagwood sandwich. Conductor Leonard Slatkin will lead off with *The St. Louis March* by Rudolf Ganz (who directed the orchestra during the 1930s) and Berlioz's *Roman Carnival Overture.*

Then an array of guest stars comes streaming in. Cellist Zara Nelsova will play Dvorak's *Rondo in G*, after which soprano Benita Valente will sing Villa-Lobos's *Bachianias Brasilieras No. 5.* Mezzo Claudine Careso will sing an aria by Saint-Saens and tenor Seth McCoy another by Richard Strauss.

Next, pianists Emanuel Ax, John Browning, and Jeffrey Siegel join forces frolicking through Bach's *Concerto in C for Three Pianos.* And then the "last and least" of Bach's children, P.D.Q. Bach arrives. P.D.Q.'s "discoverer," Peter Schickele, will conduct arias (from P.D.Q.'s *Iphigenia in Brooklyn*, perhaps?) sung by Jean Marie Kemp. After which John Williams will conduct his score for *The Empire Strikes Back.* The jubilee concert concludes with—what else?—Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* (September 12).



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Scenes are playing simultaneously in arch-absurdist Eugene Ionesco's new play.

THEATER

Eugene Ionesco is back. The arch-absurdist playwright (*Rhinoceros, The Chairs*) is introducing a new script titled **Variations on the Same Theme** and subtitled *Journeys Among the Dead.* It deals with "perception of space, time, and multiple realities." Various sequences of the play are performed simultaneously in separate parts of the performance space. The debut production will be staged by Paul Berman.

Variations was written specifically for the Multi-Stage Theater of Yaacov Agam, an Israeli artist now living in France. The play will be performed in the middle of an Agam exhibit on view at New York City's Guggenheim Museum. The exhibit includes 25 large pieces in a variety of media, the appearances of which change according to the viewer's position in relation to them. In addition, the Guggenheim will display 180 "cubic multiples," each of which will function as movable chairs for Ionesco's multi-stage theatrical production. Performances begin at 8:30 every night of the week except Tuesday, through November 2 (special tickets are required), and the Agam exhibit will remain on view during normal museum hours. (First performance: September 25.)

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EDITORIAL

Capacity and Control

Some newspapers make a practice of listing birthday notices. In this way, the public was recently informed that this author had turned 65.

Among the greetings prompted by that notice were letters from *SR* readers who recalled that *SR* some years ago published a series of articles under the title, "What Have I Learned?" To be eligible for that series, a contributor had to be 65 or older. Since I had just reached that chronological plateau, several letter writers asked if I would look back over my own life and comment on its lessons.

I confess that even a partial autobiography terrifies me. There comes to mind Vannevar Bush's melancholy description of persons whose "days of vigorous building are done, whose eyes are too dim to see the details of the arch or the needed form of its keystone; but who have built a wall here and there, lived long on the edifice, learned to love it, have grasped a suggestion of its ultimate meaning, and who sit in the shade. . . ."

Any attempt at autobiography, moreover, presupposes some degree of control over the materials. How does one control that which can be fully perceived by others—which is to say, the larger part? Nietzsche is not in my pantheon of philosophical heroes but I have always been struck by his definition of man as a "hybrid of plant and ghost." How to command plants or measure ghosts? *The Education of Henry Adams* is one of the most controlled autobiographies in the English language. By way of staying in command, Adams wrote in the third person. Even this device, however, did not always make for full and fair view, for Adams's attempt to objectify himself made him subjectively harsh. His six-word verdict on his own life was that "his theory never affected his practice." The verdict did not fool his readers or dim the value of the book.

My main problem in scanning my learning adventures is the speed with which they accumulated over the years. I often had the feeling that I had failed to learn the lesson offered by T.S. Eliot in *Ash Wednesday*. "Teach us to sit still," he wrote, echoing Pascal's comment that most of the world's ills are chargeable to the fact that not enough men remain attached to their chairs. What both Eliot and Pascal bemoaned, of course, was the decline of contemplation. It took a serious illness to get me to put meditation ahead of mobility.

Human capacity is infinite. No challenge is beyond comprehension and response.

What, then, have I learned? The most important thing I think I have learned is that human capacity is infinite, that no challenge is beyond comprehension and useful response. I have learned that the uniqueness of human beings is represented by the absence of any ceiling over intellectual or moral development. In this sense, the greatest gains achieved by the species are not connected to the discovery of nuclear fission or the means by which humans can be liberated from earth gravity. The greatest gains are related to expanding knowledge about the human brain itself.

Just in the past two decades, the concept of the human brain has undergone a revolutionary expansion. It is being studied not just as the seat of consciousness but as the most prolific gland in the human body. Brain researchers like Richard Berglund of Harvard and Carmine Clemente of UCLA have attempted to inventory these secretions. That list now runs into the hundreds.

The significance of these secretions is that many of them are tied to the emotions and are therefore not beyond conscious control. We may not be able to direct all the glandular traffic in our brains, but we can at least profit from the knowledge that what we think and how we react make chemical registrations. The registrations have a great deal to do with what we make of ourselves. The next great advance of human evolution may well be represented by our increased ability to have some measure of conscious direction over our autonomic nervous systems. The ability of the human brain to perceive itself is far more spectacular than any of its other triumphs. For in the very act of trying to comprehend its own thinking mechanism, the human species becomes enhanced and augmented. Knowledge is evolution and evolution is knowledge.

Self-knowledge and self-regulation are central to the forward thrust of people or institutions. Conversely, the greatest dangers lie in a failure of control. Since society is a composite personality—a magnification of all the woes and glories that bedevil or enthrall single persons—the conduct of nations need not be regarded as unmanageable. At a time when evidence is accumulating that world problems are getting out of hand, it is useful to be reminded that we belong to a species that has no biological barriers or other built-in limitations blocking essential progress.—**N.C.**

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Texaco and The Metropolitan Opera invite you to another delightful season of greed, lust, and revenge.

Enjoy the telecast of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with English subtitles, conducted by James Levine, Saturday, September 27, 8p.m., E.D.T., on PBS.

Simulcast in stereo on FM in many cities.

The Story

"Manon Lescaut" is the story of what happens when the childlike Manon, as disarmingly greedy as she is charmingly romantic, is offered the classic choice of wealth or love—and chooses both.

Act I. Manon (Renata Scotto), on her way to a convent, arrives at a French inn with her brother, Lescaut (Pablo Elvira). There she meets the young student, Des Grieux (Placido Domingo), and it's love at first sight for both—or, more exactly, three, since she's also coveted by Geronte (Renato Capecchi), a rich, old Parisian not above dangling jewels to get what he wants.

Geronte bribes the innkeeper to arrange a carriage for Manon's abduction. Des Grieux's friend overhears the plan and warns him. The lovers then run off to Paris in the carriage Geronte had hired. Geronte, furious, is soothed by a tipsy Lescaut's reminder that Manon loves diamonds even more than poverty-stricken students.

Act II. Lescaut was right. But Manon, having abandoned Des Grieux for Geronte, complains to Lescaut she's bored without her lover. Lescaut obliges by summoning Des Grieux, who's reproachful at first, but finally gives in to her beauty once more. Geronte surprises the lovers and, swearing vengeance, storms out again. Warned by Lescaut that police are on the way, Manon delays escape to gather up her jewels. The delay is disastrous. Led by the gloating Geronte, soldiers break in and drag Manon off as a thief.

Act III. Outside a Le Havre prison, Des Grieux's and Lescaut's hopes to rescue Manon from deportation to New Orleans are dashed when their plot is discovered. Later, boarding the prison ship, Manon sobs farewell to Des Grieux, who begs the captain to take him as well. Moved, the captain agrees.

Act IV. The lovers, having fled after the ship landed, are stranded in the wilds of Louisiana. Manon, desperately weak from the ordeal, begs Des Grieux to leave her alone to die. When he goes off in search of help, she's overwhelmed with terror and despair. At his return, Manon, a child no longer, pledges her eternal love and dies in his arms.

Scenic and Costume Designer: Desmond Heeley. Production by Gian Carlo Menotti. Lighting by Gil Wechsler.

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Russian Artists in America:

Is There Life After Exile?

by Susan Schiefelbein

Any London bobby who had seen the stranger's face that night—a face tense with confusion, urgency, uncertainty—might have gently stepped over to offer directions. But the foreigner who hesitated, alone in the dark, was not thinking about where he was going; he was thinking about what he was leaving behind. His friends. His belongings. His job. His home. His language. His culture. His heritage. The security of living where he had been born and of knowing where he would be buried.

Other artists who had left the Soviet Union—defectors, emigrés, exiles—also had deliberately made these life-shattering sacrifices for artistic freedom; and they had described the moment before that final irreversible step as a moment of total desperation and total insanity. The stranger himself had tried to defect twice before, on two rare and precious trips outside Russia, but both times his will had collapsed. Tonight he would succeed. He would defect to America. As he stepped into the street, now the owner of nothing but the clothes on his back, he thought that the others had been wrong. This was not a moment of insanity. This was a moment of agony.

Such anguished and heroic choices in the name of artistic freedom are honored throughout the Western world. We are all familiar with the glory names of Balanchine, Rostropovich, Nureyev, and Baryshnikov. What many of us fail to ponder, however, is the situation of the less publicized Russian artists once they have achieved the freedom for which they paid so dearly. When they reach American shores, Russians win the right to publish honest, uncensored writing, but they may find that Americans aren't much interested in reading it. They gain the privilege of dancing in brilliant and exhilarating modern ballets; but they may discover that their new American companies fold for lack of box-office success. They enjoy the opportunity to paint with innovative abandon; but they may learn that their "innovations" were painted decades ago by Western artists they had not been allowed to study in the Soviet Union.

They have finally freed themselves from a land where they risk prison and even death for producing the imaginative or honest works their countrymen crave. But they now live in a country where freedom of the arts sometimes outdistances appetite for the arts.

It is difficult to understand why Russians find liberty a confusing and even overwhelming experience until one knows what artistic life is like without it. Many Americans mistakenly believe that a dissident artist is one who is outspokenly critical of Soviet political policy, but the works that officials repress are often politically benign. Artistic works are unacceptable if they do not fit into the rigid mold known as Soviet social realism. According to this aesthetic creed, the worth of a work of art depends on how comprehensible it is to the masses. Social realism, furthermore, is not necessarily realistic; instead of depicting life as it is, artists are expected to represent life as the Soviets want it to be.

The result is a curious reversal of the artistic trends familiar to Americans. Soviet officials organize public art exhibitions, provide sculpture for town squares, see to it that workers' unions buy artworks, and require dancers to perform in the most distant corners of the motherland. But at the same time, many of the Russian people have never seen even a reproduction of a Picasso. The director of the renowned Hermitage Museum in Leningrad was fired after displaying the works of Mihail Chemiakin, whose colorful abstractions had been praised by Chagall. As the result of an official order to give *Swan Lake* a happy ending, the magnificent Bolshoi Ballet revised the classic so that the lovers enter eternal life after death. A recent edition of an officially approved art journal provides a telling if somewhat unnerving lesson in Soviet social realism—painting after painting of Lenin, Stalin, Brezhnev, workers, factories: all technically flawless, most artistically predictable.

"Today social realism is not a style: today to be a social realist is to be ordinary," says Ernst Neizvestny, a Russian sculptor who now lives in New York City. "If everyone moves left, you move left. If everyone grunts, you grunt. Possibly some day the whole Soviet art academy will become abstractionist, but it will not add anything. To be a social realist will still mean to be a conformist."

The problem with such mediocrity is that it is both institutionalized and enforced. Practitioners of all the arts are required to submit their works to their respective unions, which accept or reject them for publication or dissemination. If an artist is convinced that his work is valuable and therefore tries to sell it to a foreigner or publish it in *samizdat* (which means "self published"), he is thrown out of the union and will not be able to find artistic

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"When emigrés realize here there is no father—they can do what they please—they become angry. They feel orphaned."

—ERNST NEIZVESTNY

employment. If he accepts foreign currency for a sale, he has committed a crime and is liable for a term in a prison camp.

"It is dangerous when artists become gendarmes," says one American authority on Soviet publishing. "A writer in the union, who himself depends on official favor, is the most vehement adherent to the party line. He becomes more pious than the pope." The vigor with which artists censure their colleagues is intensified by the fact that they too can be ousted or punished if a work they have approved later angers government officials.

No matter how great the oppression, however, to choose freedom—exile from one's home, family, and heritage—is a drastic step. Each emigré, exile, and defector explains his decision to leave the Soviet Union differently, yet a pattern—a somber pattern—begins to emerge.

• "I didn't have a choice," says Alexander Suslov, 29-year-old author of *Loosestrife City*, a novel that Ardis, an American publisher of Russian literature, has high hopes for this fall. "I didn't have the talent to write the kind of work the Soviets would permit. Yet how could I call myself a writer if I didn't write at all?" In the Soviet Union, Suslov had been admitted to the prestigious Literary Institute and worked at the Writer's Union as a literary

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consultant. It depressed him to read bottomless piles of submitted manuscripts, all written in the traditional manner. And so he published in *samizdat*. He simultaneously began to prepare for emigration. "I was sure that very soon the choice would have to be made between East and West." When Suslov says West, he means America. When he says East, he means Siberia.

• "I don't consider myself a dissident," says Sergei Dovlatov, a journalist and short-story writer who is one of the founding editors of a new and successful newspaper for Russian emigrés in New York City. "I am only a dissident in the sense that I am honest." Dovlatov wrote short stories about what he knew best in the Soviet Union—his years on the staff of a prison camp for nonpolitical criminals. He tried but failed to route his work through authorized channels. After his stories appeared in the Russian-language edition of *Kontinent*, a journal published by nonofficial writers, he was gradually ejected from the journalists' union. The final blow came when he managed to smuggle manuscripts to the United States and to France. He was jailed almost immediately. Fortunately, his arrest was publicized in the West, and the authorities let him go. The day after his release, the Soviet visa office telephoned. "'We made a mistake,' they told me, 'we let your wife emigrate to Rome but not you. Why don't you join her?'" He told them his wife and he had been separated for seven years before she emigrated. "'You should reunite,' they said." A few days later he had been packed off to Rome.

• While Ernst Neizvestny was still a young sculptor, his works were exhibited in the best museums. "Personally," he says, "I never considered them art." He began to experiment with abstraction. He organized the first abstract-art exhibition that had been given in the Soviet Union for 30 years. It was there that Khrushchev first saw his works. "Dog shit!" the premier exclaimed. "Who is responsible for this?" Neizvestny was not intimidated. "You may be premier but not in front of my works," he said. "Here I am premier and we shall discuss them as equals." A stunned KGB agent promised Ernst that he would die in the uranium mines. "I don't fear you," Neizvestny replied, "I am capable of committing suicide at any moment." As Neizvestny headed home, he was certain that the KGB would arrest him by the time he reached Gorki Street, a block away.

He wasn't arrested, but he was banished from the official art world, and had to earn a living as a brick layer and a lathe operator. He didn't receive a penny for his sculpting for a decade. His immense talent, however, could not be completely suppressed. He submitted an anonymous entry to Egypt's competition for designing the Aswan Dam, and he won. He won so many other important competitions that prominent officials began to boast to foreign diplomats that they had unofficial

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"A man's value becomes clear in the United States. An elevator operator here should be an elevator operator."

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

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Neizvestny works in their homes. When Khrushchev lay dying, he asked his son to commission Neizvestny to sculpt his tombstone. Friends asked the artist how he could consent, seeing that the leader had caused him so much hardship during the previous years. "An artist," Neizvestny replied, "cannot be meaner than a politician."

Ernst continued to speak out, denouncing publicly the Soviets' repeated refusals to allow him to travel abroad to fulfill commissions. Finally the Soviet authorities were fed up with Neizvestny. They let him travel—on a one-way ticket. He left his wife and child and distributed scores of his bronzes to Russian friends, knowing that he would see neither family nor artworks nor acquaintances again.

• Yuri Krotkov, author of the critically applauded new book *The Nobel Prize,* defected not so much because he wanted to be free to say what he pleased as because he wanted to remain silent. Krotkov was a KGB informant. "I defected because I couldn't stand that kind of life anymore. I understand now why I did it; I wanted to be somebody. I was given a good apartment. I was a successful writer in Moscow. I tried to believe that informing was my patriotic duty. But this was self-deception that led to self-hate. I was living every day with my conscience." Defecting was painfully difficult for him. "I was trying to run from myself but still taking myself with me."

For many Russian artists, by far the most devastating consequences of defection or emigration is the sense of being torn from the *rodina*, the homeland. "I still consider myself a Russian," says Krotkov. "I still feel that I am an alien, stateless. I think America is a beautiful colossal land but in my dreams, my recollections, my 'forever' remains in Soviet Georgia, where I was born. If you are a creative person, you need to analyze life, the human psyche." Krotkov feels that away from Russia he cannot fully live. "My only source now is my past."

Equally as debilitating as the loss of the motherland is the loss of the mother tongue. For writers the problem is especially paralyzing; they cannot control the quality of their translations into English and they fear that they will lose the precision of their ability to write in Russian. "When I read Soviet newspapers I see that the language is moving and I'm not," says Krotkov. "My language is the language of 15 years ago, when I defected." Dovlatov, who speaks through a translator, feels a similar pang. "Language is not only what you speak and study but everything around you, the environment. Graffiti. Packages of cigarettes. This is what I will miss with time."

Most artists anticipate the pain of separation. What they don't often anticipate is the American attitude toward the arts and toward artists themselves. They have risked punishment and death to bring their serious art to a new land; but the people in this country don't seem to care much—they thrive not so much on art as on entertainment. The Russians are bewildered.

In Russia, the arts are an integral part of every individual's life. Although not one line of Joseph Brodsky's poetry has been published in Russia, many Russians can recite his poems word for word. Workers paid a full month's wages, about $200, for black-market copies of *Lolita.* Yet the books that Russians break laws to own gather dust in American bookstores.

That Americans don't read much Russian literature is even more disturbing to the Russians, given their voracious appetite for American fiction. Between 1946 and 1972, the Soviets published 6,305 titles by American authors; during the same period, Americans published only 405 Soviet titles. "Russian emigrés come from a society that devours books," says Ashebel Green, a senior editor of Knopf and a widely acknowledged specialist in Soviet publishing affairs. The Soviets generally print about 80,000 copies of a translated American novel. "They're sold out in 24 hours," says Green. "All that's left on bookstore shelves are Marxist tracts." The Soviets will translate only preselected books, but their choices include the cream of American literature—Updike, Cheever, Vonnegut, Warren, Oates. Bewilderment escalates to astonishment when emigrés discover that Americans don't even read American authors avidly. "In my first years here," says Krotkov, "I traveled to universities to lecture. I suddenly realized that Hemingway is much more popular in Russia than in America. The students couldn't name his characters. It was amazing."

Another realization about America that distresses Russians is that Americans fail to care for their fledgling artists. Those talented Russians who can pass stiff exams are admitted into artistic institutes, where they are given intense instruction in every aspect of technique. Literature, music, and visual art academies quite literally bring up writers, composers, conductors, painters, and sculptors. Once a student has graduated, art becomes his subsidized profession. The state supports him: He needn't moonlight if his works don't sell. The fact that in America some artists must drive taxicabs to support themselves leaves many Russians almost speechless. They don't understand why the federal government doesn't step in with more artistic grants. "There must be a compromise between government funding and government control," says one emigré author.

What explains America's comparative neglect and ignorance of the arts? Some Russians say that Americans don't cherish the arts because we are "hedonistic." Others say Americans are disinterested in foreigners' artwork because we are chauvinistic. And others see the varying attitude toward the arts in the two countries as nothing more profound or disquieting than the simple fact of historical maturity. "America is a very young country," says Alexandra Danilova, a ballet teacher who left Russia for stardom with Diaghilev in 1924. "Not very many years have passed since people even began to travel abroad easily. The populace is simply not as well educated as those in the old countries that are closer together. But the situation will change. Today young people are growing hungry for the visual arts and for dancing. Millions of people stand in queues to see King Tut and Picasso. It is really only a matter of time."

Others ascribe the Russians' craving for art to the fact that in the Soviet Union, there are fewer ways to spend one's leisure time. "Russians have no other way to amuse themselves," says Dovlatov. "They either drink or read."

Even if the scarcity of amusements in Russia does explain why Russians read so much American literature, it doesn't say much about the reciprocal situation—that Americans read so little Russian literature. Some of the emigré artists blame the relative paucity of Russian literature in the United States on the Soviet copyright agency. "It's their own fault," says Suslov. "They export only garbage." Soviet officials, for their part, accuse American pub-

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"America's populace is not as well educated as those in the old countries."

—ALEXANDRA DANILOVA

lishers of ignoring good Soviet books and of publishing only dissident literature—works of "emigré rabble."

To some extent, according to American publishers, the Soviet officials are correct. Americans do seem to be more interested in reading dissident nonfiction than Soviet novels. But the publishers don't decide; readers do. The Russians here are free to produce whatever artworks they please, and Americans in turn are free to ignore them. In a sense, the Russians have traded censorship by the state for censorship by the marketplace.

"Much of the serious literary fiction coming out of the USSR is very parochial," says Green. "Another problem is length and repetition, two common Russian characteristics that don't suit American tastes."

The American buyer is also wary of Russian paintings and sculpture. According to many specialists, Russian works don't sell well here because Americans deem them old-fashioned. "Russian artists naively believe that once they reach the West they can paint," says Roman Kaplan of Eduard Nakhamkin Gallery, which sponsors only Russian emigré art. Kaplan, himself a Russian emigré, was an art critic in the USSR. "The new arrivals here forget one simple truth: America has progressed for generations and hasn't lost touch with contemporary art like the Russians have."

Although Russian artists despair at the idea of adapting to the marketplace—they see artistic adjustment not as editing but as compromise—they vehemently defend their choice of commercial censorship over Soviet censorship. "The difference between the two," says Neizvestny, "is the same as the difference between essence of vinegar and vinegar. Essence of vinegar is lethal. But vinegar can be used in cooking." Says Dovlatov: "Maybe only three out of a thousand intellectual books are marketable in the United States. In the Soviet Union, zero of a thousand reaches the public. The American figure is small but at least it's measurable."

Many Russian artists also eventually come not only to accept but even to respect the American tradition of letting artists fend for themselves. "The real picture of a man's value becomes clear when he reaches the United States," says Dovlatov. "If a person works as an elevator operator here, he *should* be an elevator operator. The best writers are all eventually published." Neizvestny has a theory about the Russians who want more governmental artistic grants and funding programs. He calls this trend "Russians in short pants." "If you are obedient in the Soviet Union, you are given a piece of bread. If not, you are scolded and jailed. Even this is a form of attention. There is always a father in Soviet government. A lot of Russians left the 'bad father' of communism to seek the 'good father' of capitalism. But when they realized that here there is no father—that they can do whatever they please—they become angry. They feel orphaned. They don't understand that freedom is something to pay for with initiative and stamina." Roman Kaplan agrees. "Freedom is a relative thing. Real freedom is the right to do what you want and to express yourself in the way that you want. To be free itself is to be rich. But you must recognize that freedom to create also brings with it the freedom to starve."

Despite all the sacrifices—artists who emigrate lose their continuity, their constituency, their financial support, and often their fame—most of them look at their situation with great sadness, but not with regret or cynicism or bitterness. They would rather create in a land where only a small audience seeks out their work than in one where they are forbidden to seek out an audience. "I don't believe in heaven on earth," says Neizvestny, "but I am very sure that of all the hells, this is the best. That fragile flower known as freedom is imperfect but it must be defended no matter how difficult that may be. I don't like hypocrisy. I don't like to be hand-fed. I prefer to go hungry, but free." ■

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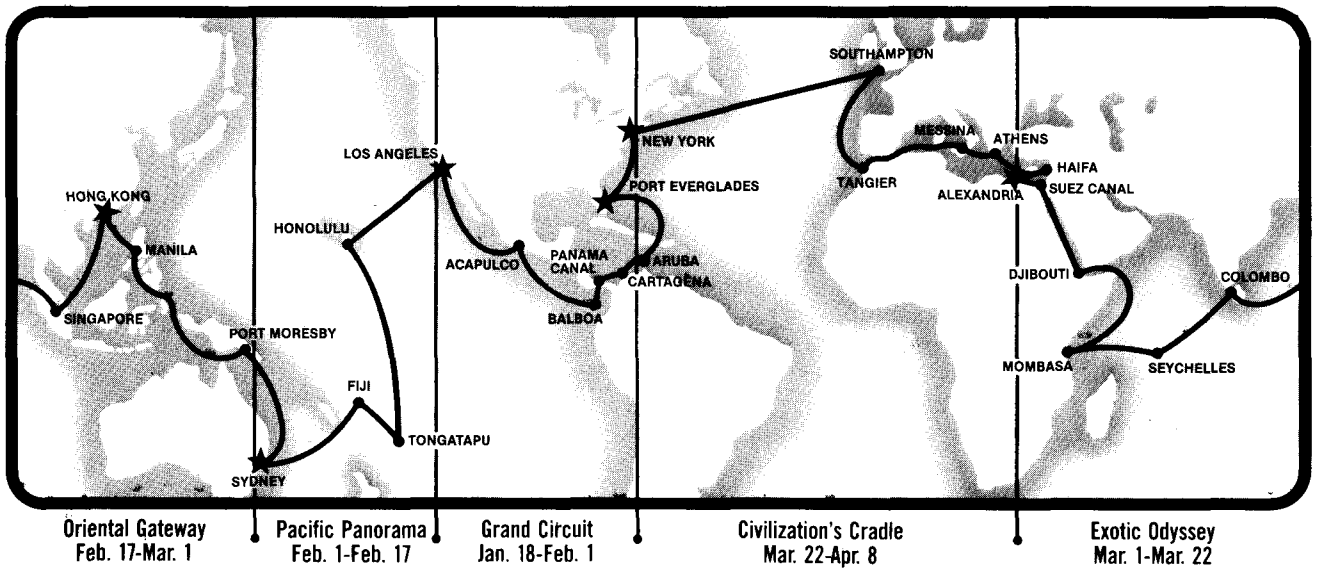

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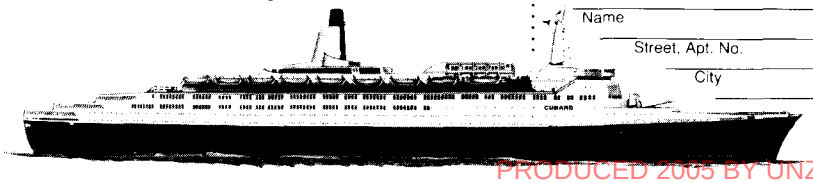

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Kurosawa's Comeback

by Andrew Sarris

Rumor had it at the 1980 Cannes Film Festival that the "fix" was in to give the *Grand Prix* to *Kagemusha*, the first effort in five years by the greatest living Japanese film director and one of the greatest directors of all time, Akira Kurosawa. On the basis of his career, was any director more deserving? After all, it was Kurosawa's *Rashomon* at the 1951 Venice Film Festival that first sparked Western awareness of a vital, sophisticated Japanese cinema. Through the Fifties and early Sixties, Kurosawa consolidated his legendary reputation with such critical and commercial successes as *Ikiru* (1952), *Seven Samurai* (1954), and *Yojimbo* (1961).

Kurosawa at work.

Then quite suddenly the vogue for Kurosawa and Japanese films generally subsided in the West. From the mid-Sixties onward, Kurosawa suffered a long, debilitating career crisis that culminated with his professional humiliation in the American-Japanese co-production, *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, which attempted to deal with the attack on Pearl Harbor from both points of view. In 1971, Kurosawa reportedly attempted suicide. His fortunes began to revive in 1975 with the visually ravishing and lyrically haunting *Dersu Uzala*, which won him finally, if belatedly, a Hollywood Oscar for Best Foreign Film. Yet even his Oscar had not returned Kurosawa to the world cinematic mainstream. He hovered instead on the far shore.

The cinephiles in Cannes greeted Kurosawa with an awe and reverence as genuine as anything can be in that two-week Tinsel Town on the Riviera. Strangely, for a filmmaker who has been both hailed and hooted for the often violent expressionism in his work, he projected in his 70-year-old face more the sensitivity and tenderness of a meditative artist than the sensuality and tension of a man of action. His ceremonial presence at the festival might have been designed as a last hurrah for an old master.

As it turned out, Kurosawa was not depending on his laurels to carry the day. The fierceness and energy of *Kagemusha* (appearing this month at the New York Film Festival) burst through the screen of the Festival Palace as if it were the visual roar of a young lion. Its dynamically pulsating canvas of 16th-century Japan derives some of its inspiration from Shakespeare's chronicle plays, and some from John Ford's cavalry westerns, but Kurosawa's personal signature is inscribed on every physical and spiritual contortion of his characters. At times the film seems to settle into an eerie calm as if the director had finally risen above the bitter struggles of his life and his career, but it is only the calm before the next Kurosawa storm. The final moments are drenched with blood and death and a mad sort of dedication.

The film's theme of the "double" has provided the cinema, since the early days of the German *Doppelgänger* silent classics, with some of its most profoundly dramatic spectacles. In this instance, a lower-class brigand is thrust upon a throne to preserve the unity of a warlike clan, after the previous monarch has been killed. There is in this theme a fascinatingly symbolic subtext of the actor mastering a role until it masters him instead, or, in nobler characters, until he grows into the role.

The protagonist in *Kagemusha* almost becomes the king he has replaced —he startles his retainers (who have been made privy to his imposture) by the uncanny tilt of his head, the stroking of his jaw, and the cadence of his speech that make him momentarily at least the reincarnation of the dead monarch. But ultimately the chasm of class difference proves to be a fatal abyss. The double's aspirations pathetically exceed his abilities. Nevertheless, after he is pensioned off back to the obscurity from which he came, he remains loyal to the clan until death.

The tale of this man who would be king is neither tragic nor heroic, for Kurosawa has abruptly turned the tables on him and us by transforming the royal practice of war into an almost comically ignoble spectacle of absurdist slaughter. Probably inspired by the futile charge of the armor-laden French knights on horseback against the fusillade of English arrows in Laurence Olivier's film version of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Kurosawa dispatches the clan's cavalry with gunpowder.

Unable to simulate the actual slaughter because of protests from the horse-loving Japanese humane societies, Kurosawa had to content himself with long passages in slow motion of the battle's gory aftermath. The most conspicuous flourish in these sequences is the lyrical leg-flailing of fallen horses above the bodies of their slain riders. That this effect finally becomes tedious can be attributed to the impression it gives of Kurosawa's departing entirely from his original protagonist in order to digress into a cautionary essay on the horrors of war.

There are other problems with the film as well. The early exposition on the alignments of warring factions is often incomprehensible. Kurosawa seems to remain at an overly discreet distance from his major characters as if he were unwilling to achieve the necessary intimacy for the nuances of psychological analysis. Here too, however, Kurosawa was confronted with a massive production problem. The original star of the film left in the midst of production after a dispute with the director, and Kurosawa was reportedly never entirely comfortable with the

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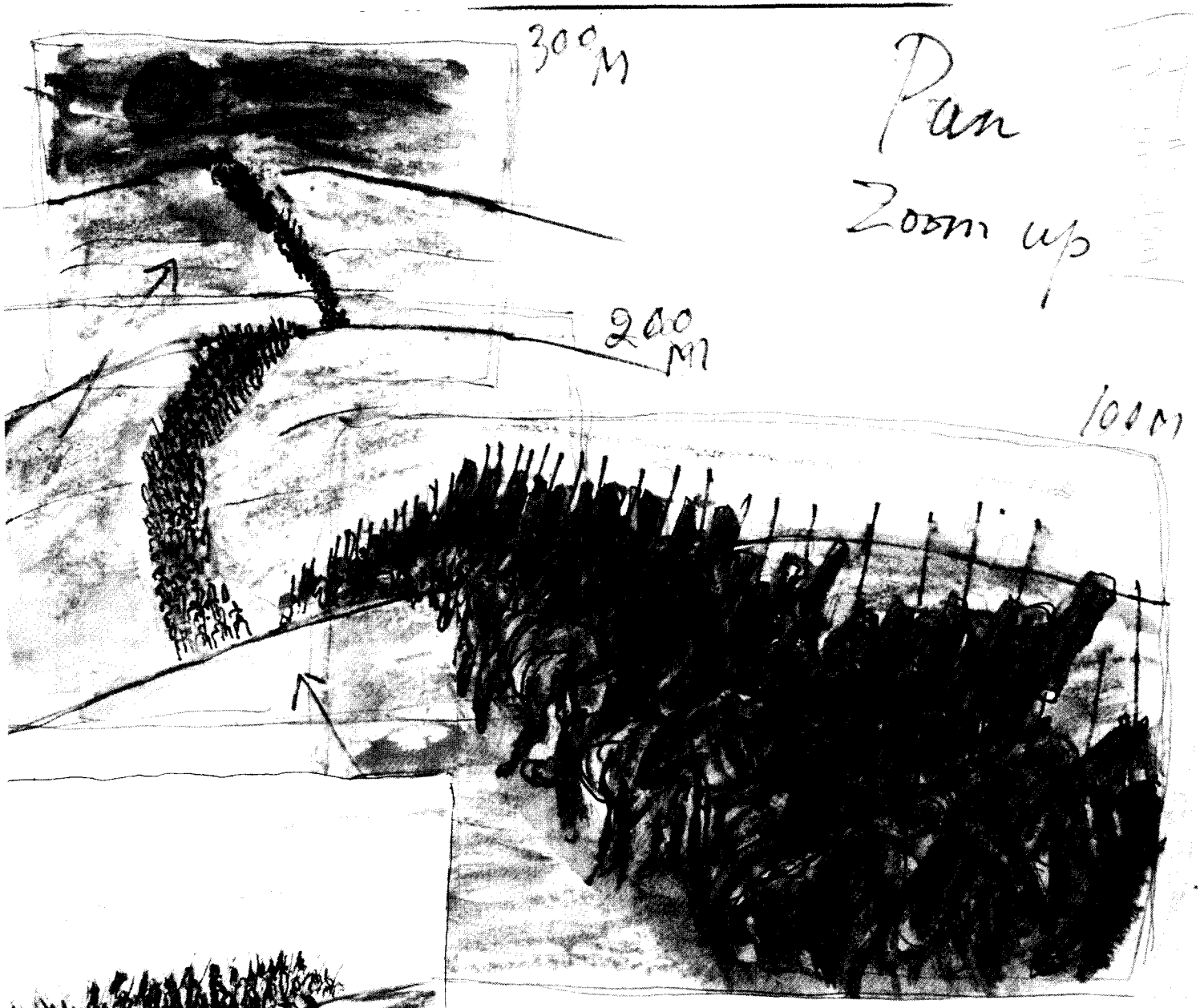

Kurosawa sketches scenes and indicates directions for the cameraman before shooting. Above and to the left: designs for *Kagemusha*. Below: a still from the film whose background captures Kurosawa's vision precisely. In the foreground: the film's star: Tatsuya Nakadai.

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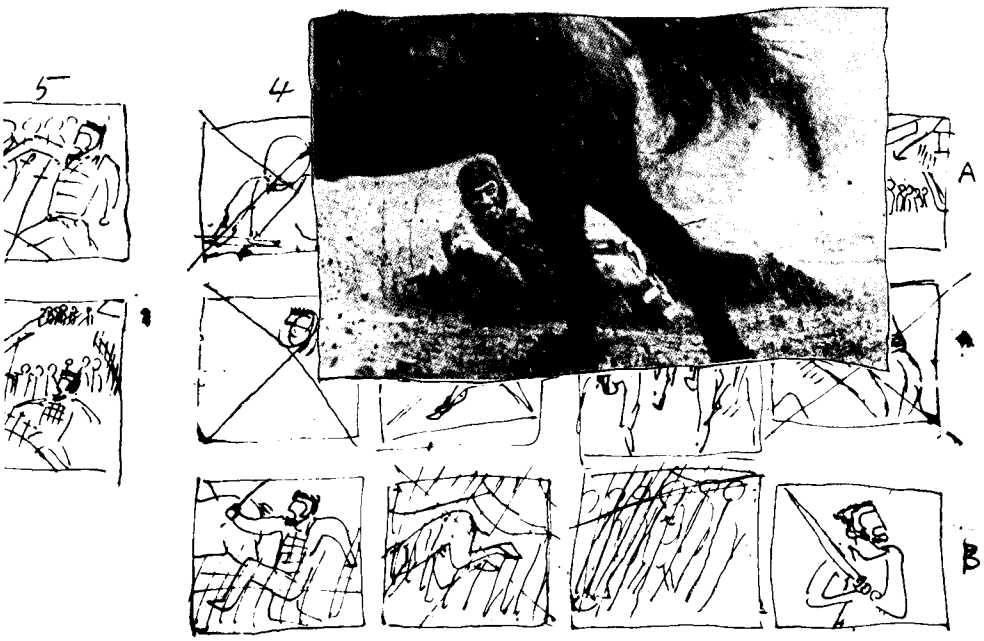

Sketches and a still from Kurosawa's 1954 classic, *The Seven Samurai.*

eleventh-hour replacement.

Nonetheless, *Kagemusha* is an extraordinary film, the culmination of Kurosawa's life work as a realist, a rebel, and, above all, a moralist. There has always been an element of didacticism in Kurosawa's films, but it has varied widely from film to film in its obtrusiveness. *I Live in Fear* (1955) is perhaps the most impassioned film ever made anywhere on the psychological horror of the nuclear age, and many of his works have dealt with the seamier side of contemporary Japanese life in a purposively angry tone. His adaptations of such Western literary classics as Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (1957), Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* (1951), and Gorky's *The Lower Depths* (1957), are, if anything, more pessimistic about human nature than the originals.

Yet, all of Kurosawa's works function as vigorous adventures of the mind and body. His protagonists, who are almost invariably male, retain their vitality even when hope is lost. Toshiro Mifune, who has worked in 16 of Kurosawa's 26 films, has come to embody for the world all of Kurosawa's notions of the individual of integrity in conflict with a world beset by compromise and corruption, greed and selfishness, arrogance and cruelty.

Kurosawa's rapid pacing, kinetic flow, and razor-sharp editing make him the most dynamically Western of all Japanese directors. For a time Kurosawa came to seem even ultra-Western, and, hence, insufficiently Japanese to many Western critics, who began to sing the praises of Kurosawa's compatriots, Kenji Mizoguchi (1898-1956) and Yasujiro Ozu (1903-1963).

The Kurosawa-Mizoguchi-Ozu controversy has been raging in the little film magazines and similarly esoteric circles for over a quarter of a century, and no end to the polemics is in sight. Mizoguchi and Ozu, prominent in the Japanese film industry from the early Thirties, were not all that much older than Kurosawa, but Kurosawa did not direct his first film until 1943, and thus he tended to reflect more of the convulsions and conflicts of post-World War II Japan. Like many of his filmmaking colleagues in Germany, he grew increasingly uneasy with the spiritual price the Japanese people were paying for their "economic miracle," and he was both more aware of and more receptive to Western influences. This may account for the familiar complaint of Mizogucheans and Ozuans that Kurosawa is the least "Japanese" of the three, and that he lacks both Mizoguchi's Sophoclean nobility of characterization and Ozu's evocation of existential necessity. Kurosawa's detractors have also criticized him alternately for his cynicism and his sentimentality, and for sacrificing depth and focus for flash and fire. But no one has ever questioned Kurosawa's forceful talent and emotional sincerity, and neither Mizoguchi nor Ozu can come close to matching him in his range of genres and subjects, and in the breadth of his social concerns.

Although I must confess that at this point in film history I remain a confirmed Mizoguchean, I am now prepared to rank Kurosawa among the top four directors working in the world today, Luis Bũnuel, Ingmar Bergman, and Robert Bresson being the others. Of the 26 films Kurosawa has made in his career, fewer than a dozen have been widely circulated in America, and of these only *Rashomon, Ikiru, Seven Samurai*, and *Yojimbo* have achieved the fame and recognition they deserve. Distribution of all foreign films has been hampered by the profitable degeneration of many art houses into porn outlets. And I find even among college students a growing unwillingness to tolerate subtitles.

Kurosawa deserves another long look not only for *Kagemusha*, but for his entire *oeuvre*, which must be savored moment by moment for its striking insights. *The Seven Samurai* and *Yojimbo* project images of spiritually refined masculine pride and transcend Western manifestations of machismo. *Ikiru* is his great tear-jerker, but also far subtler and more personal than I even suspected. Granted there are flaws and excesses, Kurosawa's sentimentality sometimes distracts the viewer from a gleaming intelligence at work on the quirks and complexities of contemporary existence. I had to see *The Bad Sleep Well* (1960) a second time on the recommendation of a friend to appreciate Kurosawa's perspective on the necessary ruthlessness of the big-business mentality. Beneath *Rashomon's* stunning exoticism, eroticism, and sheer animal high spirits, one can detect a trace of misanthropy in the director's approach to his characters.

Kurosawa's flaws, however, are those of genius. He is one of that small handful of filmmakers in the world who, once having mastered their craft, have been free to summon images from the depths of their unconscious, but with such a degree of formal control that we can enjoy the images not only for what they mean, but for what they are. At a time when the cinema seems to be heading toward an irrevocable split between the cerebral and the visceral, Kurosawa provides a rare fusion of intellect and robustness. Moreover, everything we now know about him proclaims that he is the last of a line, a man whose upbringing and development and suffering and survival have stamped him with the mark of the true samurai director. In this context *Kagemusha* is a welcome gesture of defiance toward the entrenched conformists in the front offices of the film industry around the world. ■

Andrew Sarris is film critic of the *Village Voice* and author, most recently, of *Politics and Cinema*.

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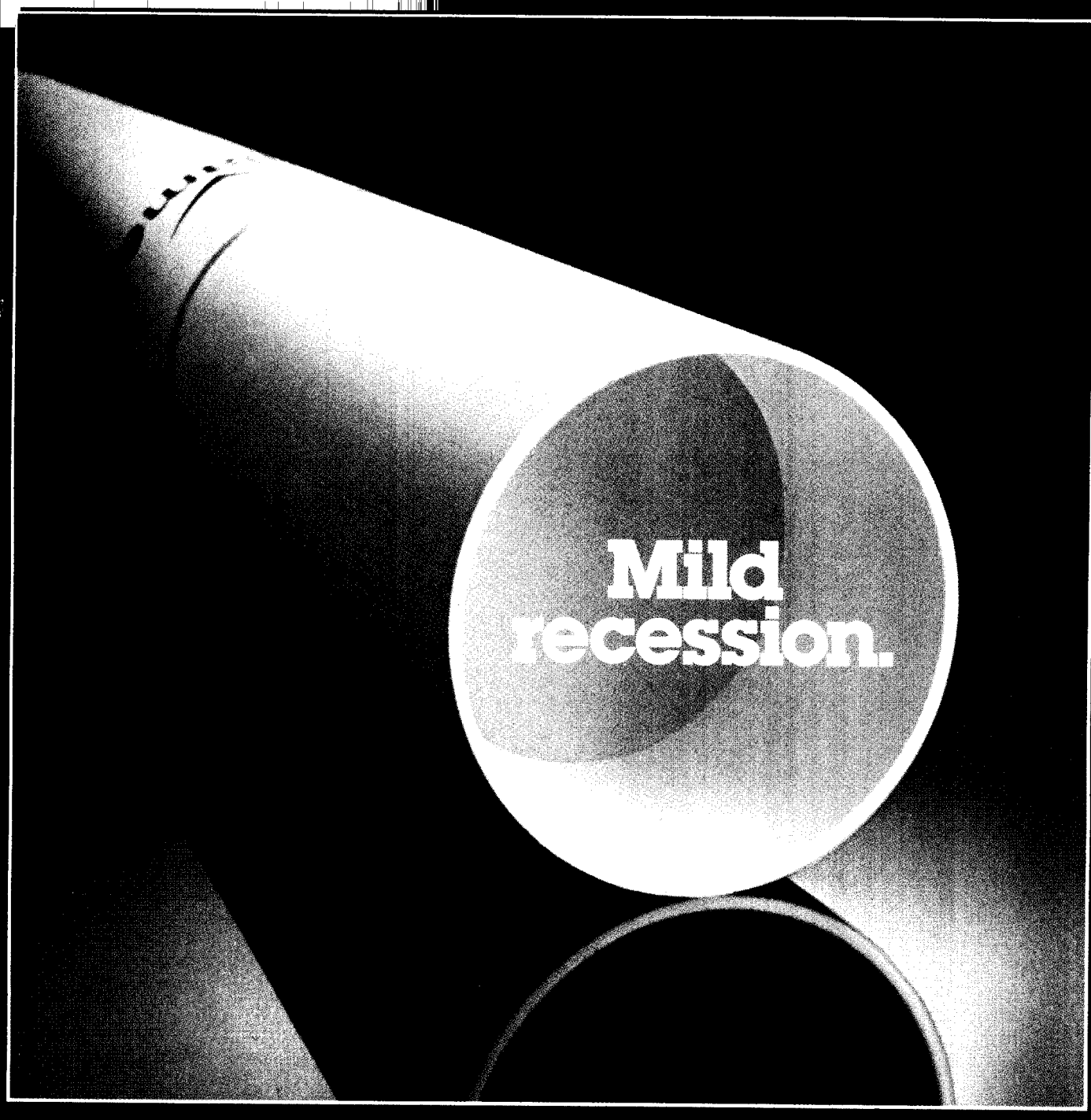

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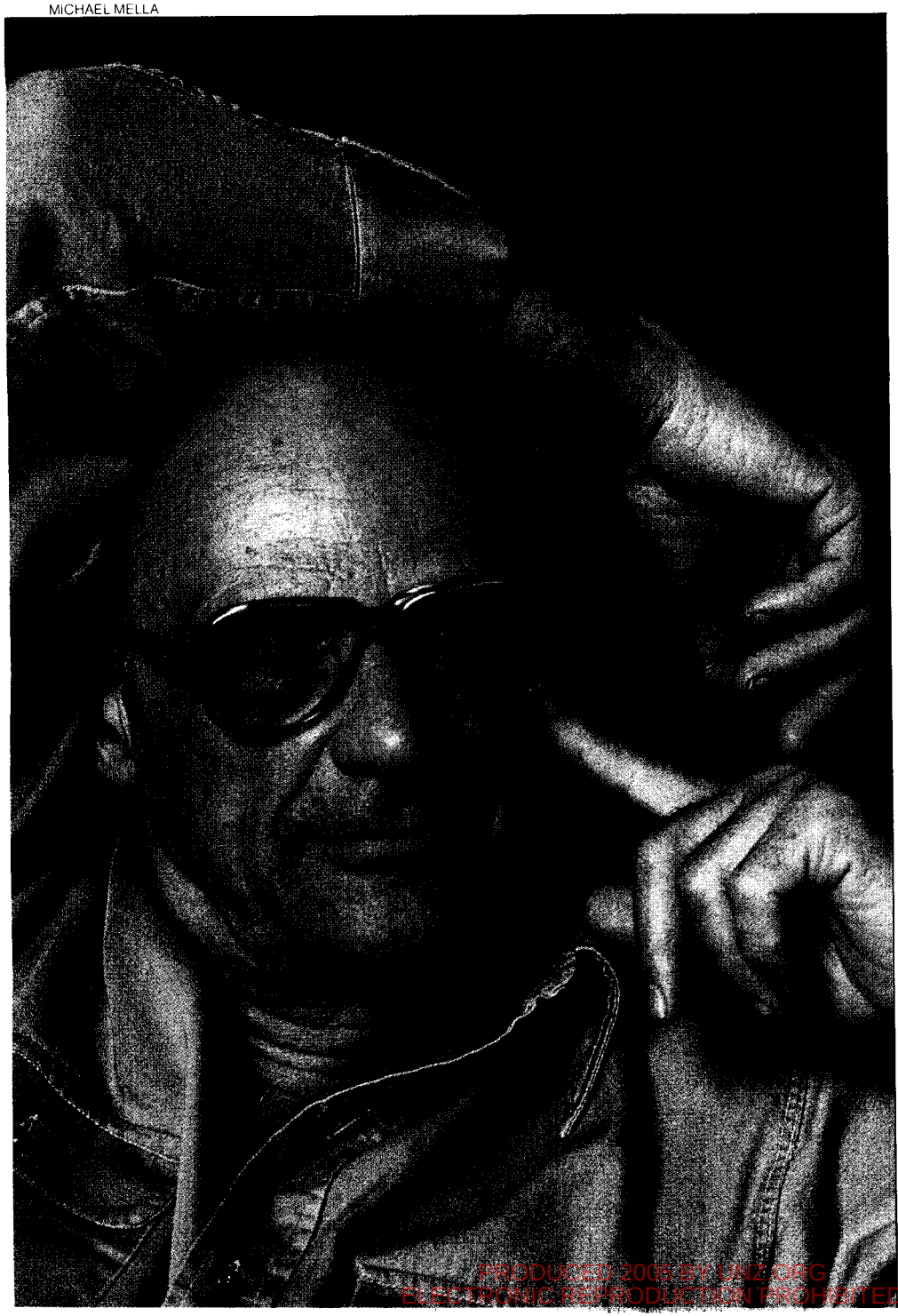
Arthur Miller Reaches for Former Glory

by Robert F. Moss

MICHAEL MELLA



If Las Vegas-style oddsmakers sized up Broadway openings, they'd probably be generous toward Arthur Miller's new play, *The American Clock,* which opens in Baltimore next month and arrives on Broadway in November. While it's true that the play's producer, Jack Garfein, had to advertise in the *New York Times* to fully bankroll the production, the tactic was less an ill omen than a reflection of the prevailing tight-money policy on serious plays. After all, in addition to Miller's world-famous name, the play has a rather thick portfolio of auspicious features. Its canvas, the great American Depression, is broad and inherently dramatic, a populist tragedy that nearly everyone can respond to. Miller's background—as a child of the Depression whose father went bankrupt in 1929—gives him an obvious rapport with his subject as well as with the father-son relationship that provides the play's dramatic spine.

Moreover, *The American Clock* was not rushed from Miller's typewriter to the stage but has been incubated carefully in two separate presentations, one at New York City's Harold Clurman Theater in May and another immediately afterward at the Spoleto Festival in South Carolina. The play made a powerful impression on audiences and critics alike. Miller's previous play, the biblical comedy *The Creation of the World and Other Business,* opened in 1972 and quickly returned to the dust from which it was made. On the other hand, Broadway revivals of *Death of a Salesman* in 1975 and *The Price* last season were well received by most reviewers.

Assessing Miller's artistic standing at the moment, however, depends greatly on which critical school captures one's ear. In the theater departments of most

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universities, Miller's reputation has been more or less dipped in bronze. College productions of his plays are plentiful and his texts are assigned reading in most drama courses. Even more significant perhaps is the prodigious quantity of scholarship being erected on Miller's small body of work. At least 11 full-length studies have been published and an average of 10 journal articles arrive each year. Needless to say, most of these monographs proclaim Miller a major playwright.

But there is an anti-Miller faction too, an influential group of scholar-critics who make erudition an important critical tool, who employ extremely lofty criteria, and who have been hostile to Miller from the beginning. Their fastidious membership includes Eric Bentley, one of the most revered authorities on theater in the country; Robert Brustein, who covers theater for the *New Republic* and heads the American Repertory Theater in Boston; John Simon, drama critic for *New York* magazine; and Richard Gilman, former drama critic of *Commonweal.* In general, the higher the brow the lower the critic's opinion of Miller—and the litany of complaints against him does not vary much from critic to critic. Miller's chief felony appears to be his uncompromising commitment to what he calls "social drama," by which he merely means a work that demonstrates the interpenetration of man and society, with special attention to the welts that the human community can raise on the back of its residents. To mandarin tastes, any art of this kind is automatically rancid since it seems left over from the Thirties when, according to this doctrine, the old dramas of social protest by people like Odets attributed evil to an oppressive economic system instead of to human nature, reduced characters to symbols, and substituted a counterfeit language—rhetoric—for the sounds of authentic American speech.

Brustein, for instance, brusquely dismisses *Incident at Vichy*: "It returns the theater... to the Thirties, a period the author seems never to have left." Bentley calls *The Crucible* a political melodrama, "a conflict between the wholly guilty and the wholly innocent." Simon finds the *dramatis personae* of *The Price* have "insufficient plasticity." Moreover, Miller's compulsion to bring his people to the judgment seat, to require moral responsibility from them, is inevitably irritating to critics for whom the annointed playwrights are minimalists (Beckett), absurdists (Ionesco), and nihilists (Genet).

Actually, Miller's plays are at least one universe removed from Thirties agitprop drama, since the sufferings of Joe Keller, Willy Loman, Eddie Carbone, and his other heroes have as much to do with character flaws as with any injustice that society has inflicted on them. And since Miller believes that even his lowliest, most errant characters have moments of exaltation, he ennobles them with a language whose rough surface can sustain its own humble poetry. Such lines as "A salesman's got to dream, boy—it goes with the territory" (*Death of a Salesman*) and "Marco's got my name and you can run tell him, kid, that he's gonna give it back to me in front of this neighborhood" (*A View From the Bridge*) have flavor and resonance and yet never stray from their idiom or seem inappropriate to their speaker.

At the drama desks of America's dailies and news magazines, where there is less concern for the theatrical hereafter and more for what plays well in the here and now, Miller has fared generally better than with the intellectual press. From *All My Sons* (1947), Miller's first success, through *The American Clock,* only *The Creation of the World and Other Business* was pilloried by virtually every critic.

Still, it is informative to compare the notices that Miller's work has received over the last 15 years with the period preceding *After the Fall.* Even among friendly reviewers, respect for Miller has eroded steadily, perhaps due to actual dissatisfaction with the works in question and perhaps to the delayed influence of men like Simon and Brustein. The laudatory but condescending reception accorded the revival of *The Price* reveals how uneasy critics feel about a playwright who is out of fashion, even when he has obviously moved and entertained them—and done the same for the audience.

Miller's own attitude toward the vociferous critical opinions whizzing about his head is a bit schizophrenic. "I pay no attention to what's written about my work," he says. "I know what's right for me and I just follow my nose." At other points, he calls his detractors envious, spiteful fellows who "would like to see me dead and buried. But I'm not. That makes them mad."

Nor does he see the fund-raising ad in the *Times* as any sort of harbinger of declining appeal with backers or the theatergoing public. He points to the numerous European productions of his plays—there are three in the works in London alone and a fourth, *Death of a Salesman,* has been running at the National Theatre for a year and a half. Furthermore, in an uncharacteristic display of prolificacy, he has two new plays that he expects to see produced during the upcoming season. To Miller, even *Creation of the World* is not a lost cause. "It'll be done again and appreciated. It's a play with its own special music. I saw a lovely production of it in Belgium and another in Holland." As further proof that reports of his professional demise have been greatly exaggerated, he points to the epic sales performance of the published versions of his plays: *Death of a Salesman* has just passed the three million mark in paperback and his *Collected Plays* has sold 87,000 copies in hardcover.

The confetti showered on *The American Clock* by reviewers at Spoleto probably doesn't mean much to critics like Simon, Bentley, and others with Olympian artistic standards, since the reviewers in question are all newspapermen. However, for those who harbor an appreciation of Miller, admitted or otherwise, there is good reason to await the play with the expectation that it may, as Frank Rick, a drama critic for the *New York Times*, put it, allow Miller to "return home in theatrical glory."

The American Clock—regardless of its ultimate reception in New York—is unlikely to be the beginning, or the end, of an era for Miller. But if it proves successful, it may be the catalyst for a much-needed reappraisal of Miller. As Miller himself has pointed out, his position today is not unlike that of O'Neill's in the mid-Forties, that of a world-famous artifact, a literary celebrity whose membership card in the pantheon is close to expiration. It was the epilogue of O'Neill's career—*The Iceman Cometh* and the posthumously produced *Long Day's Journey Into Night*—that revived his moribund reputation and inspired a sympathetic excavation of his earlier works. *The American Clock* may accomplish that for Miller and, in so doing, may well have accomplished something important for us all. ■

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MICHAEL MELLA

Studs Terkel Talks With Arthur Miller

Arthur Miller's new play, The American Clock, *which begins its pre-Broadway tour in Baltimore next month, deals with the impact of the Great Depression of the Thirties on a middle-class American family. The play was, Miller says, inspired by Studs Terkel's* Hard Times, *a collection of interviews with veterans of the Depression. Recently, Terkel (whose new book,* American Dreams: Lost and Found, *is reviewed on page 64) also interviewed Miller about an era that still fascinates them both.*

ST *Some time ago, you said the two most traumatic epochs in American history were the Civil War and the Great Depression. You, as a young man during the hard Thirties, were obviously affected.*

AM I probably had a distorted view because I was right at the bottom. I had the usual American upbringing: Everything was going to be better every year. An endless boom. I thought the system was foolproof because it was advertised as such. The bursting of the bubble was devastating because it had been blown up so big. What disintegrated with the Depression was any kind of faith in government. I'm speaking of 1929, '30, and '31. There was a scoffing at authority. It had in it the seeds of the Sixties. There was one basic difference: the question of guilt.

In the Thirties, people, in order to believe they were real Americans, believed they were responsible for their own fate. If a man found himself making $15,000 a year, he credited himself. When he lost it, he blamed himself. We've all heard about the psychic crippling, the suicides. I remember where I was living, in Brooklyn, a stunned air all over the neighborhood. You'd see a lot of perfectly able-bodied men in the middle of the day. They had aged enormously. You'd sit in a room with these guys, many of them fathers of my friends, and you'd sense a premature senility. Thinking back on it, they were young men, in their forties. They blamed themselves.

ST *A Southern woman of my acquaintance remembered some of this. People saying: "If we hadn't bought that radio...." "If we hadn't bought that old second-hand car...." She was horrified by the preachers who'd tell the people they suffered because of their sins. The people believed it, God was punishing them. Their children were starving because of their sins.*

AM It was part of our theology: As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Remember, Americans had hardly participated in contemporary society. We had no Social Security at that time, no unemployment compensation, hardly any income tax. The average American could live and die without getting next to a government form, aside from a visit to the post office to sign a receipt for a letter. He had no personal connection with the government, so how could he deduce that "society" had the slightest effect on him?

Today, certainly since the New Deal, the relationship of the individual to society is altogether different. He expects certain things from society. He lives side by side with government measures from the time he's born. We've got a whole class of people who have never been off relief, have never had a job. Businessmen, really, have never been off relief, especially the big ones. There are many government measures that support industry. You can't conceive of business being really free of that any more.

ST *Chrysler, for one.*

AM That's an extreme case. Look at the interest rates, maneuvered and manipulated. They're no longer acts of God. It is decided how much people are

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going to pay for their money. They didn't do that in the old days, at least not in public. Now when something goes wrong, you'd have to be an idiot to really blame yourself altogether. When you lose your job now....

ST *How was it with you in the Thirties? You had all sorts of jobs—though, I assume, with hardly any tenure.*

AM I sang on a radio station. If I may say so, I had a terrific tenor voice (laughs). I did that until I got tired of working without pay. It was a crap game. I wanted to become a professional crooner. It was a quick way up.

ST *You and Russ Columbo.*

AM I would have settled for that any time (laughs).

ST *The warehouse you once worked in was, I assume, the locale as well as the metaphor in your play* A Memory of Two Mondays.

AM Working anywhere was perfectly normal in those days. You got all the jobs you could get. People got fired at three o'clock in the afternoon. A guy would come through and say, "Well, it's all over, go home." There were few unions, no severance pay.

ST *The young protagonist, a reflection of yourself, is seeing the wasted lives of the others, the dreams all shot, as our system slipped on a banana peel.*

AM I have since come to believe we have a lot more to do with our fate than that play implies. But at the time, say, between 1932 and 1937, there seemed no conceivable way of escaping it. Nor did there seem to be the slightest hope any more by 1937. We were thinking every three months that something was going to work. The New Deal came up with one experiment after another, but nothing really happened. It would gasp for a few months and settle back to where it was. It was a despair that was matched only by the post-Civil War South. It lay there and seemed to have been mortally wounded.

ST *As though a dust had settled upon the land, a stillness beyond Appomattox.*

AM There are images that spring to mind in this play. When I was 16, I decided to go to sea. I walked into one shipping office after another till I found the U.S. Lines. They had these tremendous liners all tied up in the dock. I'll never forget the image: gigantic floating cities that were empty, stuck. In *The American Clock,* I have a guy who was the captain's steward on the SS *Manhattan.* He ended up in Brooklyn trying to stay out of the rain.

ST *You're not calling it* The American Clock *for capricious reasons, I'm sure. Time is obviously on your mind.*

AM It is a menacing image as well as a benign one. My interest in this play is formal as well as reflective. I was fascinated by the idea of having an objective view of society and running through it, as a counter-motif, the story of a family.

ST *Your juxtaposition of the specific as against the general reminds me of John Steinbeck's technique in* Grapes of Wrath. *The Joad family's journey in the jalopy is seen in bold relief against the background of those thousands of others, all sharing the same dilemma. Well, the American clock is ticking away, the wind is rising, and we may be in for another big blow.*

AM It hit me the other day. Once again, we have an engineer as President. Hoover and Carter are not the same man, but their reaction process may be similar: minimalistic. Engineers are spiritually conservative: If you jiggle the machine too much, it may do an untoward thing. The tendency to do nothing as long as possible is regarded as the wise policy, the realistic one. The difference was in Hoover's successor. Roosevelt did everything with the machine. Nothing was the same from one month to the next. There may be debate as to how much was good and how much bad, but at least we got the sense of someone really swatting the ball.

ST *The "realistic" men fascinate me. In the Thirites, they wound up with custard pie on their faces, much in the manner of Mack Sennett comics. I'll never forget the Wall Street wise man, who had served as an advisor to Roosevelt, Truman, and Johnson. All I had asked him was: "How did it happen?" He looked heavenward. "October 29, 1929. It was like a thunderclap. Everybody was stunned. Nobody knew what it was all about. The Street had general confusion. They didn't understand it any more than anybody else. They thought something would be announced." Announced by whom?*

AM In the booming Fifties, Humphries, Eisenhower's Secretary of Treasury, was interviewed. Could it happen again? He said that, of course, it could, because they didn't know why it happened the first time.

ST *If it does come again, wow. During my travels, while working on* Hard Times, *I asked the question of scores of Depression survivors. Would the public's reaction be the same? Invariably, the response was: Hell, no! There is no longer the feeling of personal guilt. Sally Rand, the fan dancer, was astonishingly powerful. She spoke the thoughts of a great many. "I don't think there will be any more people queueing up in breadlines waiting to be fed by charity, God damn it. I think they will just go out and take what they need. The middle-class looks upon the deprived smugly: The poor we'll always have with us. Oh, yeah?"*

AM There is unquestionably a potential in the American people for extreme measures, if they are provoked enough. When a man loses his job, he loses his identity. This is not simply an economic question. He's sore. It's like he's gotten beat with a stick. Especially if he's in his middle age and he's put his inventiveness, his time, his hopes, everything into his job and suddenly he's nowhere.

ST *Status, feelings about his manhood, it's all there on the hook. I was told about some miners in Pennsylvania, during the Depression. While they idled on the benches, whittling away, they were considered such failures—they looked upon themselves as such, too—that their wives refused to go to bed with them.*

A guy in Kansas City told me about his father, a good carpenter. One day he came home with the tool chest on his shoulder. Laid off. With his loss of job, his authority, his sense of self, was gone. Now began the tension, especially between the father and son. This theme has always attracted you, hasn't it? The conflict with Biff and Willy Loman in Death of a Salesman. *Joe Keller and his surviving son in* All My Sons....

AM About 10 years ago, *Esquire* magazine sent out a questionnaire to 15 writers. What had they in common psychologically? You know what it was? A failed father. Either a suicide or a drunk, an economic disaster, a father who fled—the disillusionment of the boy at about the time of puberty. Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, go down the list....

(continued)

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ST *And yourself?*

AM And myself. It's practically foolproof.

ST *In one of your theater essays, you spoke of your father. You implied there was hardly any communication between the two of you. You hardly spoke to the man in years.*

AM No, it wasn't that. It was like two searchlights on different islands. I had no animosity toward him. I simply had no great relationship with him. As I grew older, we became much closer. I began to understand what it was all about, too.

Combine a father's failure with the society in which he lives—after all, as the wage earner, he brings the social system into the house—you'll see what'll happen.

ST *In* The American Clock, *the father, a successful man, believes very much in the system.*

AM Oh yes, up to his neck.

ST *Suddenly, that which he believes in fails, collapses. So the guy himself collapses. I'm thinking of a kid who recently drove me through Kentucky. He talked of his father, a fantastic salesman, a great con artist, a self-styled big shot. For one reason or another, he goes down. Suddenly he's an old man, a dead failure. He sits at home, plays solitaire, works crossword puzzles, watches TV, hardly walks more than 10 feet out of his room. Know what the kid said to me? "My father is Willy Loman.* Death of a Salesman *is about him." The two older brothers and their wives don't want the old man around. Shame and fear. His failure terrifies them.*

AM They might catch it (laughs). The question is whether anybody can avoid identifying himself with his failure or his prosperity. In *The American Clock,* the father *is* his business. Even when he's not around his business, he's busy working at it. It's probably one of the reasons why, as a class, businessmen have created more than anybody else. In a way, they're like artists. They really pour themselves into their work. There's no way of divorcing themselves personally from what they're doing.

ST *Freud referred to* arbeit, *work, as one of the two prime drives of man. The job is the extension of himself. If it's gone, he's gone.*

AM I wrote an essay once about the equivalents we have for gods. The closest thing we've got is the economic system. Look at the story of Job. Good man, did everything right. Suddenly, for no acceptable reason, his faith and existence are being challenged. He asks questions, but there's no answer. The Greeks had the Sphinx.

There's another element in this play that is in my other work, too. The son moves in to assert the life force. It does not end in total surrender, which is remarkable, given the insanity and surrealism of the social situation. The play ends on a very positive note. The teller is still alive to tell it, and hopeful.

ST *And growing. As the old man is slipping, the son takes over. It's reminiscent of Biff realizing the truth about himself at the time of his father's death. He knows who he is. Willy never did. For that matter, it's Joe Keller's boy, too, in* All My Sons.

When a man loses his job, he loses his identity. It's like he's gotten beat with a stick.

AM The father in *The American Clock* is absolutely the opposite of Willy Loman. He does not have illusions. He is a realistic man and does not surrender to his own defeat.

ST *I found this fascinating. He accepts relief, without self-flagellation. He goes to the welfare station. He is not encumbered by false pride. I talked to quite a few businessmen who lost everything during the Depression. A remarkable number went on relief. Though they recalled the moments of humiliation, they realized, in retrospect, it was not their fault. Others erased the memory and the shame of it.*

AM This man, under duress, is able to separate himself from his condition. He is not a guilty man, by any means.

ST *It's a pretty large canvas you're painting. Calling it a mural is, I imagine, not accidental.*

AM I have experimented with formal problems since the time I started writing. There's an attempt here to do two things at the same time, which is the nature of a mural. Rivera's and Sequieros's in Mexico are prime examples. Large Renaissance paintings are in that order. When you look close at any face, it may turn out to be a real person's. When you step away, you see the whole pattern, the grand movement. It's fundamentally a picture of many people interacting with each other and with the heavens. I don't care for a theater that is absolutely personal and has no resonance beyond that. We've become so accustomed to this we've forgotten that for most of mankind's history, the theater was quite the other way. Theater was involved with the fate of the kingdom, and the importance of power, of rank, of public policy. It's in Shakespeare. It's absolutely essential in Greek drama. Ours is almost excessively bourgeois in that it presumes the world really has no effect upon us.

ST *Challenging solipsism in the theater has always been your impulse. You've been racked up on more than one occasion for this.*

AM They call this political in a condemnatory way. In Greece's best times, people who were nonpolitical were regarded as idiots. It was the idiot who didn't understand that man was social, that our fate in the deepest sense of the word was bound up with all of mankind.

ST *The air we breathe is political, you might say.*

AM Let's be more literal about it. The fact that the air is poisoned now is a political fact. Had there been a different attitude on the part of society toward the abuse of the earth and of the air, you would not have people in Love Canal dying of unnatural causes, of poisons. Of course it's political. Does that take away people's character?

ST *Trouble with you is that you regard theater as serious business. Okay, let's pin this down. What is the anxiety, the preoccupation, that most possesses Americans today?*

AM At this moment in our country, there is this imminent sense of some deep dislocation about to take place. For many, it has already happened.

ST *And the American clock is ticking away.*

AM What is positive about it all is the impatience of the people with the empty reassurances that Carter tends to give. That's terrific. They took it far longer in the Thirties. Now they feel the mess is

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man-made. It is not an Act of God. They have secularized the economic system. They think: What the hell, we made it, we can unmake it. We can readjust, tinker with it. Don't tell us to sit around, waiting for three years before we eat again.

ST *You think that explains why the young people in the audience responded so enthusiastically to* The American Clock?

AM That's what I'm most interested in. A lot of people who lived through that time would just as soon not hear about it any more. It's bad-luck time. It's the younger people who are really thirsty for the news that this play brings. I suppose it's because they never got a straight story about what really went on at that time.

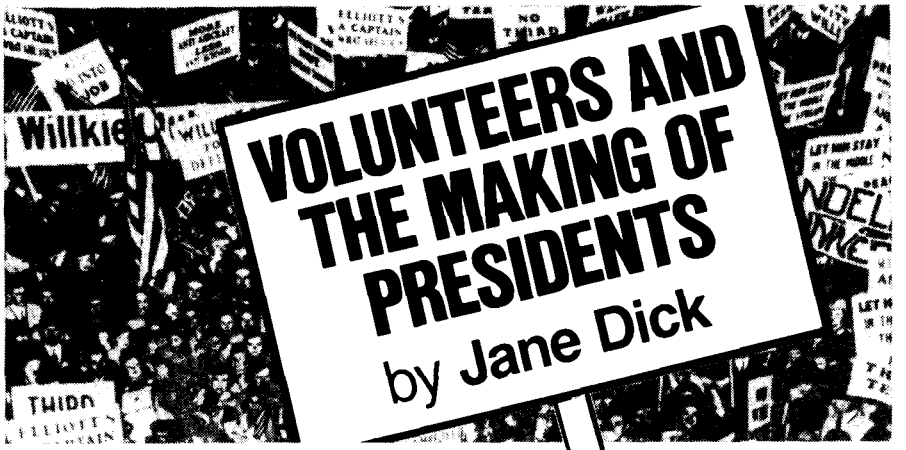
ST *You tellin' me? In my wanderings across the country, digging out hard-times memories, I came across scores of kids who had never heard of the Great Depression. The only reference to it by their parents came in the form of a bawling out: "You never had it so good." "The way you throw money away...." "The food you leave on the table...." But they were never told what it was really like: the terror of losing a job, the humiliations suffered, the sense of shame.*

Paradoxically, it was also a time of great excitement, of neighborhood rallies and demonstrations, of wildly creative federal arts projects. And there was a camaraderie: the passing of a cigarette butt to another, a street-car transfer changing hands, a morning newspaper handed over to the next guy.

AM There was a cheerfulness I've tried to capture in the play. Some of the gayest songs in our popular repertoire came out of the Depression. I've called upon quite a few. And the humor, which was fundamentally positive. It had a bitter edge to it naturally, but it was not black humor. It was healthy.

ST *I think all this was recognized by the young playgoers who were cheering the night I saw the show. They were discovering a moment in our history they hadn't known before. At a time of fashionable despair, it makes for exciting theater.*

AM I hope so. I've attempted a play about more than just a family, about forces bigger than simply overheard voices in the dark. It's a story of the United States talking to itself. . . . ■



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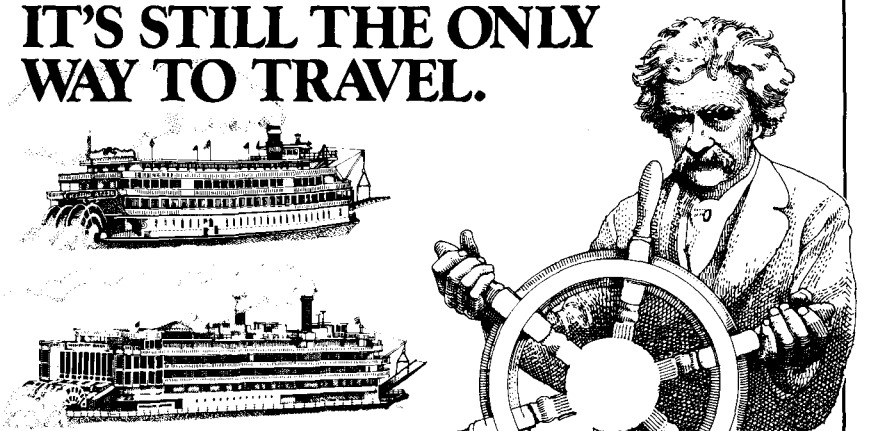

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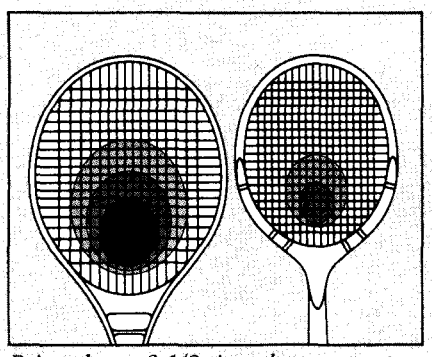

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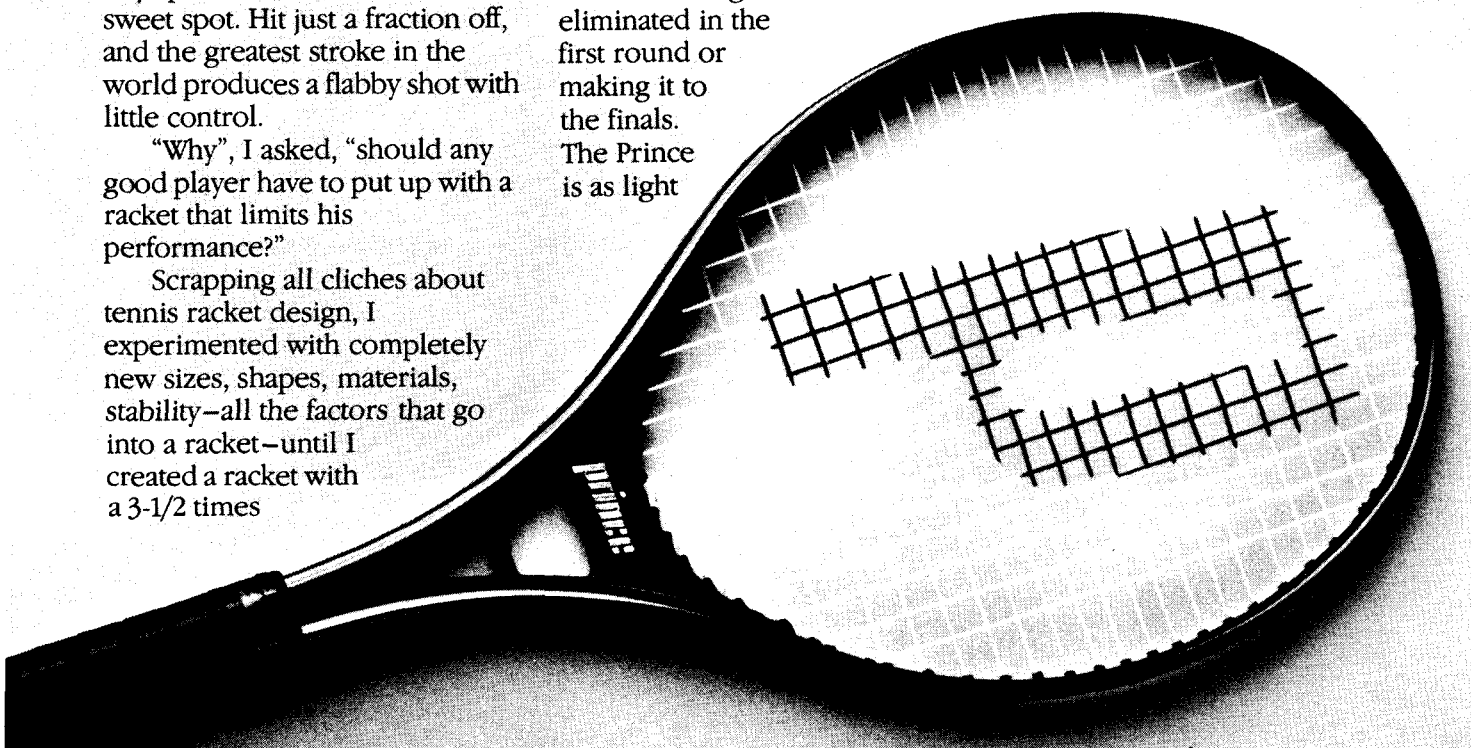
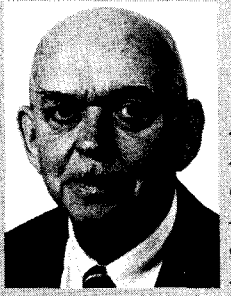


"I didn't set out to design a bigger racket, but a better one."

Howard Head



Howard Head, *Inventor of the original Head ski, and the remarkable Prince racket.*

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Celebrating Mencken

by Nicholas von Hoffman

By his life and his words Henry Louis Mencken put the word *iconoclast* into the national vocabulary. The millions, who know his name but have never read a word H.L. wrote, know in this, the 100th year of his birth, that he was not *a* but *the* iconoclast, the only American on whom that title has been universally conferred.

To Mencken, smashers of icons were "gay [in the old sense] fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the world, proving to all men that doubt, after all, was safe—that the god in the sanctuary was a fraud. One horse-laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms."

Given that definition, it is unlikely Mencken would have thought of himself as an iconoclast. This most unusual of newspapermen did chuck many a dead feline through many a stained-glass window, but he was not a sower of doubt. He was a humorist, a satirist, a railer, and a mocker, a speaker of unpopular sentiments, but a man of settled faith, a faithful rationalist, a devout moralist, a believer and practitioner of a secular virtue. One ought not to confuse his questioning mind with the subversive social agnosticism that shakes the temples of credulity. His contemporaries did in large measure because they mistook as sedition his laughing disdain for buncombe, to use one of his favorite words.

There was nothing seditious about H.L. Mencken's life. The man who coined the word booboisie was born into the bourgeoisie and never left it. Never felt tempted. The man who could be so funny about hicks, rubes, and tank-town America never lived anywhere but in his hometown U.S.A. In the 1920s when he was the editor of, first, the *Smart Set* magazine and then the *American Mercury*, the period when he was the most respected literary critic in the country, Mencken would only consent to visit New York occasionally to perform his editorial duties, many of which were done back in Baltimore.

The Hollins Street house where his father, a cigar manufacturer of German extraction, brought him when he was three, served as Mencken's home his entire life with the exception of the five years of married life made too brief by his wife's death. The great social critic of the Jazz Age was a family man with values close to those of the smuggest of the smug preachers whom he spent so many enjoyable hours needling. "Monogamy," Mencken wrote in the *Smart Set* for December 1921, "kills passion—and passion is the most dangerous of all the surviving enemies to what we call civilization, which is based upon order, decorum, restraint, formality, industry, regimentation."

Unlooked for words from Mr. Iconoclasm. They read like something put out by the Moral Majority. True iconoclasts, such as Ralph Waldo Emerson or Paul Goodman, behold the world through deviant eyes. How did Mencken, much the more conventional thinker, earn the reputation for iconoclasm?

The answer to the riddle is that Mencken was a conservative, and in

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America we don't associate conservatism with wit and humor. In the past, the funny people haven't usually been life's liberals. They are too ardent, and the stridently sincere are unhappily humorless. It is the eternal battle between the grim Gladstone and the cheeky, tweeky Disraeli. From Aristophanes through Swift, comedy has been the tool of conservatism.

In America, however, the opposite has been true, Mark Twain was an angry "googoo" or good-government reformer while in more recent times funny social commentators have had a left-liberal smell about them. Garry Trudeau, Woody Allen, or Kurt Vonnegut are the contemporary humorists reaching large audiences, and they aren't men of the right. Al Capp, the late creator of L'il Abner stopped being funny the moment he stopped being liberal.

In the period of *M*A*S*H, Blazing Saddles*, and the memory of those political practical jokers, the Yippies, there are no conservative funny men, although conservatives who are funny do abound. How conservative a funny man Mencken could be is shown by this passage in which he argues that one of the legitimate aims of capital punishment is social catharsis:

> Katharsis (sic), so used, means a salubrious discharge of emotions, a healthy letting off of steam. A schoolboy, disliking his teacher, deposits a tack upon the pedological chair; the teacher jumps and the boy laughs. This is katharsis. What I contend is that one of the prime objects of all judicial punishments is to afford the same grateful relief (a) to the immediate victims of the criminal punished, and (b) to the general body of moral and timorous men.

It is not for such orthodoxies that H.L. Mencken is remembered. If he is thought of as an iconoclast it is because when he did agree with you, you wished he hadn't. In a 1933 obituary of President Coolidge, Mencken imagines silent Cal watching his Republican successor, Hoover, being done in by the Great Depression:

> How Dr. Coolidge must have chuckled in his retirement, for he was not without humor of a sad, necrotic kind. . . . He had one really notable talent; he slept more than any other President, whether by night or by day. Nero fiddled, but Coolidge only snored. And when the crash came at last and Hoover began to smoke and bubble, good Cal was safe in Northampton and still in the hay. There is sound reason for believing that this great gift of self-induced narcolepsy was at the bottom of such modest popularity as he enjoyed. . . the kind of government he offered the country was stripped to the buff. It was government that hardly governed at all....Counting out Harding as a cipher only, Dr. Coolidge was preceded by one World Saver (Wilson) and followed by two more (Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt). What enlightened American, having to choose between any of them and another Coolidge would hesitate for an instant? There were no thrills while he reigned, but neither were there any headaches. He had no ideas and he was not a nuisance.

There we have the true H.L. who hated big government with an indignant and insulting vitality that would make Ronald Reagan back off, a Mencken who endears himself to no one and least of all to the man on whom he lets fly his contemptuous praise. Nevertheless, it is for the essays containing passages like this that he is read today, not for the few which were truly and dangerously iconoclastic and disloyal. Even now, with the centenary publication of collections from the enormous corpus of his writings, few chosen for print concern the issue that almost put him out of business as a published author: his opposition to both world wars.

Mencken was a rare, perhaps unique figure in that he was an excellent prose stylist and a newspaperman. He worked at the trade more or less continuously from the time he got his high-school certificate—H.L. was an autodidact who never went to college—to the moment of the disabling stroke that cut him down a few years before his death in 1956.

In the ordinary course of events, the newspaper business can't tolerate good writing because good writing must of necessity have a point of view. There can't be such a thing as "objective" good writing, so that most possessors of *le bon style* quit or are forced out of the business. Editorialists and columnists are exempted from such exacting control by the management, provided that their biases fall within a not very wide range. There are no Marxist newspaper writers in America, no avowedly socialist ones who are given space for their opinions; even the allowable liberals, and few they are, are twitchy-nosed, nervous Ivy League rabbits. H.L. was so remarkable in that he was just as bold enunciating opinions publishers disliked as writing those they approved of. But not even a Mencken is permitted space in a major daily to write dissent when the war hysteria is on—a fact that doesn't make America worse than any place, merely no better. So during the war periods Mencken disappeared from the pages of the *Baltimore Sun*, with which he was associated most of his career.

The ordinary celebrity controversialist is either a poseur, a bully, or a meritricious shrewdy who understands, like a Mike Wallace, a Geraldo Rivera, or a Tom Snyder, that a well and carefully picked fight over a subject of little importance with a person possessing the social power of a worm, is money in the bank. Mencken remains a model to writers on public affairs because he didn't say outrageous things for the effect, the audience, or the

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Clockwise from top left: Mencken at the 1948 Republican Convention; in his Baltimore office; on the day Prohibition ended; and at work.

commercial advantage to be derived from being outrē but not too outrē.

Mencken's public opposition to World War I was an act of personal and professional courage. Anti-war protest in 1917 wasn't fashionable the way it was in 1968. The civil liberties of men and women of Mencken's convictions were abolished, all anti-war publications were suppressed and their editors incarcerated with thousands of others. The beatings and gaggings of dissenters and dissent must have helped turn Mencken into the First Amendment civil-liberties zealot he assuredly was. It must have animated him at least as much as the pure fun of baiting the aging and waning William Jennings Bryan at the famous Monkey Trial, the legal test of the Tennessee law forbidding the teaching of evolution.

The Twenties, when the trial took place, was Mencken's decade. Like many of the other people who would dare to oppose the war, Mencken was not only forgiven for it, he was honored. His was the pen that cut the bladder, let the gas out of the fraudulent afflatus floated by the boomers, brokers, and ballyhoo boys of the years of glorious nonsense. He was the Jazz Age's intellectual social critic as F. Scott was the Jazz Age's novelist. This excerpt from Mencken's essay on Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* suggests why:

> They [the Babbitts] run things in the Republic, East, West, North and South....They are the palladiums of 100 percent Americanism; the apostles of the Harding politics; the guardians of the Only True Christianity. They constitute the Chambers of Commerce, the Rotary Clubs, the Kiwanis Clubs. . . the Good Citizen Leagues. They are the advertisers who determine what is to go into the American newspapers and what is to stay out. They are the Leading Citizens, the speakers at banquets, the profiteers, the corruptors of politics, the supporters of evangelical Christianity, the peers of the realm. Babbitt is their archetype....Study him well and you will know better what is the matter with the land we live in than you would know after plowing through a thousand volumes of Walter Lippmann's *Public Opinion*.

The change of historical season, the passage of the planet from the Twenties into the Thirties, saw the eclipse of Mencken's popularity. In the day of the sit-down strike and Roosevelt's New Deal, he stopped being the spokesman for the current generation and became, in the eyes of many, a reactionary grump. "The Republic proceeds toward hell at a rapidly accelerating tempo," he wrote a friend, "I'm advocating making him [FDR] king in order that we may behead him if he goes too far beyond the limits of the endurable. A President, it appears, cannot be beheaded, but kings have been subjected to the operation since ancient times." Not funny in 1933.

Mencken's admirers often skip over his refusal to join the great parades of his lifetime. The man didn't like crowds and didn't like being crowded so that he found those times when the call for unity and national purpose was the loudest the most uncongenial. He was a small "d" democrat and a large "D" Democrat too—if you exclude Wilson and FDR—but he was fastidious about it. They'd call him an elitist today unless they read his autobiographical books that depict a merrily unpretentious yet sympathetic understanding of members of the lower social orders. He loved politics, its rascality, its brummagem—another word he particularly liked—theatrics, and in the end our democratic political system held no fears for him. It did stimulate his sense of irony and paradox:

> Democracy may be self-limiting disease, like measles. It is, perhaps, something more: It is self-devouring. One cannot observe it without being impressed by its curious distrust of itself—its apparently ineradicable tendency to abandon its whole philosophy at the first sign of strain. I need not point to what happens invariably in democratic states when the national safety is menaced. All the great tribunes of democracy, on such occasions, convert themselves into despots of almost fabulous ferocity. Nor is this process confined to times of alarm and terror: it is going on day in and day out. Democracy always seems bent upon killing the thing it theoretically loves.

Behind his judgments—social, political, and aesthetic—there was a well-engineered scaffolding of ideas and values, one that was his own but also unthinkable in anyone but an American. Mencken was the consistent Jeffersonian conservative, the thorough man who does not, like the

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politicians he had in mind above, preach small government and then embrace big policies that make it impossible. Mencken knew you could have low taxes or a big military; he knew you could have decentralization of power or you can have a foreign policy that must keep society in a perpetual state of immobilized alert.

He was a connoisseur of his America. He was not a man of heedless passion for his native land. He was not a man of heedless passion for anything. Empty of rhapsodies about fields of waving grain, mountains of purple majesty, or any other language calculated to make the vibrissae quiver, he celebrated in phrases less sweeping but more vivid. (Vibrissae, always used by him with a Latin plural, was another of those words of mock pedantry he had such fun using.) The America he knew, Baltimore and the Tidewater, the Chesapeake Bay, the Eastern Shore, he honored with descriptions that read with the same enthusiastic color they did when he wrote them. Read Mencken on Baltimore food and gain weight.

This was no sour-souled man. Critical but not angry, his contemporaries knew him as a gracious, delightful, witty companion—no solitary elitism for H.L.—and those same qualities animate much of his prose, especially in his delightful autobiographical essays. Here are a few bits from one called "The Tone Art," in which he talks of music, one of the great loves of his life, as it was played in Baltimore in his time by touring professionals, semi-professionals, and amateurs like himself at his club, which met once a week for two hours of striking notes and two hours of drinking beer:

> The club has never gone on the air or had its disturbances recorded on wax, but nevertheless, it has done more than one humble service to the tone art, and in the dark forward and abysm of the future those services may be acknowledged and even rewarded. For one thing, it has produced, from its composers' section, at least one peerless patriotic hymn, to wit, "I Am a 100 Percent American," by William W. Woollcott [brother of the literary critic, Alexander]. This magnificent composition has everything. It is both chaste and voluptuous. It radiates woof and it reeks with brrrrr. But the greatest of all of Willie Woollcott's inspirations was his plan to play the first eight Beethoven [whom Mencken may be said to have worshipped] symphonies seriatim, with only brief halts for refreshments. He omitted the Ninth only because the club's singing section, at that time, lacked castrati.

As an editor and editorial advisor to the publishing house of Alfred A. Knopf, one of the most important for fiction in Mencken's time, Mencken revealed himself to be free of the need to rely on European standards and models. It wasn't that he disliked the art of Europe—far from it—but he wanted an American literature and he did all in his power to encourage it. Some of his judgments on American writers wouldn't be ours today, although he seldom dismissed the work of any contemporary of his who is still widely read now.

THE BALTIMORE SUN PAPERS

Mencken's influence on American literature and journalism was all-pervasive. Yet he spent all his life in Baltimore, a city seldom regarded as a cultural hub. In fact, except for five years of married life, he lived and worked at the same Hollins Street residence from the age of three until his death in 1956. Though he often ridiculed bourgeois residents of regional cities, he himself thrived as a member of Baltimore's middle class.

He sought to be the discriminating American, the connoisseur in things native, which may perchance explain his great work of scholarship, his pioneering philological enterprise, *The American Language*, an opus that has gone through four editions with two supplements and is currently out in an abridged and updated edition in its sixth printing. When the first edition came out in 1919—he did much of the work on it during his involuntary World War I retirement from journalism—we still thought that the language we spoke was a bastardized inferior form of English. Mencken not only taught us to be proud of our excessively colorful speech but he also taught us what American English is, how it came to be pronounced as it is, what its vocabulary, idioms, and syntax are, even where American names came from. Does the Trilateral Commission know that the Rockefellers were originally Roggenfelders or rye-fielders of the lower Rhine? When you get no relief from the shame of having used a double negative, go to Mencken and trace the use of double negatives from Chaucer to Shakespeare across the Atlantic, where it is used and preserved as a powerful and compelling form of emphasis, and that ain't nuthin' but the truth.

It is fitting that Henry L. Mencken should have composed the work that began the modern study of American English because it reflects who he was so nicely—the American with judgment, taste, and civilized pride in his land. His life taught us that a patriot can sneer at bumper stickers telling us to love her or leave her. Precisely what we don't need, H.L. snorted then and would snort now, is yet another dose of good, old-fashioned patriotism.

A civic moralist, his example is incomparably instructive. Mencken was wise enough to keep the tightest check on his indignation. He knew you can't split a lance over every dirty deal or smarmy scheme. It is sometimes better to laugh at graft than to reprove it, and so he saved himself for the big battles, which he knew had to be few in number. After all, Wellington had only one Battle of Waterloo.

When he died his admirers preferred to skip over the great public stands in his life, his opposition to the global blood lettings and the drift of government toward centralized power, initiated by Hoover and expanded by Roosevelt. Twenty-four years later, some may wonder what Mencken's friends have to apologize for. A patriot without buncombe, he left us with an example of good-humored civic courage and literary accomplishment as endearing as it is ennobled. ■

Nicholas von Hoffman is a well-known syndicated columnist.

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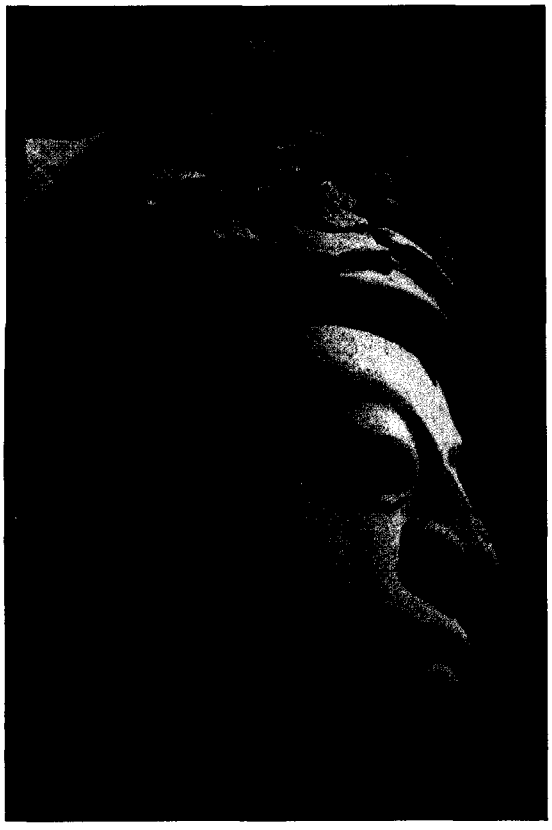
A Texas Garden of Treasures

by Vicki Goldberg

Patsy Nasher is a passionate collector; her husband Ray takes a cooler, longer view. Besides paintings and sculpture, Patsy collects textiles because the handwork and the patience of the people who made them delight her. She collects clothes and political buttons, likes garage sales and Good Will resale shops, and finds it hard to throw anything away. She keeps drawers full of pre-Columbian objects and would be happy enough to have stashes of them under the bed and in the closets.

Raymond Nasher, a prominent real estate developer based in Dallas, headed the 1965 White House Conference on International Cooperation, was on the Presidential Commission on Urban Housing, and represented the U.S. at the United Nations in 1968. His views on collecting mesh with his ideas about life, business, society, and education. He collects paintings and sculpture because he believes that so few things we do are meaningful, it is important to have some relation to lasting objects. He feels that the art collection he and his wife put together was instrumental in educating their



DAVID FINN

Raymond and Patsy Nasher have assembled a collection of collections, ranging from Pre-Columbian sculpture (above, left) and 20th-century paintings to campaign buttons and textiles. Of all their holdings, however, Ray finds the most excitement in contemporary sculpture, such as his Henry Moore (above, right) and his Miro (with the Nashers, opposite).

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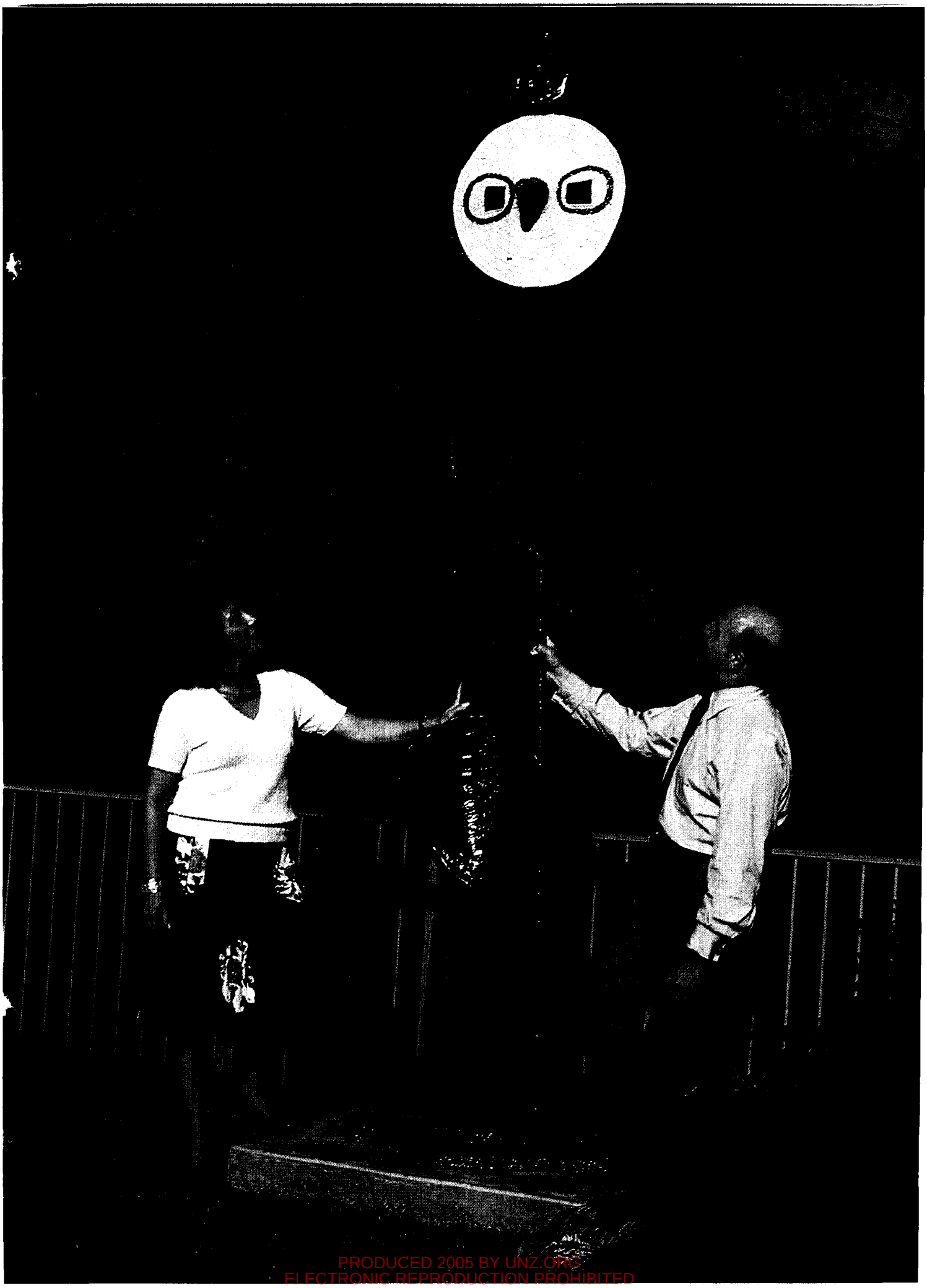

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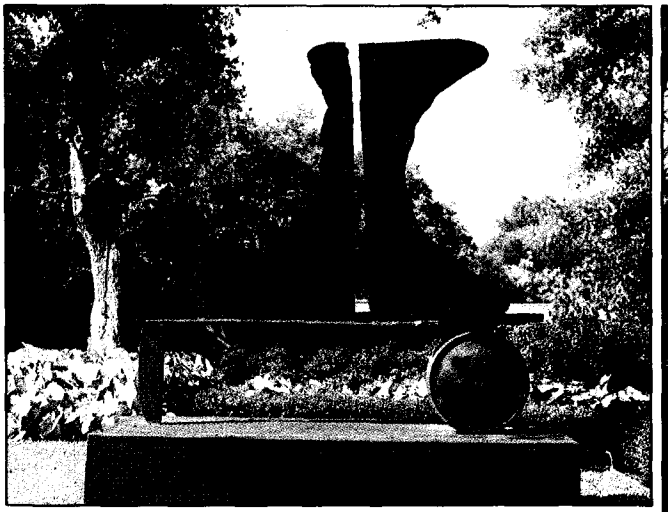
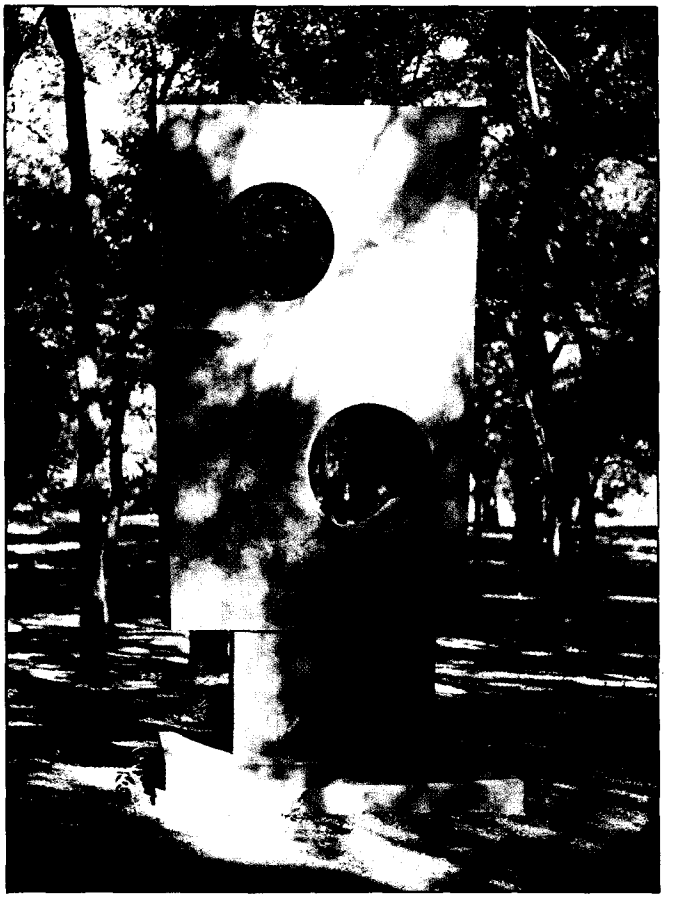
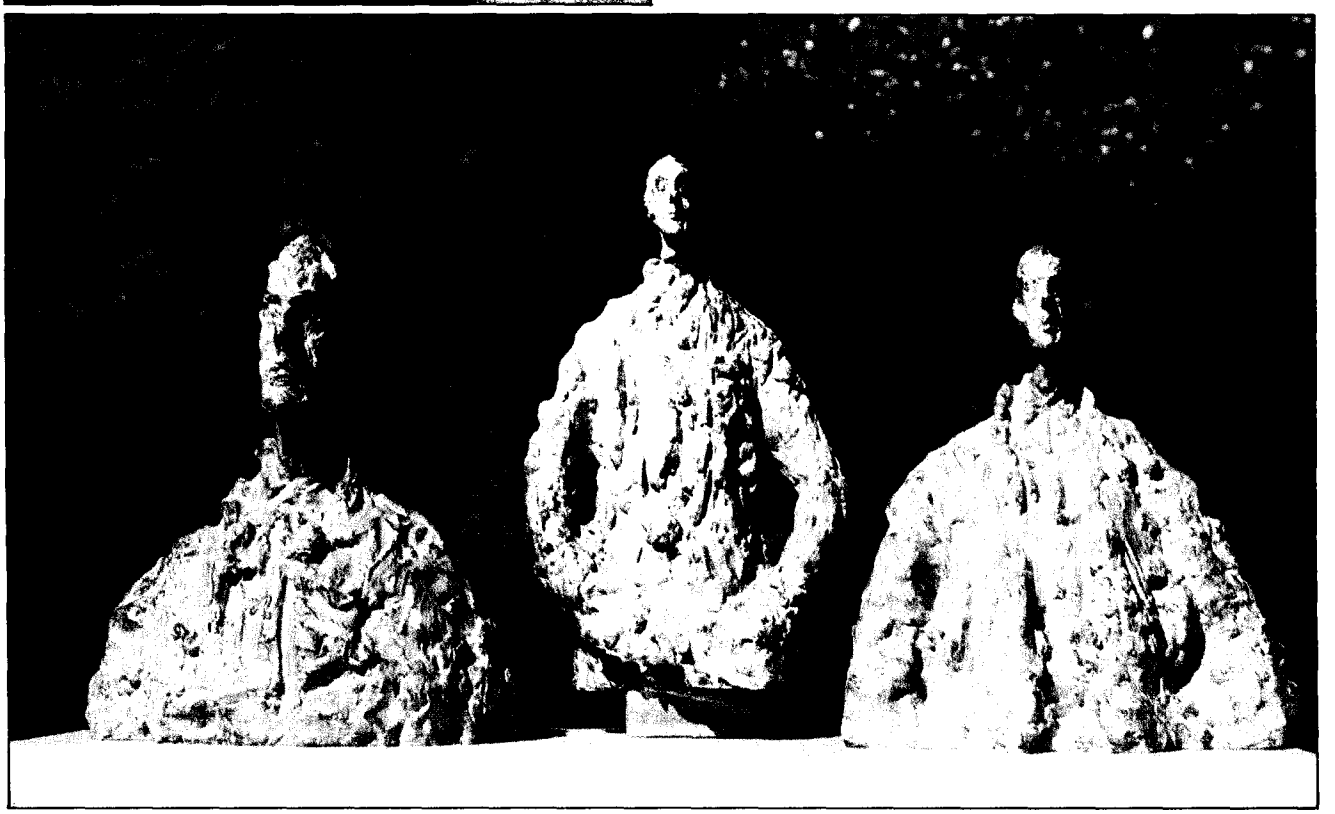




The Nashers' landscaping surrounds and sets off their extraordinary collection of large-scale outdoor sculpture. Clockwise from top left: a David Smith, a Barbara Hepworth, an Alberto Giacometti—a group of three heads that Ray Nasher thinks may be the most significant contemporary sculpture he's ever seen—and an Alexander Calder.



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three daughters to some understanding of what is important and beautiful.

As a real estate developer, Nasher has involved himself in neighborhood and new-town planning. He says that artists are normally ahead of everyone else in understanding society, and that an involvement with art helps him interpret a sense of space and place for people's use. (His Northpark Shopping Center in Dallas won an AIA award for the best building of the Sixties.) He would like banks to mandate improvements in the environment by requiring an aesthetic plan for every building they finance, and believes the cultural aspects of a community should be regarded as a utility, like water or electricity.

The Nashers' possessions were once called "a collection of collections." Foremost is the collection of 20th-century paintings and sculpture, which includes two Hans Hofmanns, a Morris Louis, two large Henry Moores, and three large Miro bronzes. Chief prizes are a recently acquired group of three painted bronze heads by Giacometti—Ray Nasher thinks they may be the most significant contemporary sculpture he's ever seen—and a David Smith from the Voltri series that Patsy Nasher says may be one of the great pieces of American sculpture of this century.

Then there is the collection of pre-Columbian art, mainly from western Mexico. The Nashers say their interest was the catalyst that moved the Dallas Museum to develop its own collection in this area. (While representing the U.S. at the United Nations, Ray Nasher helped write the international covenant on national art treasures that made it difficult for him to collect pre-Columbian work—and rightly so, he says.) Patsy Nasher's collection of Guatemalan clothes has just been donated to the Dallas Museum. Their collection of American Indian rugs belongs to Duke University. Their print collection was shown at Dallas's new city hall. Their house can only hold so much; the Asian collection is currently in a warehouse.

In the house are Warhol portraits of Mrs. Nasher and of her daughters (Patsy Nasher offered to barter with Warhol for her portrait: a "doggy bag" full of Art Deco objects for the painting); a big Oldenburg typewriter eraser and a group of small ones; shelves full of Olmec and Colima figures; Oceanic pieces that tussle for space with a Calder and a Maillol. An Oceanic basket mask so enthralled Henry Moore he asked for pencil and paper, sat down to draw, and subsequently produced a print of it. The mix of cultures continues in Ray Nasher's office, where Sepik River masks jostle a Lichtenstein tapestry and a Nancy Grossman head trussed in leather looms among Mexican terra-cottas. (Nasher likes things jumbled. "We have too many specialists," he says "and not enough generalists.")

The Nashers started with American painters like Ben Shahn and Stuart Davis from Edith Halpert's Downtown Gallery in Dallas. Always traveling, they spent a lot of time in museums. "You educate yourself to what's rare," Patsy Nasher says. "All of a sudden you see a little ring and you think, I've seen a ring like that . . . . And in the Sixties, those kinds of things were available." Mrs. Nasher, who loves the homework side of collecting, couldn't find many books on pre-Columbian art when they first fell under its spell; few people were interested. "Everything goes in cycles, in and out of style," she says. "You just have to get it when it's out of style." Three years ago the Dallas Museum wasn't interested in her Guatemalan textiles; now it proudly owns and displays them.

One of the Nashers' Oceanic basket masks so enthralled Henry Moore he made a print of it.

So many pieces are usually out on loan that the Nashers never see them all together. Mrs. Nasher says they didn't even realize they had a sculpture "collection" until they were asked to lend it to a show a couple of years back. "The whole thing's a big hoot," she says. "We've been lucky. Maybe it's the culture—it's so art oriented now—that's turned these pleasurable objects into collections." For the last five years, collecting has been more than a full-time occupation. Though she trusts her own eye over anyone's, she's sometimes up in the middle of the night in anguish over whether she's chosen the best and exhausted all the options. She ponders whether the enterprise has become too possessive. "One of the nice things that's happened is that I want fewer and fewer things." Then she adds with a laugh, "I don't want any more political buttons. I only want Brancusis."

The Nashers have reached a crossroads in their collecting. For years Ray Nasher felt they should concentrate on 20th-century sculpture; now his wife is convinced he is right. He thinks it's still possible to create an important collection of sculpture, but paintings have gone out of reach. "I want to have the fun and excitement of adding two, three, four things a year to the collection. You could buy one painting and be out of the collecting business for several years." They have a head start on sculpture, what with the Smith, the Moores and Miros, Giacomettis, Noguchis, a big Barbara Hepworth, a DiSuvero, a Richard Serra, an Oldenburg, a Chris Wilmarth, a Max Ernst, a Lipschitz. Nasher would like to fill in now with more historical material, and more contemporary too.

"If we're fortunate," he says, "then we also have an obligation to do something with it from the public point of view." He talks about creating a private museum open to the public but financed by a private foundation. He'd like his daughters to be trustees of an important facility they can take pride in. "Only if it's that significant," he says. "If it isn't significant, you give the few important pieces to your children or the museum or whoever." Absent-mindedly, as he speaks, he strokes the leg of a Maillol bronze.

The question of direction and significance focuses right this minute on a DeKooning sculpture on the terrace. It has produced what Ray Nasher calls "a little constructive tension" between him and his wife, and is only the second piece they have ever disagreed on in 31 years of marriage. Ray Nasher thinks the priorities right now should lie with a Rodin or a Laurens. Patsy Nasher appreciates that, but thinks that if you feel strongly about a piece you have to grab it, because it won't come around twice. She remembers once when her husband saw a Lipschitz and came home to talk to her about it. Ten minutes after he left the gallery, Norton Simon came in and bought the piece.

As she speaks, a cricket chirrs from somewhere between the Warhols and the Giacomettis. A cricket inside the house? "Oh yes," says Patsy Nasher with a laugh. "We've got lots of them. They're a collection too." ■

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Clearing the Nation's Air

What the chemical industry is doing to help clean up the air you breathe

The chemical industry was taking steps to prevent pollution long before most of the nation recognized the need for action. Today, almost all of our industry's plants meet or exceed Environmental Protection Agency clean air requirements. But we're not stopping there. Here are some of the actions we're taking to help America breathe easier:

1. Committing billions to clean up

The chemical industry is investing more than any other U.S. manufacturing industry in fighting pollution, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Since 1976, we have doubled our investment in air pollution control equipment. By the end of 1979, this commitment exceeded $2.6 billion. We are also investing millions of dollars in environmental research. The expenditures for one research program alone are expected to exceed $9 million by the end of 1980.

2. Upgrading plants and processes

The chemical industry is working hard to make sure its plants and manufacturing processes do not produce emissions that cause harmful pollution. New plant construction includes sophisticated operating equipment and technology. Older, existing plants are being refitted with additional equipment to improve emission control and meet environmental requirements. Through industry research and technology, we continue to develop sophisticated methods to capture and recycle emissions to create useful raw materials from potential pollutants.

3. Trapping particulates more effectively

Some chemical companies use "scrubbers" to help keep contaminants from escaping into the atmosphere. For example, a scrubber at one company helps trap more than 1,300 tons of particulate sulphur each year. Other companies use electrostatic precipitators to help reduce fly ash emissions by nearly 100 percent. Still other companies use "baghouses," which operate like household vacuum cleaners, to keep dusts and solid particles from contaminating the air.

4. Capturing vapors with new technology

Research is helping us find new and better ways to trap and control gaseous wastes before they can escape into the atmosphere. For example: a highly specialized molecular sieve recovers waste sulfur dioxide from the vent gas of sulfuric acid plants for recycling into the acid-making process. Special incinerators help control odorous gases. We've created compounds which can trap specific kinds of pollutant molecules. We've

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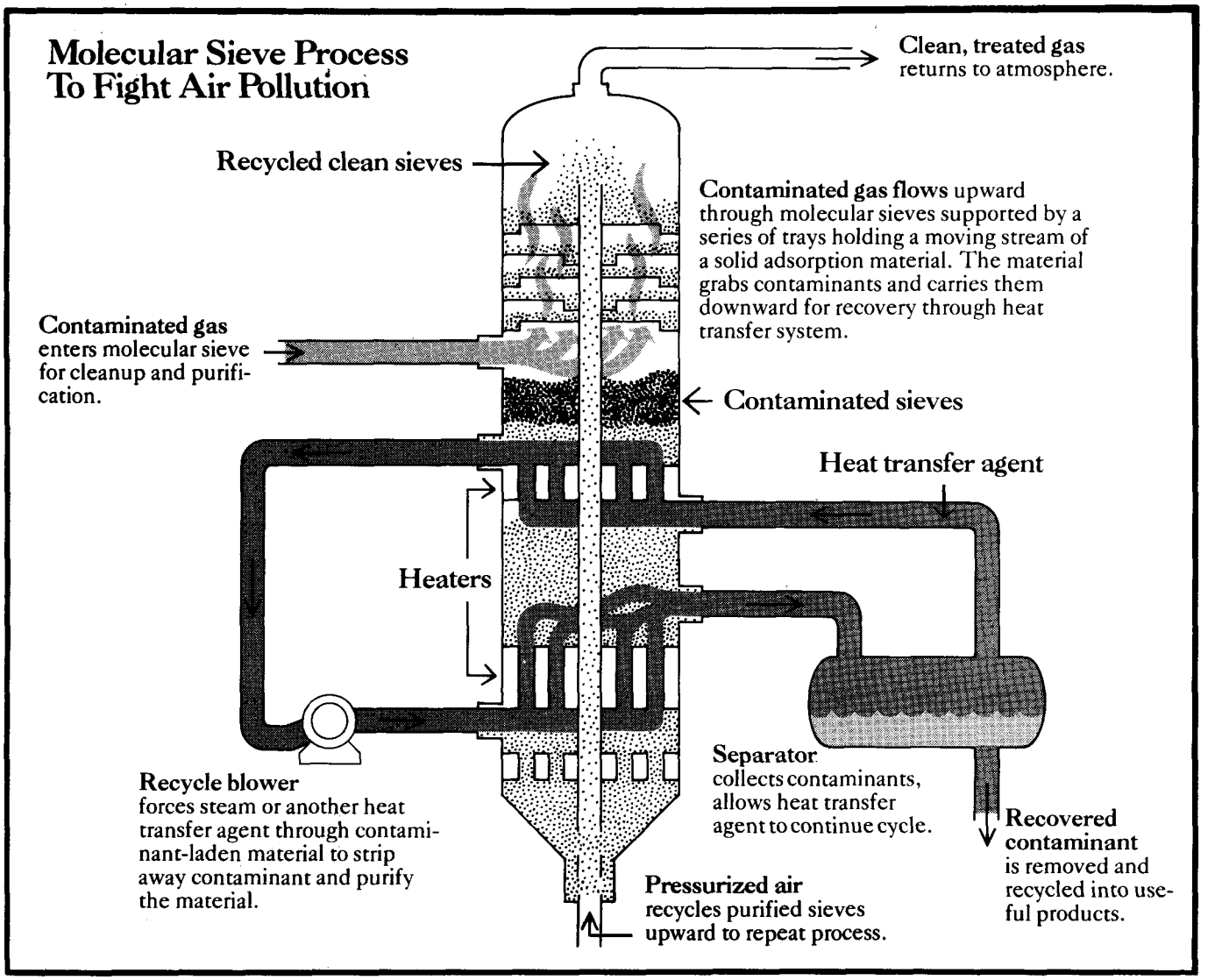

Molecular Sieve Process
To Fight Air Pollution
Clean, treated gas
returns to atmosphere.
Recycled clean sieves
Contaminated gas flows upward through molecular sieves supported by a series of trays holding a moving stream of a solid adsorption material. The material grabs contaminants and carries them downward for recovery through heat transfer system.
Contaminated gas
enters molecular sieve for cleanup and purification.
Contaminated sieves
Heat transfer agent
Heaters
Recycle blower
forces steam or another heat transfer agent through contaminant-laden material to strip away contaminant and purify the material.
Separator
collects contaminants, allows heat transfer agent to continue cycle.
Recovered contaminant
is removed and recycled into useful products.
Pressurized air
recycles purified sieves upward to repeat process.

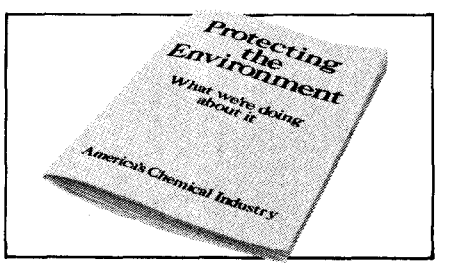
To help improve our nation's air quality, America's chemical industry is using equipment ranging from simple wet scrubbers to highly sophisticated molecular sieves to remove solids, vapors, and odors.

also developed a "double adsorption" system that sends gases back through adsorption towers for a second cleansing.

5. Getting more employees involved

The chemical industry already has more than 10,000 employees whose sole job is to operate, maintain and monitor pollution control equipment. And we keep adding to this number each year. At one facility, employee programs encouraged ideas which helped eliminate 75,000 tons of air pollutants each year. Some companies have mobile environmental laboratories traveling the countryside to sniff out air emissions and pinpoint the source.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. DR-09, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

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Architectural Follies

The Preservation Craze

by Philip Lloyd

In Southern California, the Historic Preservation Office considers placing the first Shell gas station on the National Register, giving it landmark status. In Washington, D.C., plans to tear down an antique but otherwise ugly little box known as the Rhodes Tavern (vintage 1799)—about as valuable architecturally as the first McDonald's—causes political turmoil in the nation's capital.

The politics of historical preservation has come a long way from the time, 20 years ago, when the demolition of the old Pennsylvania Station in New York City stirred barely any protest. But as the momentum of the preservation craze builds to new heights, it becomes necessary to ask what its real payoffs are. Has our initial enthusiasm been rewarded, in the main, by the preservation of recognizably valuable architecture, or has the movement taken off under its own steam, and is the taxpayer now being asked to fund the second- or even third-rate, at the expense of both economy and aesthet-

COURTESY TOM DONIA, NATIONAL TRUST FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION

The Rhodes Tavern above was built in 1799. There is nothing to recommend its preservation but its age. Is that enough?

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ics? Has the HCRS (the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service, a subdivision of the Department of the Interior) kept to its original mandate or has it, in the usual manner of government agencies, developed an overblown image of itself, becoming loose in its interpretation of that mandate, loose in its standards, and spendthrift in its allowances?

The initial demand for and general popularity of preservation are readily understandable in the public's widespread disenchantment with the sterile, impersonal style of modern architecture. They want an alternative that most contemporary architects, trained under the shadow of the Germanic god Bauhaus, seem unwilling, or unable, to provide. Coupled with this distaste for the present state of the art is a genuine emergence in this country of a historical consciousness, the realization, relatively new, not only that we have a past, but that some of it is worth preserving. Too often, we have seen cherished artifacts from the past swept away to make room for banality in the present; the stately colonnades of McKim, Mead & White's magnificent old Pennsylvania Station, for instance, sacrificed for second-rate tack. in an early Sixties, Holiday Inn mode. Unquestionably, there are urgent, undeniable moments when the call for preservation is clear, when our heritage and achievements cry for salvaging. But if it turns out that much of what we are preserving is just an antiquated version of present banality, we must ask where we have gone astray.

Certainly the crux of the problem is that America's history, relatively short and tumultuously energetic, provided little time for the construction of certifiable landmarks. We tended, in our older cities at least, to tear down as much as we built up. Simply in terms of numbers, there may not be that much worth saving. The most generous, but realistic estimate, even including every railroad station, courthouse, city hall, and antique House of God east of Hawaii, would not exceed ten thousand buildings worth preserving. But it is not merely that over-zealous preservationists, needing something to occupy their time and justify their paychecks, invent historic importance when there is none. The problem is also complicated by the fact that tax incentives, by which government presently subsidizes historic preservation, have perverted the original purpose they were meant to serve. The workings of this subsidization process, under the purview of the Tax Reform Act of 1976 (with some of its legalistic contradictions ironed out in 1978), are not only instructive in the present case, but are an example of how well-intentioned government programs often end up giving us the exact opposite of what was intended.

Under present laws any developer or ordinary citizen who wishes to make use of the available federal tax incentives must first check with his State Historical Preservation office to see if the building he wants to restore is listed in the National Register (or is located in a nationally or locally certified Historic District, making an acknowledged contribution to the district's ambience). If the building is not now in the National Register, he may ask the State Preservation officer to initiate the nomination process. Next, the builder or his architect submits an application to the State Preservation Office showing in photographs and drawings the renovations he plans to make. The State Preservation Office forwards the application to the Interior, where it is reviewed by the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service to determine whether the proposed rehabilitation and changes meet HCRS standards. (It is worth noting that HCRS operates out of some spaces in Washington's landmark Pension Building; judging by the tasteless Government Services Administration-type remodeling of its own offices, HCRS's standards cannot be very exacting.)

Skyrocketing construction costs make it cheaper to "recycle" than rebuild. The incentives don't need government meddling.

If the HCRS approves the plans it will issue a "rehabilitation certification." This allows the developer to write off the entire cost of the job, inside and out, at the rate of 20 percent per year over a five-year period, which is much faster than the write-off period allowed for new construction and other kinds of real estate investment.

This incentive appears to be sufficiently attractive to have interested growing numbers of commercial developers as well as the typical neighborhood preservationists. And since some portion of subsidized preservation must be income-producing, a landlord can fix up an old row house in, say, Brooklyn's Park Slope or on Washington's Capitol Hill, and make a huge sum in rentals on his newly fashionable dwelling. In the last couple of years, developers have taken advantage of the Tax Reform Act of 1976 to rehabilitate the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel (of Legionnaire disease fame) in Philadelphia, and the Chrysler Building in New York, as well as loft buildings in St. Louis, Baltimore, Denver, and New York's SoHo. It is all very gratifying: The Tax Reform Act, it seems, not only qualifies developers for sainthood but makes them rich in the process. In fact, a typical convention of preservationists nowadays is likely to have as many born-again real estate operators in attendance as historians; and the two groups make very odd bedfellows.

An example of medium-sized recycling/preservation is what was recently done with the 1890 Nord Building, a condemned hotel located in Seattle's historic Pioneer Square district. Although the building itself is of no importance architecturally and not at all "historic," it was judged to make a "significant contribution" to the district. The old building had been bought about 10 years ago by a periodontist, Harley C. Sullivan, for $70,000. His architects converted the interior into an art gallery on the ground floor, plus seven rental apartments on the two upper floors. The entire cost of the rebuilding was approximately $300,000—with half of the funds for the project provided at 3 percent interest under a HUD program, rather than at 12 percent or more required from a bank. The owner was allowed, as well, a generous tax write-off under the 1976 Tax Reform Act, and when the job was completed the market value of the building had increased to $600,000.

The Tax Reform Act also enables would-be preservationists to use its incentives in all sorts of ways that go beyond the straight, accelerated write-off. In Fresno, California, for example, the $111,000 equity capital needed to rehabilitate the landmark Physicians Building was raised by syndicating the tax write-off to a group of limited-

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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

If we're overpreserving, it's because we've torn down such architectural gems as New York City's Pennsylvania Station.

partner investors eager to shelter their large personal incomes. Another permissable device is to claim a charitable deduction for a so-called "facade easement" or other preservation restriction that may be donated for 30 years or more to a government entity or to an IRS-approved preservation organization. This means that the owner of a building with a historically certified facade can donate all rights to his own facade (including the rights to debase and bedizen it up with various modern "improvements") to an acceptable recipient and claim a charitable deduction for that gift. Simultaneously, the owner's local real estate taxes will be lower than they would be if he had "improved" his property.

There are several other incentives in the 1976 Act that have begun to tickle potential investors' fancies; and one fascinating *dis*incentive. If a developer goes ahead and demolishes a certified historic landmark, he cannot deduct the cost of demolition as a business expense. For example, if Detroit's historic J.L. Hudson department store makes the National Register, as it is expected to do, then the owners will not be able to deduct the projected $5 million demolition cost as part of the expense of their planned development on that site. This loss is sure to have an impact on the project's cash flow and may alter its character.

So the preservation of historic buildings comes to have more to do with accountants' balance books than with history or aesthetics. But even assuming it best to preserve an old building whenever possible, does the Tax Reform Act answer a real need, or is it redundant and therefore wasteful economics? The Department of Energy has estimated that it takes one gallon of gasoline to make, deliver, and install eight bricks to a new building. For the first time in the memory of most building professionals, skyrocketing construction and demolition costs make it actually cheaper to "recycle" an old building than to tear it down and start from scratch. The economics provide clear incentives without the need for government meddling.

Like everything else that comes out of Washington, the Tax Reform Act is convoluted. The average citizen most likely will not use it because he cannot understand it, while professional operators will have a field day figuring out ways of turning it into an ever-greater bonanza. Also, the preservation game, as played by the rules of the Tax Reform Act, tends to encourage the restoration of a building's exterior, but does relatively little to protect and preserve its interior spaces, which in many instances, may be of vastly greater architectural and historic significance than the building's facade. Consider, for example, New York's Grand Central Terminal, whose exterior is not nearly as significant as the concourse, with its epic-sized clock and soaring, imperial concept of space.

Finally, there is the question of who makes the rules of the new preservation game. Since the answer is the HCRS, one must ask if this agency—or *any* government agency, for that matter—is likely to encourage some of our more creative and unconventional architectural talent. For example, while it should be a cinch to get HCRS approval for a precise restoration of a neo-classical gazebo, it would probably never condone the slightly outrageous "rejuvenation" of Princeton's Whig Hall, by architects Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel, in which a Cubist interior and partial exterior were combined with the original Greek Revival frame. Nor would it be likely champions of the intersecting and wholly unconventional addition to Cass Gilbert's Allen Art Museum at Oberlin College, done by Robert Venturi and his associates in a sort of 1940s Bay Region Modern style. Yet some experts consider these among the most interesting architectural experiments of the past decade. Government programs, however well-intentioned, that would frustrate such experimentation may, in fact, be preserving a fictitious past at the expense of a more vibrant future. ■

Philip Lloyd is a practicing architect and occasional architectural critic.

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William Styron

by Hilary Mills

Since 1951 when he was awarded—at the very early age of 26—the Prix de Rome of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his first novel, Lie Down in Darkness, *William Styron has continued to challenge the moral and intellectual complacency of readers throughout the world with his provocative novels. His fourth,* Confessions of Nat Turner, *won a Pulitzer Prize in 1958, and his new novel,* Sophie's Choice, *published last June, was on the hardcover best-seller list for 47 weeks and won the American Book Award for Fiction in May.*

He spends his summers in an expansive and gracious home on Martha's Vineyard, where he lives from spring to fall with Rose, his wife of 27 years, his four children, and two dogs. There he talked about the themes in his work, his habits, and the process of creation.

Q *In your first novel,* Lie Down in Darkness, *you wrote about a woman's madness partly from a woman's point of view. In your novel,* The Confessions of Nat Turner, *you wrote about a slave rebellion from a black slave's point of view; and in your new novel,* Sophie's Choice, *you write about the Holocaust from a Polish Catholic's point of view. Why did you choose to write about these subjects and do you see any connections between them?*

A I suppose the pathos of the victim has always been a central consideration in what I've written—the victimization of people by life or by other human beings, sometimes even to the extent that it has to do, at its most extreme, with slavery. That's always been some sort of guiding theme and has always seemed to me to be a very important artistic theme—what other people do to each other in the guise of idealism or of passion or of zealotry, whatever.

Q *When* The Confessions of Nat Turner *came out at the height of the black separatist movement in the late Sixties, it received some very severe negative reaction on the part of blacks. I understand you and your family received bomb and kidnapping threats. Were you expecting any kind of negative reaction to* Sophie's Choice *and did it affect what you wrote?*

A I was, to be honest, somewhat worried that it would be misconstrued by the Jewish readers but I found, to my pleasant surprise, that it wasn't. I thought there might be some objections to a goy attacking the question of the Holocaust and to the notion that for almost the first time you had a major character in a literary work who was not Jewish and who was a victim of the Nazis, which of course is true of Sophie. She's not a Jew, she went to Auschwitz, and she is a victim. I had to say to myself from time to time that this is not the pattern, that Jews were the major victims, but I also had to face the fact that there were other victims and I was determined to put that down. I think it's a great tribute to the honoring of truth by Jews in general that there has been no objection to this.

Q *When you're writing a new novel do you find that you are consciously competing against yourself, against your previous works, trying to make the new one better?*

A No, I don't think so. You try to do your best, but I think it's a fallacy that people must create better and better works. It would be terribly romantic, almost foolishly so, to think that. The only thing you can expect—and the only thing that can be expected of you—is to create a work which adheres to your own high standards. It should be like a plateau in which there is, one feels, a relatively high level of performance. It's got to have the same intelligence, the same artistic integrity, the same direction, and all that, but it would be impossible to hope that each work would be better than the last.

It's like Beethoven's symphonies. One loves them all without feeling that any particular symphony is greater than the other, although one might have one's favorites. But you always recognize the grandeur of the spirit that informs all the music.

Q *What was the original inspiration for* Sophie's Choice*?*

A It was a kind of revelation, a dream, in which I woke up one spring morning after having been in this funk over a book I was involved in—namely a book about the Marine Corps that I'd been writing for several years and which was proceeding slowly without much inspiration. I sensed I had dreamed a vision of a girl named Sophie whom I remembered from Brooklyn in the postwar years. She was a very vivid image in my mind and in my dream. When I woke up I lay there for quite a long time with a sense that (and I don't mean to sound fancy or imply that this was a psychic experience because it wasn't), but I realized I had almost been given a mandate to write this book. I saw the whole thing plain: the idea of combining Sophie's story with a story I had heard of another victim of the camps who had to make a choice between her children—all this seen through the eyes of a young man. It was almost as if the story was outlined.

Q *Why did you choose to make the book partly autobiographical?*

A I realized that was very important in

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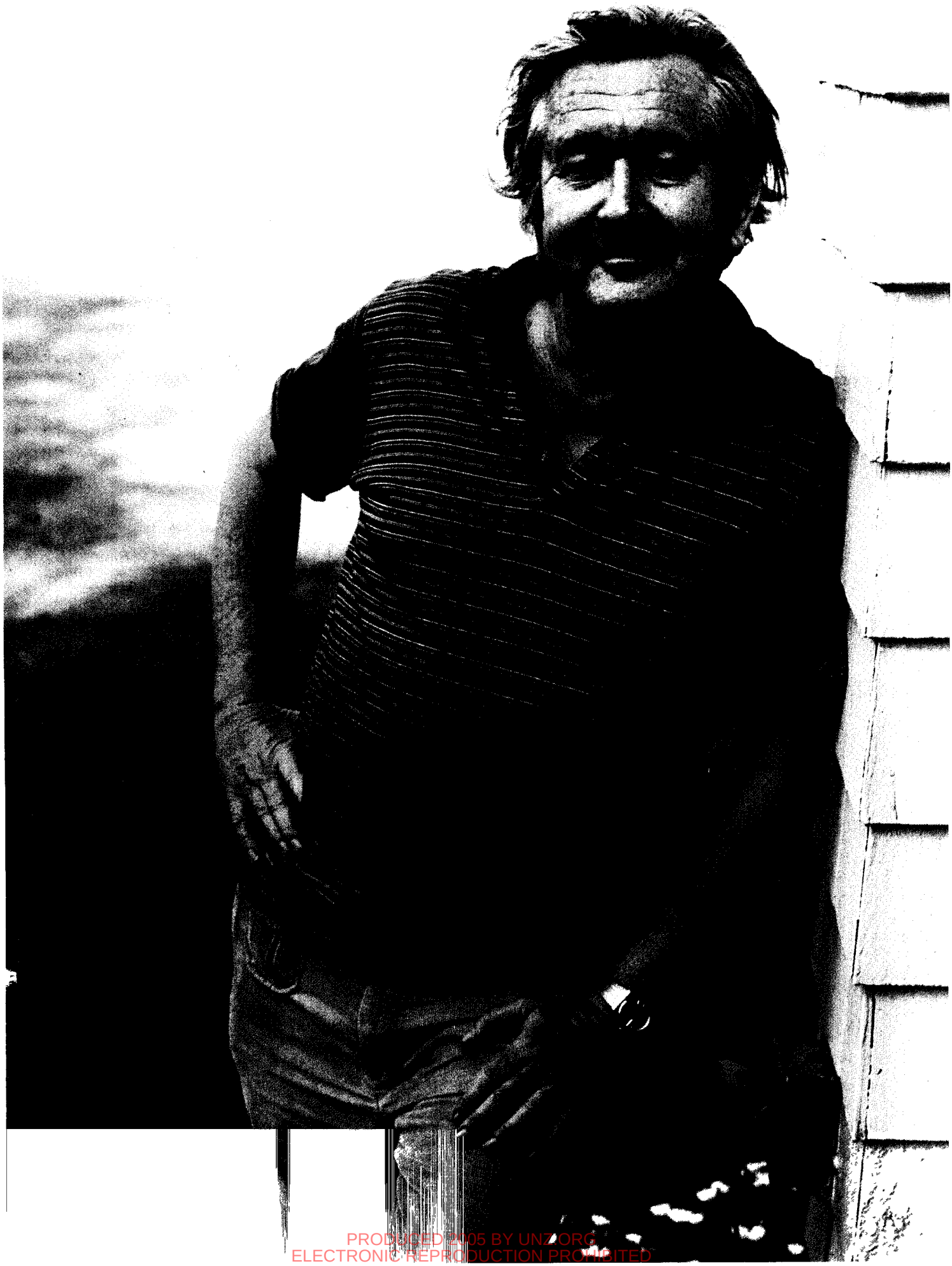

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order to make this story as seductive as I could make it, as dramatically compelling. I had to back off and give the reader—from the very first page—a sense of who was talking, which is a very good dramatic device and an old-fashioned one, but one that if done properly almost never fails. It's at the heart of storytelling and is the art of the novel—to establish oneself with a great authority as the narrator who's going to tell you a very interesting story, but who has not gotten around to telling you the story yet.

A good example of this device is *Moby Dick* where Ishmael goes through a long, wonderfully comic episode in New Bedford right before he gets on the ship. He establishes the right to dominate your attention. I didn't do this with anything so obvious as *Moby Dick* for a model, but just used a device that has been used many, many times.

All of this developed within weeks. I knew roughly what I was going to do with the book the day I set the first words of it down, which was the day I woke up with that dream. There are a lot of things that came later, such as Sophie's background and the development of the theme of the camp itself—the Auschwitz theme—all of that developed much later. That's part of the discovery that I had in the novel. Whereas on one level there were many things I saw immediately about the ultimate culmination of the book, there were many other things that I had to let grow organically as I went along.

Q *Did you make any notes on future developments?*

A I made some but I keep very few notes. I had a page of very small handwritten notes, which I posted on the wall of my studio in Connecticut and which I also brought with me here to the Vineyard. But they were mostly notes to remind myself to read this and that or to remember this and that.

Q *Once you started to write that first day after the dream, did you then write consistently everyday?*

A I tried to maintain a consistent schedule but I couldn't really. For one thing, I had to break off early in the book and go to Poland. I realized I was going to be deficient unless I did go.

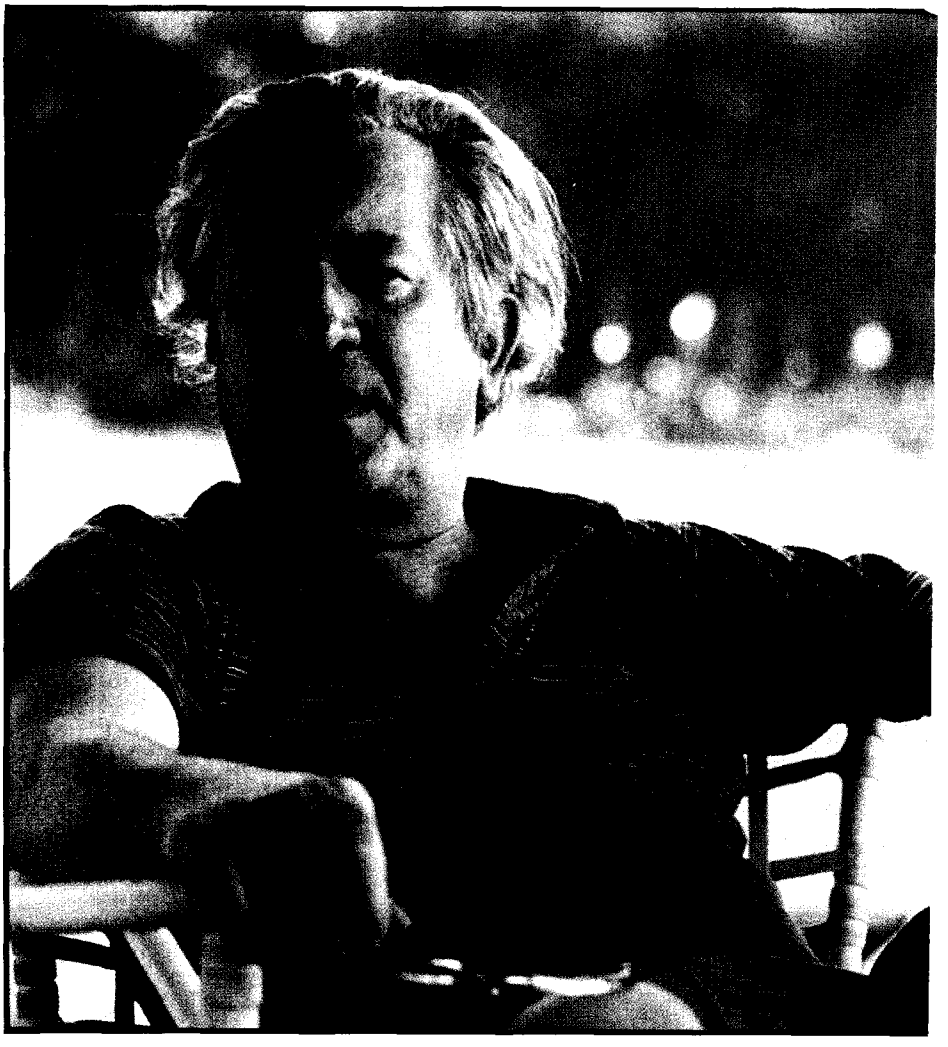
Q *What other research did you do for the book?*

A I had read a lot about the concentration camps, but I had not read any detailed scholarly stuff. There was some invaluable material I got at Auschwitz, namely two books. One contained the autobiography of the commandant and the other was a series of depositions and confessions by various SS officers who had served at Auschwitz. I read them in detail and realized at that point that it would be essential to my story to make Sophie have a relationship with the commandant, which she eventually did.

I also realized that in order to make Sophie really complicated and give her other dimensions, I couldn't make her just a victim. That was very essential to the dynamism of the story. If she was just a pathetic victim she wouldn't be very interesting; but to put her in juxtaposition with the commandant—not really as a collaborator by any means but as a person who in desperation is acting in an unconventional way vis-a-vis the Nazis, trying to masquerade as a collaborator—this would give her a larger dimension.

Q *Once you returned from Poland did you continue to write everyday?*

A Yes, I've always tried to work everyday when I'm in the course of a specific work. I try to write four hours each day but often it's three hours or two. I start in the midafternoon and try to work through six or seven.



Q *Have you ever had writer's block?*

A Yes I have. I wish I were one of those totally unblocked writers. In fact, it was writer's block that was bothering me about the novel I was writing before *Sophie*. I was blocked not because I couldn't write, but because I had an insufficient understanding of my material. I now realize pretty much what that understanding is and I'm no longer blocked about it, but in effect you might say that I began *Sophie* as a kind of

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release from the tensions and difficulties I was having on this other book.

Q *Can you describe the way you felt when you were blocked?*

A Blocking is one of those despairing moments when you're drowning. You have no connection with your material and also you don't want to write. Something in you causes you to refuse

Peter Simon

to write. With *Sophie* I never had these blocks. I had very great trouble in making the material work—architectural problems—but no moment when I said I can't write.

Q *Twelve years went by between the publication of* Nat Turner *and* Sophie. *Were these architectural problems with* Sophie *part of the reason it took so long to finish?*

A *Sophie* took four-and-a-half years to write and, given the book's length and difficulty, I would say that was a fairly good schedule. People tend to add on the years that I didn't publish.

Q *How long does it take to write a page generally?*

A When it's going well I can write a page in 15 minutes. When it's going hard I can take two hours.

Q *Do you type or write in longhand?*

A I write in longhand in pencil on yellow legal pads.

Q *Do you ever cross out or rewrite?*

A I try to interline. I have a great respect for my own calligraphy in the sense that I like to write clearly because it frightens me to think that the typist won't be able to read the manuscript, because I don't type myself. So I try to write very clearly. Instead of crossing out I usually erase and, as I said, I do a great deal of interlining.

In general my technique has almost never varied in that it is an accumulation of pages which I will never change in a major way. I don't write a first draft and then go back and dismantle it. I write very painstakingly from page one. It's like building a brick wall from the ground up.

Q *Have you ever ripped up an entire page?*

A Oh many times, oh sure. I've written many pages and paragraphs that I've thrown away entirely.

Q *Do you ever show or read manuscript pages to anyone while a work is in progress?*

A Just to my editor Robert Loomis. I read about two-thirds of *Sophie* to Bob while it was in progress and he was the first to read the whole typewritten manuscript.

Q *Where do you usually work?*

A I have a little studio in the back of my house in Roxbury, Connecticut, and a similar one here in the Vineyard.

Q *Do you tend to read other contemporary novelists while you're at work on a book?*

A I don't read many of my contemporaries for various reasons, but I did read Walker Percy and Phil Roth while I was at work on *Sophie.*

Q *Which novelists would you say have seriously influenced your work?*

A I don't think I can say, there's such a multiplicity. At one time I thought it was mainly Faulkner, but there were so many others really, as various as Flaubert and Tolstoy, Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe.

Q *Do you see yourself as part of a literary generation?*

A I don't really know and that always bothers me. I've always read with amusement those profound articles or reviews that usually list four or five novelists as being the leading novelists of our time, and I've never been included in the list. It doesn't bother me one way or the other except I'm always amused that someone would theorize about who are the great writers of our time. I don't think there's any possible way you can determine until a certain amount of time has passed.

I have absolutely no doubt—I will say this without modesty because I don't think modesty is involved—that in 40 years my work will be read with at least the same interest as anyone who is living contemporaneously with me. I simply have no doubt.

Q *In* Sophie's Choice, *you talk about the decline of the Southern novel and the rise of the Jewish novel after the war and how torn you were between these two traditions when you were writing your first novel. Would you say there are any new literary movements happening now, and do they affect the way you think about your work?*

A Writers are far more independent of literary movements than one might imagine. I do think the most pernicious effect on literature in our times has been what I call academic criticism—the blood-thirsty professors and third-rate academic minds that have tried to define literature in our time. They've been intellectually despicable, intellectually negligent, and intellectually stupid. I detest the proprietary nature of this criticism, the idea that only a certain form of writing is valid—in this case post-modernism. I'm talking about the works of John Barth, William H. Gass, Thomas Pynchon, Barthelme and so on. Whereas John

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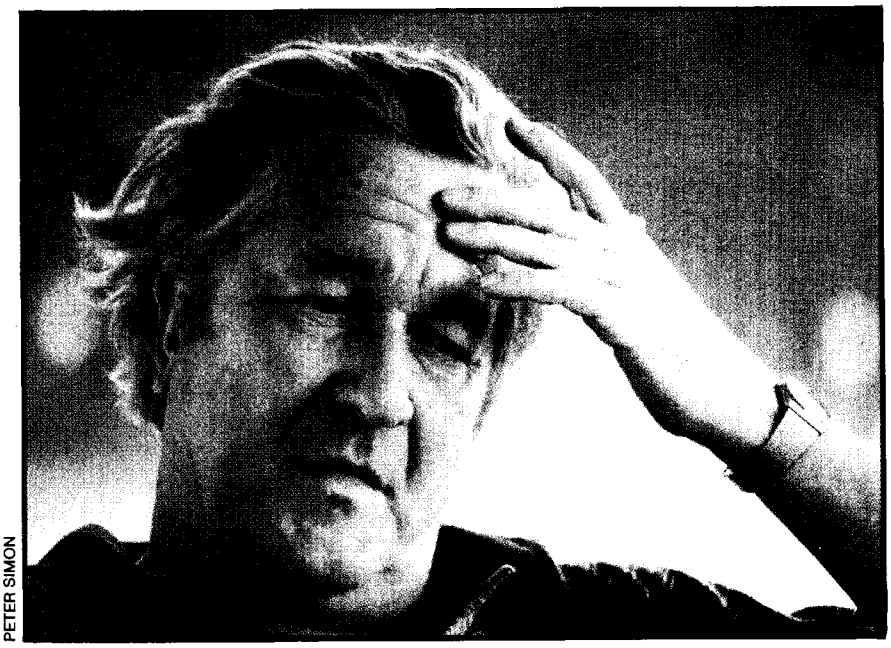

PETER SIMON

Barth is a writer I admire for many of his works, I hate the idea that post-modernism is exclusively the only form of writing.

Q *Would you call yourself a Southern novelist?*

A No, I would not call myself a Southern novelist. I would call myself a committed American novelist who happens to write out of an awareness of his Southern roots and Southern heritage, but I do not wish to consider myself a capital S Southern writer.

Q *In a recent interview, John Irving extolled the virtues of a bourgeois lifestyle for creative writers. You've been married to the same woman for more than 25 years, have four children, a large house in Roxbury and in Martha's Vineyard. Do you think this external stability has helped you get on with your work or do you find it in some ways confining?*

A I think it's been a stabilizing and important influence. I could not have lived in Bohemia or lived the life of a renegade or a pariah, but I think my works have been nonetheless revolutionary in their own way and certainly anti-establishment. I have had in my little study in Connecticut all these years that famous line from Flaubert tacked to my wall: "Be regular and orderly in your life like a Bourgeois so that you may be violent and original in your work." I believe it.

Q *A friend of yours, Robert Brustein, fondly mentions in his new book,* Critical Moments, *that you became increasingly intolerant of the outside world—meaning friends and family—the summer before* Sophie *was finished. Why do you think this was?*

A I don't remember that I was any more intolerant than usual, but you do live in two different worlds when you are writing and it's often hard to decompress and get back into the world of cocktail parties. I'm very antisocial at times. I almost never go to a cocktail party—ever. Right across the board. I would go to a dinner party if I knew it wasn't too big. I'm not a hermit.

Q *Do you tend to socialize a lot with other writers?*

A I don't make a point of it, but I know a decent amount of other writers and from time to time I see them.

Q *Do you prefer their company?*

A Not necessarily. On the other hand, writers share a community of interest. I certainly don't shun the company of other writers. I don't know a vast number of them but I do know a few: Philip Roth, Arthur Miller, Peter Mattheison. James Jones was a very good friend. One of my best summer fraternizers is Art Buchwald.

Q *In your novel* Set This House on Fire, *the protagonist points out that most creative people are oral. Why do you think this is and has it plagued you?*

A I don't know if we're more oral than other people. I like to drink but I don't drink to excess. I have, however, drunk more in the past than I do now.

Q *Do you find drinking helps your work in some way?*

A It's always been a help to me. I've never written a line in my life while I'd had a drink, but in terms of its ability to relax you and to allow you certain visionary moments when you're thinking about your work, I think it's very valuable. Let's say a day is finished and you've put in some good hours of writing and you're still perplexed about the next day. Just to be able to have a few drinks and to think in this released mode often gives you very new insights.

Q *You must have known a few writers who have drunk to excess.*

A Oh sure, there have been many writers who have killed themselves with booze and that's to be devoutly avoided. But I think in general alcohol has been a liberating influence when handled properly for writers and other creative people. As one gets older one simply can't drink as much. But a drink still stimulates me.

Q *Your friend James Jones once told a young novelist that as soon as he finished a book he should start working on another one or otherwise the ensuing publicity would distract his ego in one way or another. Have you started on the next book yet or have you taken some time out to bask in the limelight after* Sophie's Choice*?*

A I don't really believe Jim's edict. I don't believe it's a necessarily true one. It was fine for him. The limelight hasn't been at all unpleasant, but I have started back on the Marine book.

Q *Would it be fair to assume it's about some sort of victim?*

A Yes, it's about a victim of the military establishment and of militarism in general. ■

Hilary Mills writes a column, "Publishing Notes," for the *Washington Star.*

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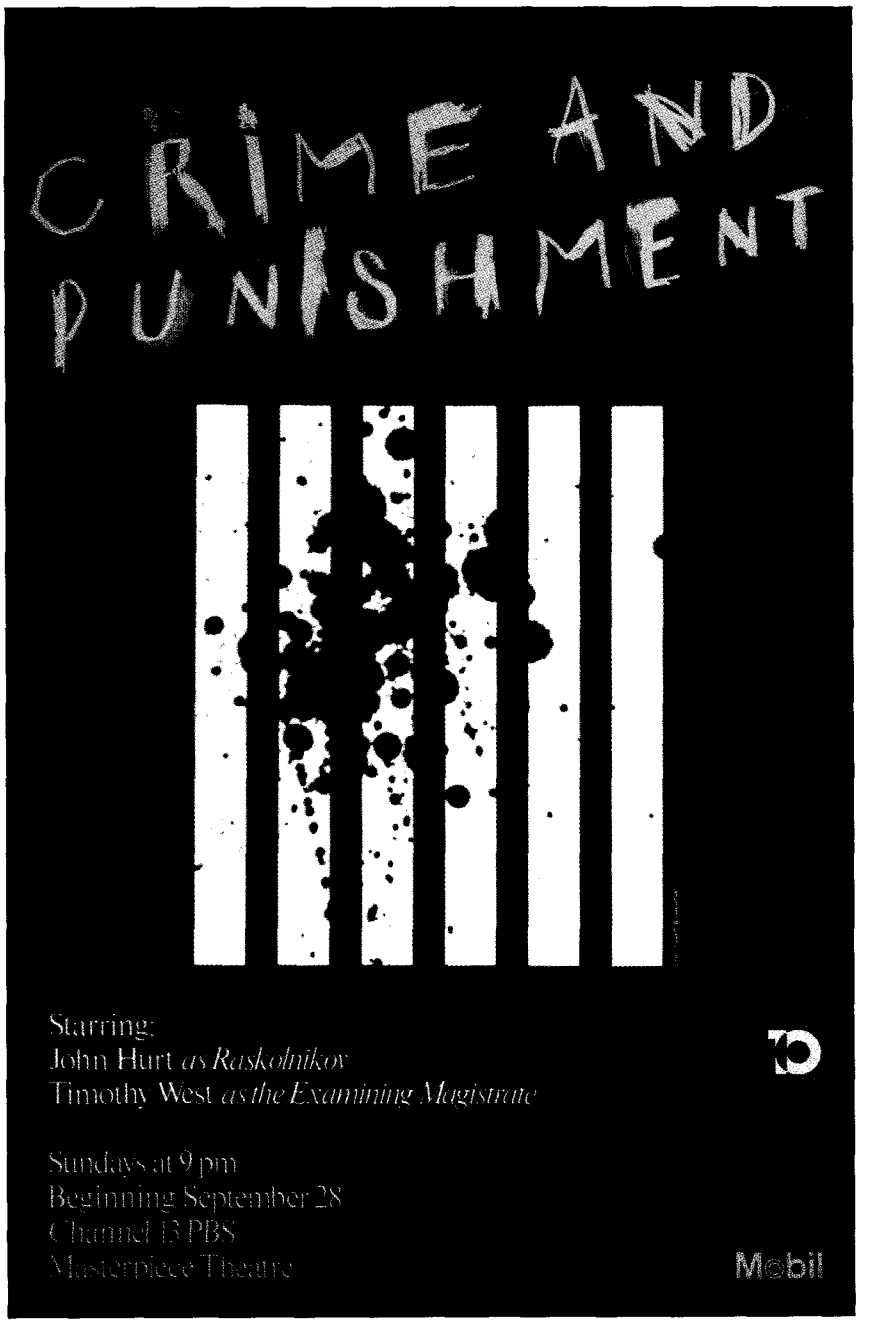

The Story

Sometimes called the first great detective novel and also hailed a precursor of modern criminology, *Crime and Punishment* was published in 1866 and instantly proclaimed a masterpiece. Dostoevsky's agitated, head-long narrative follows the gifted studer Raskolnikov as he implements hi theories of the "superman" by murdering a repellent old pawnbroker. As the increasingly guilt-stricken murderer is pursued by t cunning Inspector Porfiry, we wa *one of the most exciting games c* cat and mouse ever played. Not a gripping thriller, *Crime and Pun ment* is a profound psychologica drama, with a cast that includes, addition to Raskolnikov and Porfi the beatific prostitute Sonia and t self-destructive, dissolute Marme adov, each with his own Dostoev skyan fever of the soul. At the sa time, the pressure of economic misery is felt throughout the stor and *Crime and Punishment* has been claimed by Marxists as well as Freudians, although Dost evsky's central theme—the ques salvation—transcends all intelle tual dogmas.

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The Story

Pride and Prejudice is one of the best-loved classics of English literature. Published in 1813, the novel enjoyed only a cult following in England until 1910 or so when Austen's brand of comic realism came into vogue. At the center of the story are the genteel tribulations of the Bennet family, whose financial difficulties make it especially urgent that their five daughters be successfully marketed to affluent, pedigreed young gentlemen. Mr. Darcy, the novel's blue-blooded hero, is just such a man, but his inordinate "pride" alienates the woman of his choice, Elizabeth, while her "prejudice" against haughty aristocrats prevents her, temporarily, from accepting his courtship. The galaxy of exquisitely drawn characters also includes the impossibly snobbish Lady Catherine, the stuffy clergyman Mr. Collins, and the ne'er-do-well army officer Mr. Wickham. Austen's gifts as a social observer and literary craftsman were never more glitteringly displayed than in this, her most popular work, which is also regarded as the first thoroughgoing study of an English family.

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The Era

For the most part, Jane Austen and her era have very little in common. During the first 15 years of the 19th century, Europe was convulsed by the Napoleonic wars, a religious revival, the birth of Romanticism, and the inevitable "rise of the middle class." Yet none of these historical hurricanes seems to have even stirred the draperies of Austen's world, a provincial society in which a trip to London might be the high point of one's life. This conservative, blissfully self-assured culture is fascinating to us today if only because it is so different from our own. Rooted in immemorial customs, with a land-based economy, England's squirearchies were insulated from modern influences. The local gentry ruled, the tradesmen and workers kept to their social station, or were kept there, and the clergymen dispensed God's grace as discreetly as if they were serving crumpets.

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The Author

Jane Austen (1775-1817) lived a life of fully contented obscurity. She sailed pleasantly and unobtrusively through 42 years of spinsterhood in the quiet countryside of southern England, and when four of the six novels she had written to amuse her relatives were finally published near the end of her life, they appeared anonymously. Her great contemporary Sir Walter Scott marveled at her achievement. Today most readers and scholars share Scott's enthusiasm, and her works rest on the very top shelf of English fiction. Totally ignoring the great world around her, she turned her ironic, microscopic eye on the landed gentry of the countryside instead, and, in such wonderful novels as *Sense and Sensibility* and *Emma*, she probed every foible and nuance delightfully. In this tranquil, periwigged little universe, marriage, money, and social status were the only worthy concerns. As eligible young men and women sought appropriate mates in the refined drawing rooms of the age, Austen captured them all in subtle daguerreotypes.

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LATER TH

Testament of Youth

An adaptation of Vera Brittain's great autobiography, this series records the author's early feminist stirrings (she was one of the few women of her era to attend Oxford) and her harrowing work as a nurse during World War I. Interwoven with Brittain's life are numerous others, the representatives of a brave, tragic generation whose world was profoundly altered by personal loss.

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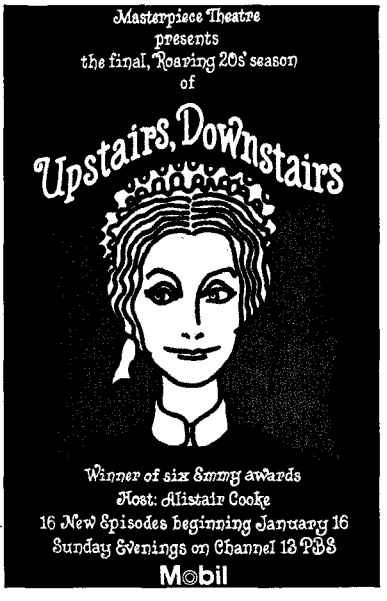
From the moment the electronic curtain rose in 1971, *Masterpiece Theatre* established a new standard of excellence in television drama. Throughout the decade, these engaging productions have entranced millions of viewers and elicited almost universal acclaim, including 20 Emmy awards and 43 Emmy nominations. *Masterpiece Theatre* has been underwritten since its inception by Mobil Corporation on PBS and hosted by the distinguished and distinctive Alistair Cooke. Joan Wilson of WGBH-TV, Boston, is the producer of the series.

Masterpiece Theatre's inaugural series was the Emmy-winning *The First Churchills*, a fascinating dramatization of Winston Churchill's eminent 17th-century ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke's brilliant spouse, Sarah. The Duke was memorably played by John Neville, and Sarah by Susan Hampshire, a veteran of the popular *Forsythe Saga*, who later appeared in *Masterpiece Theatre*'s *Vanity Fair.*

The more than 50 dramatic presentations since *The First Churchills* have included some of the best-loved series in American television history....

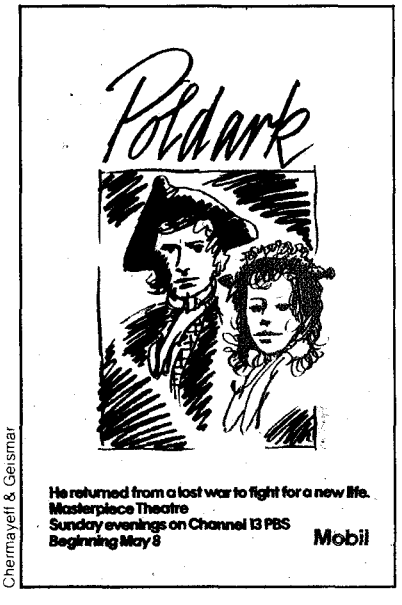
Chermayeff & Geismar



Chermayeff & Geismar

Upstairs, Downstairs
With its famed split-level sociology, *Upstairs, Downstairs* made television history, instructing approximately a billion viewers about what life was like in England in the period 1903-1929. The series skillfully probed the impact of technological change and social revolution on the residents of 165 Eaton Place, London. Created by Jean Marsh who became famous playing Rose, the maid, and by Eileen Atkins, *Upstairs, Downstairs* was produced by John Hawkesworth, who later produced *The Duchess of Duke Street* and *Danger UXB.*

Chermayeff & Geismar


Poldark
He returned from a lost war to fight for a new life.
Masterpiece Theatre
Sunday evenings on Channel 13 PBS
Beginning May 8
Mobil
Chermayeff & Geismar

Poldark
The series based on Winston Graham's swashbuckling *Poldark* novels was exhilarating proof that *Masterpiece Theatre* can be dashing as well as distinguished. The story gave audiences an abundance of romance and excitement in this saga of an 18th-century Cornish adventurer and the two women in his life. Robin Ellis, the handsome Poldark, also played the Earl of Essex in *Elizabeth R*, and Angharad Rees, who appeared as the bewitching Demelza, was seen in the *Duchess of Duke Street* as well.

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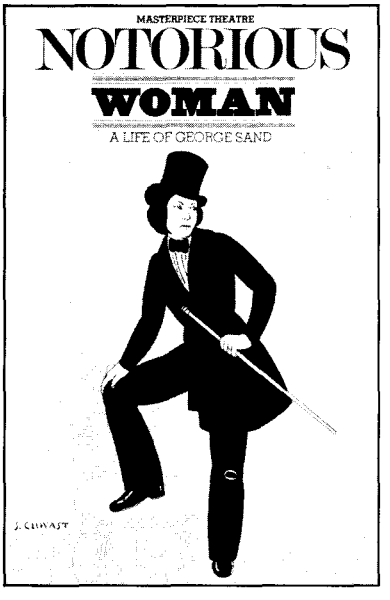
Elizabeth R
This bold, warts-and-all biography of England's most revered queen benefited enormously, of course, from the performance of one of England's most revered actresses, Glenda Jackson. Jackson's Elizabeth, a portrait in steel and purple velvet, may be the finest ever, and the production itself made Tudor England live and breathe again. It's no surprise that the series captured five Emmys.

Chermayeff & Geismar

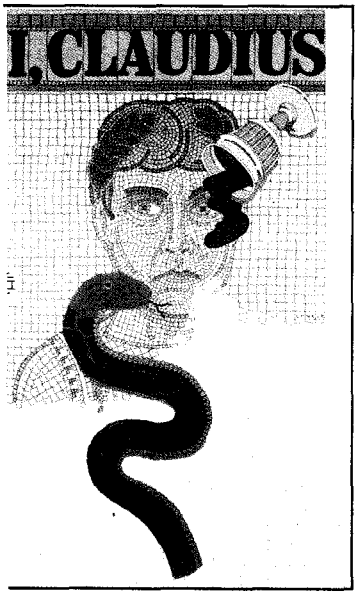
Tom Brown's Schooldays
The most famous of all English schoolboy tales, Thomas Hughes's novel was brought to the screen in a splendid adaptation that deftly spirited us back to Dr. Arnold's Rugby, a public school in the throes of reform. The story's endearing melodrama, its nicely textured verisimilitude, and its exposé of public-school abuses provided the dramatic fabric that kept so many viewers enthralled.

Shoulder to Shoulder
Their polite requests for enfranchisement ignored, a small band of well-bred, turn-of-the-century English ladies took to the streets to call attention to their cause. Audiences who thought that militant feminism began with Friedan and Steinem had a chance to meet bloomered English activist Emmeline Pankhurst. Ms. Pankhurst was played by Sian Phillips, who was also seen as the mother in *How Green Was My Valley*, and as Livia in *I, Claudius*, and who will portray Katerina Ivanovna in this season's *Crime and Punishment*.



Seymour Chwast/Push Pin Studios

Notorious Woman
"Whatever George Sand did, she did passionately," said Rosemary Harris of the controversial French novelist whom she played with such verve and authority in this *Masterpiece Theatre* presentation. The series, which chronicled every aspect of Sand's trouser-clad, cigar-puffing life, verified Harris's assessment memorably.



I, Claudius
For many weeks in 1977, especially on Sunday nights, Rome was overrun by television viewers rather than barbarians. One of *Masterpiece Theatre*'s most successful presentations, *I, Claudius* (based on Robert Graves's novel) allowed millions to look on in horrified fascination as ancient Rome suffocated in its own villainy and perversity. The critics were in effusive agreement that John Hurt made Caligula unforgettably repulsive and that Derek Jacobi captured Claudius's troubled but noble spirit beautifully.

Beginning September 28, 1980, *Masterpiece Theatre* is proud to present...

(Fold Down)

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Fyodor Dostoevsky's CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THE CAST:

Raskolnikov	John Hurt
Porfiry	Timothy West
Sonia	Yolande Palfrey
Marmeladov	Frank Middlemass
Pawnbroker	Beatrix Lehmann
Lizaveta	Carinthia West
Nicholay	Colin Higgins
Accuser	Gordon Gostelow
Katerina Ivanovna	Sian Phillips
Mme Lippevechsel	Barbara Young
Polenka	*Fiona Glassbrook*
Kolya	Nicky Stoter
Lida	Francesca Gerrard
Dounia	Prunella Ransome
Svidrigailov	Anthony Bate
Razumihin	David Troughton
Raskolnikov's mother	Yvonne Coulette
Nastasya	Anne Orwin
Priest	Janos Kurucz
Stein	Mathew Francis
Pestryakov	Darryl Kavaan
Dmitri	Allan Ross
Zametov	Malcolm Tierney
Ilya Petrovitch	David Dodimead
Luise Ivanovna	Magda Miller
Nikodim Fomitch	David Webb

PRODUCED BY:	Jonathan Powell
DIRECTED BY:	Michael Darlow
DRAMATIZED BY:	Jack Pulman

John Hurt

BBC

One of England's leading actors, Hurt has become a specialist in portraying tormented neurotics and ravaged souls. Best known to filmgoers as the tragic junkie in *Midnight Express*, for which he received an Academy Award nomination, Hurt has also been widely seen as the mad Caligula in *I, Claudius* and as the crusading homosexual Quentin Crisp in *The Naked Civil Servant*.

Timothy West

BBC

West has slipped in and out of as many different characters as any English actor of his generation—for example, the French prosecuting attorney in *Day of the Jackal*, Winston Churchill in the upcoming *Churchill and the Generals*, and Edward in the Mobil Showcase Network presentation of *Edward the King*.

Jane Austen's PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

THE CAST:

Miss Elizabeth Bennet	Elizabeth Garvie
Mr. Darcy	David Rintoul
Mr. Bennet	Moray Watson
Mrs. Bennet	Priscilla Morgan
Miss Jane Bennet	Sabina Franklyn
Miss Charlotte Lucas	Irene Richard
Mr. Bingley	Osmund Bullock
Miss Caroline Bingley	*Marsha Fitzalan*
Miss Mary Bennet	Tessa Peake-Jones
Sir William Lucas	Peter Howell
Lady Lucas	*Elizabeth Stewart*
Miss Kitty Bennet	Clare Higgins
Mr. Hurst	Edward Arthur
Mrs. Hurst	Jennifer Granville
Captain Denny	Andrew Johns
Rev. Mr. Collins	Malcolm Rennie
Mr. Wichkam	Peter Settelen
Mrs. Gardiner	Barbara Shelley
Mrs. Philips	Shirley Cain
Lady Catherine de Bourgh	Judy Parfitt
Col. Fitzwilliam	Desmond Adams
Miss Anne de Bourgh	Moir Leslie
Mr. Gardiner	Michael Lees
Mrs. Reynolds	Doreen Mantle

PRODUCED BY:	Jonathan Powell
DIRECTED BY:	Cyril Coke
DRAMATIZED BY:	Fay Weldon

Elizabeth Garvie

BBC

Garvie's life has been too magical and Cinderella-like to belong in a Jane Austen novel. Producer Jonathan Powell saw Garvie's picture, gave her a screen test, and offered the pretty 23-year-old brunette one of the most coveted television roles this season, despite only a year of previous stage experience.

David Rintoul

BBC

Educated at Edinburgh University and the Royal Academy, David Rintoul quickly acquired a glittering spectrum of professional experience. On *Masterpiece Theatre* he has played a murder suspect in *Five Red Herrings*, and one of Lillie Langtry's suitors in *Lillie*. Currently he can be seen as Prince Hal in the Royal Shakespeare's new production of *Henry IV*.

BBC

Alistair Cooke

One of the most illustrious personalities in the history of television, Alistair Cooke first endeared himself to American audiences as the urbane host of that legendary intellectual showcase of the Fifties, *Omnibus*. In the present era, his suave and erudite presence at either end of each episode of *Masterpiece Theatre* has become as reassuringly familiar as a cherished grandparent. A distinguished author, he wrote the text of *America*, his highly imaginative television series, and *The Americans: Fifty Talks on Our Life and Times*. His collection of portraits, *Six Men*, was a best-seller in 1977.

MASTERPIECE THEATRE SCHEDULE

Sunday Evenings at 9 P.M. (8 P.M. Central)

(check local listings)

Crime and Punishment

Pride and Prejudice

Testament of Youth

Danger UXB

Thérèse Raquin

Sept. 28	Oct. 5	12	19	26	Nov. 2	9	16	23	30	Dec. 7	14	21	28	Jan. 4
Jan. 11	18	25	Feb. 1	8	15	22	Mar. 1	8	15	22	29	Apr. 5	12	19

Made possible by a grant from **Mobil**

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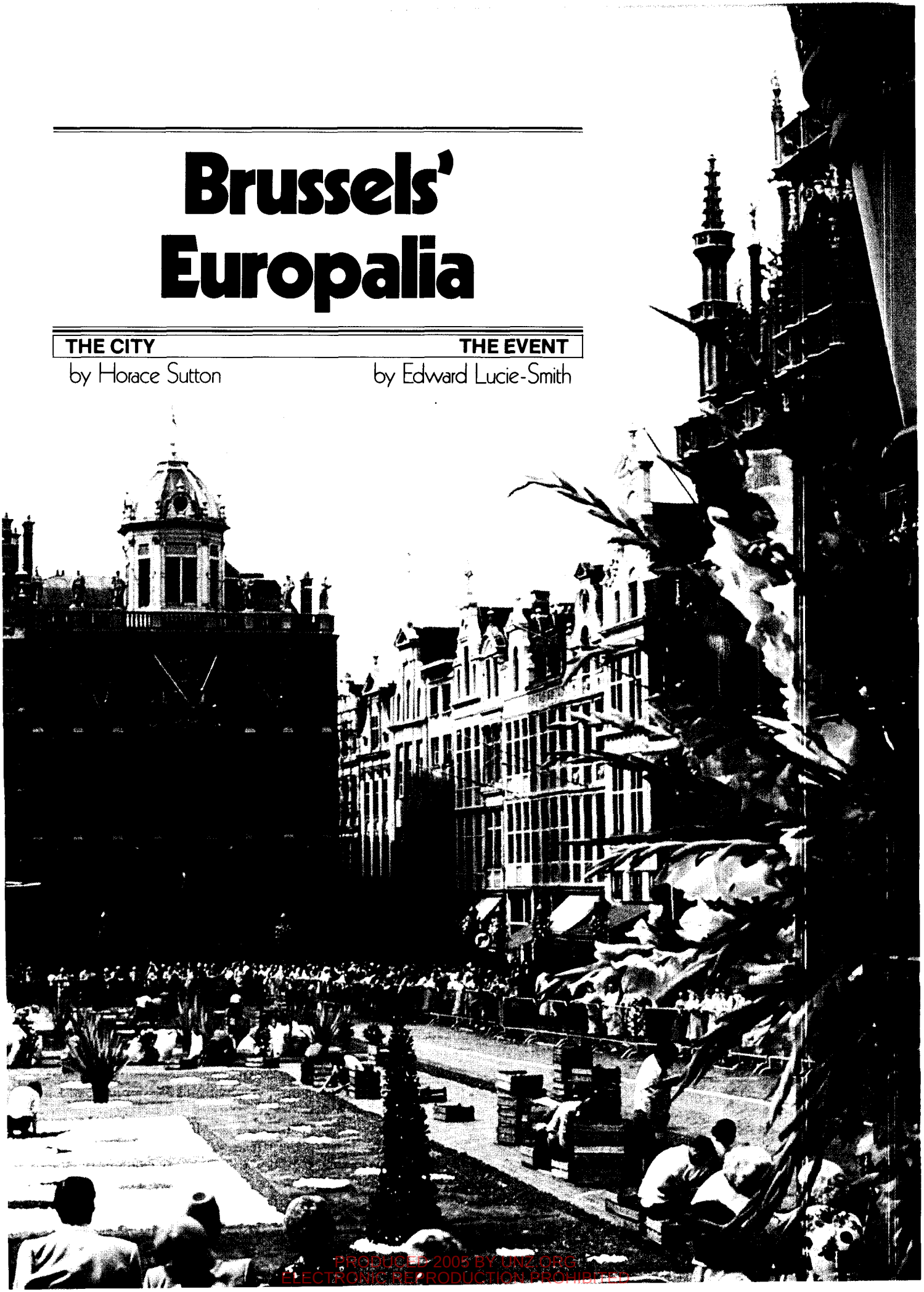
Brussels' Europalia

THE CITY
by Horace Sutton

THE EVENT
by Edward Lucie-Smith



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THE CITY

To the wandering gourmand equipped with a bottomless exchequer and appetite to match, a visit to Brussels is a glorious cruise down the alimentary canal unmatched since the French Line struck its colors and sailed into oblivion. The fresh goose liver comes in so many forms and is so relentlessly offered that the cossetted diner might wonder, after a few days of this high life, whether he will develop a disposition to honk.

Brussels is, after all, the only city in the world, Paris aside, where Michelin has decorated two restaurants (Villa Lorraine and Comme Chez Soi) with three stars—in gastronomic terms—tantamount to the culinary congressional Medal of Honor. Giant soles come down from Zeebrugge, grilled ducks arrive at table awash in shallot butter, terrines are made of skate, lobster is served with rose butter, and yard-long pastries on which platoons of strawberries, gooseberries, and raspberries deploy in military order, are glazed with a sheen that would match a cavalryman's boots on parade day.

The gastronomic grandeur—some will claim it is even better than that of Gaul—starts with Sabena, the Belgian airline which this summer began direct flights from Chicago to Brussels. That midwest service, aboard DC-10s, augments the Detroit-Brussels flights via Montreal, which began last spring. Brussels-New York with 747s is a nightly service. Braniff added another link from Boston that connects with a flight from Newark.

This capital of the Belgians has fallen on bountiful times. Although the nation is celebrating its 150th anniversary this year, making it younger than the United States by two-score and 14 years, Brussels has taken on all the trappings of an international city, a European capital to rival Geneva. Many nations have three ambassadors in residence, one to serve NATO, a second to represent the Common Market, and a third to run the embassy itself. The diplomatic corps in Brussels has 130 ambassadors, more than any other country in the world.

To celebrate its coming of age, the annual arts festival called Europalia, which had its origins in the World's Fair held locally in 1958, this year honors the Belgian nation itself that broke away from the United Kingdom of the Netherlands after Waterloo. Common Market countries are dispatching stellar examples of performing and plastic arts in a giant festival that will reach its busiest weeks in late summer and fall.

Many of the performances of Europalia will be held in the formal Théâtre de la Monnaie, so named because it occupies the original site of Belgium's mint. It also played a central role in Belgian history. By 1830, the Belgians, restive under Dutch monarchial impositions were, like the rest of the Belgo-Dutch kingdom, supposed to be celebrating the 58th birthday of King William of Orange. An opera playing at the theater on August 25 had not been cancelled—as had other possibly inflammatory events—even though its plot revolved around a revolutionary theme, in this case the struggle of Naples against Spanish domination. During the singing of a patriotic aria, the whole Belgian audience rose in a swell of emotion that carried out to the streets. That started two days of riots and subsequent battles, and the Belgian kingdom was born the following September—which Europalia now commemorates in this, the country's 150th year of independence.

Belgium's capital, where most festivities are held, has three hearts—the Grand' Place, or Grote Markt in Flemish; the Grand Sablon, center of antiques; and its companion square, the Petit Sablon, edged by patrician houses set off by an elegant garden dotted with statues of celebrated citizenry and rimmed by 48 statuettes of craftsmen belonging to the guilds of Brussels.

All of the facades of the Sablon are protected as national landmarks, the old buildings honeycombed with antiques shops, cafes, and smart restaurants. L'Ecailler du Palais Royal is a piscatorial palace where the sole comes grilled and filleted, then stuffed with chopped carrots, leeks, and tarragon; the turbot is grilled and accompanied by a puree of green beans. The management will finish off a luncheon with a *savarin au rhum et crème fleurette framboisée.*

Although it seems to have been a fixture of the square since the days of

COURTESY THE BELGIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Philip the Good, the antiques market on the Grand Sablon was really started during the World's Fair of 1958. On Sunday mornings, it is a maze of stalls where one can haggle over anything from a superannuated banjo to a bright red horse-drawn fire pump made in 1860 and going for (asking price, that is) $10,000.

The side streets are lined with dealers in glass, Art Deco, and *belle époque* pieces. The apartments above them are occupied by actors, journalists, and company members of the Béjart ballet, making of it all a *quartier* that is part Chelsea and part Left Bank.

But the true heart of Brussels pulsates in the Grand' Place, that baroque city center which—as its Flemish name, The Grote Markt, indicates—started as a marketplace and became, along with St. Mark's Square in Venice, one of the fussiest outdoor salons of Europe. Here, where the first castle rose at the end of the 10th century and the Town Hall itself dates from the 15th, the square has known the cry of market vendors and suffered bombing by Louis XIV in 1695, which all but destroyed it. It has been carpeted brilliantly with flowers. It has echoed to the tread of tourists and exiles—everyone from Karl Marx to Victor Hugo. It has seen German field kitchens and listened to the sweet trumpet of Louis Armstrong whose

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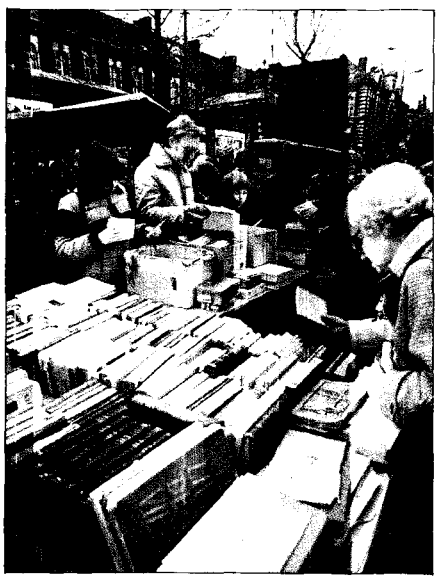

blue notes caromed off the 300-year-old facades.

On Sunday mornings, the square becomes a bird market where the stroller can promenade to the chittering of Japanese white sparrows, and bilingual Nigerian parrots that speak Dutch and French. Diners of taste assemble on the second floor of the elegant Cygne. The curious can poke among the treasures of the Town Hall where municipal workers run the city from offices decorated with priceless tapestries, crystal chandeliers, and wall-filling paintings hung in gilded frames. Neither files nor papers are in sight; only black telephones give evidence that during other hours these are working offices.

Bands play on the sunlit days in the Grand' Place and, when the weather is kind, dawdlers can sit at outdoor tables of the cafes and quaff a *kriek lambik*, a beer distilled with light-hued, tart cherries. Puppets from the Toone Theater, down a nearby alleyway, decorate La Brouette, a cafe where customers are tempted with dazzling glazed tarts topped with strawberries and tangerines.

There are 1,300 places to eat in Brussels, and it would appear that half of them are clustered on the narrow Rue des Bouchers off the Grand' Place. Aux Armes de Bruxelles does *waterzooi de poularde*, that specialty that

Clockwise from top left: buyer and seller haggle in the open market set up daily in the Place St. Catherine. Browsers pick over clothes and book fanciers browse for rare finds in the Flea Market on the Place du Jeu de Balles (ball game square). Diners attack mussels, a Brussels favorite, in an open-air restaurant in the Ilot Sacré section. Toone puppets perform in Brussels dialect nightly. **On page 59: The Grand' Place.**

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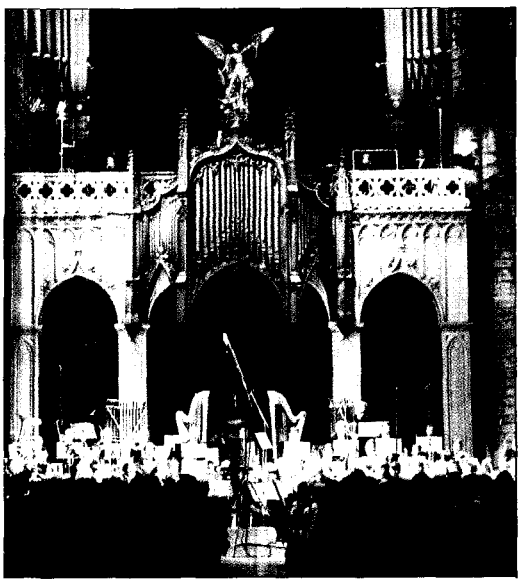

COURTESY THE BELGIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Clockwise from top: Strollers in the Galérie St. Hubert, oldest arcade in all Europe. Bird market enlivens the Grand' Place Sunday mornings. "Fall of Icarus" by Peter Bruegel the Elder hangs in the Royal Museum of Ancient Art. (Major Bruegel exhibit is part of this year's Europalia festival.) Godiva chocolates, a Belgian specialty, along with those of Neuhaus and Wittamer, decorate a Brussels window. Cathedral of St. Michael, the city's patron saint, is the venue for an event during the Festival of Flanders.

resembles fricassee. But then there is also the Maison d' Alsace with outside tables to which waiters fetch crayfish, crabs, whelks, and mussels; Le Mouton d'Or with its fringed lampshades; La Bergerie, an ensemble of flowers, lace, and shaded lights over the tables. Nearby, a stroller can find the Galérie St. Hubert, the first covered arcade in Europe, housing Belgian lace at No. 6, a disco at No. 15, Neuhaus chocolates nearby, and a blizzard of restaurants of which the Ogenblik, with its green table lamps and sawdust on the floor, is a favorite, and Le Jardin, displaying a mass of plants and bamboo, is the newest.

On the opposite side of the square, one can stay downtown at the Hotel Amigo, whose bar faces the back of Town Hall, the public rooms reflecting a traditional air of tapestries, Oriental rugs, and velvet easy chairs.

Uptown, Waterloo Boulevard is a cross between the Faubourg St. Honoré and Bond Street. The Brussels Hilton is the social centerpiece with Les Must de Cartier and Givenchy boutiques adorning its lobby. For the Hilton's 10th anniversary, Givenchy decorated five floors of the Hilton, all in muted tones of blue and beige. Cafe d'Egmont on the lobby floor faces the greenery of Egmont Park, attracting hotel guests for breakfast and lunch. But by midafternoon the ladies of Brussels are in full assembly replenishing their spirits with pastries and coffee after a hard afternoon shopping along elegant Avenue Louise. On Sundays, with their families, they move to En Plein Ciel, the rooftop restaurant that has just brought Brussels a new meal—brunch—like the steaks served at Hilton's Maison de Boeuf, imported from the United States.

From the rooftop, all Brussels is spread like a carpet—the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which will exhibit this season's big Bruegel show, the Royal Palace facing the Parliament across a formal French park, the king's own residential palace, and the shining aluminum structure of the Atomium, the symbol of the 1958 Fair, a molecule of a crystal of iron magnified 200 million times.

The city panorama embraces a Hyatt and a Sheraton, and, near the Central Station, the comfortable Royal Windsor, which honors the victor at Waterloo with a Duke of Wellington pub. If you can spot the tower of St. Catherine's church you can find your way to the fish market on the Place St. Catherine, where mussels are sold on the half-shell to be dipped in mustard vinegar. That is all a come-on for the Quai aux Briques, lined with fish restaurants, notably Au Rugbyman, which serves lobster eight different ways. Eating in Brussels may be the way to the fat farm, to say nothing of the road to the poorhouse, but what better place to suffer gout and relive the caloric memories of one's indiscretions? ■

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THE EVENT

What is Europalia? Essentially the word is one of those catch-all titles coined by those who can't find an exact description for what they want to say. In this case, the results are more substantive than the neologistic label. Every two years since the Sixties, Belgium has played host to a broad-ranging cultural festival centered in Brussels, usually focusing on the culture of one European country in particular. This year, Belgium is celebrating herself—150 years of independence that started with the revolution of 1830.

Among the artistic geniuses who have worked and flourished in what is now Belgium, painters are perhaps the most famous—Jan van Eyck, Rogier van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Memling, Rubens, Jordaens, van Dyck. The major exhibition of the festival, *Bruegel: A Dynasty of Painters,* at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels from September 18 to November 18, is devoted to one of Belgium's most gifted yet most elusive sons, Pieter Bruegel the Elder, and to the painters well known and otherwise who were his children and grandchildren.

Bruegel's own work is rare, and its meaning is mysterious. The show has only six originals (among them, "Two Monkeys" and "The Fall of Icarus"), but even these few paintings give more than a glimpse of Bruegel's essential personality—his alert observation of the world around him combined with his sense of fantasy and a taste for visual puns, symbols, and hidden proverbial meanings. He represents an extraordinary synthesis between the folk culture of 16th-century peasantry and the refined court taste of princes and members of the aristocracy who were his patrons. An almost complete collection of the prints made after Bruegel's designs shows how his ideas reached a wide audience.

Bruegel's descendants take up different aspects of his complex talent. Pieter Bruegel the Younger set up a kind of factory, turning out copies and adaptations of his father's designs, especially those featuring rumbustious peasants. Jan "Velvet" Bruegel painted exquisite landscapes and equally exquisite still lifes and flower pieces. He inherited his father's acuteness of observation and delicacy of touch.

One of Bruegel's granddaughters married David Teniers the Younger, once vastly admired for his peasant scenes and village festivals, later neglected, and now being rehabilitated thanks to the charm of his best work. The exhibition contains no less than 40 paintings by Teniers—a kind of retrospective in itself. Here one can see how much Antoine Watteau, the inventor of the French *fête galante,* learned from Teniers. One can construct a kind of genealogy going well beyond the sequence of influences proposed by the exhibition itself—an unexpected but logical series of connections that links Pieter Bruegel to Jan Bruegel, Jan Bruegel to Teniers, Teniers to Watteau, Watteau to Renoir.

Belgian painters, Irish gold, British theater, Danish ballet—the bounty is nearly overwhelming.

Of course, anyone who is in Brussels can supplement this exhibition by going to see the other Pieter Bruegels in the permanent collection of the Musée des Beaux-Arts: the astonishing "Fall of the Rebel Angels" (with Satan's legions turning into monsters as they tumble from the heavenly vortex), the "Numbering at Bethlehem," the "Nativity," the "Yawning Peasant," and (in a separate section of the museum) the "Landscape With a Birdtrap."

Another major exhibition will succeed *Bruegel: A Dynasty of Painters* at the Palais des Beaux-Arts: *Art Nouveau in Belgium.* It opens on December 9 and continues until February 9, 1981. It will contain more than 500 items, covering painting, sculpture, architecture, the graphic and the applied arts. It promises to be an exciting show because Belgium was one of the strongholds of the Art Nouveau movement (1890-1910) and produced an exceptionally complete range of Art Nouveau products.

The Belgium of the decades on either side of 1900 was a more exciting place than most people remember, or perhaps care to remember because of current distaste for the colonial adventures of King Leopold II. Immense wealth was arriving from Leopold's private fief in the Congo, Belgium was the third industrial power in Europe, and the cultural climate was extremely liberal. The Group of XX, the leading Belgian exponents of Art Nouveau at the time, was fully the equal of other leading avant-garde European artists.

Perhaps the true genius of Belgian Art Nouveau, however, is the architect Victor Horta. Horta is extraordinarily daring—he uses the whiplash curves of the classic Art Nouveau style not merely decoratively, but structurally. Everything he touches becomes a new invention. Since the work of architects in particular needs to be appreciated, not so much piecemeal in exhibitions but on its intended scale, it is fortunate that a great deal of Horta's work survives in Brussels itself. Most notable of all is his own house and studio at 25 Rue Américaine, now a museum and open to the public. A useful little booklet, *Brussels: Guide to Architecture 1890-1978,* issued by the Belgian Ministry of French Culture, enables one to track down all of Horta's buildings, as well as those of other leading Belgian Art Nouveau architects.

These two exhibitions are only the centerpieces of a remarkable series of celebrations. Though the emphasis is on Belgium, as the name Europalia implies, other nations are by no means excluded. The Irish are sending a show of ancient Irish gold, Celtic and even pre-Celtic (opens October 10); the Italians are sending a show, with a number of new archaeological discoveries, taking as its theme pre-Roman civilizations of the Italian peninsula (opens October 15). The British are bringing the National Theatre company with Shakespeare's *Othello,* featuring Paul Scofield in the leading role. The Royal Danish Ballet is coming from Copenhagen, offering their marvelously well-preserved Bournonville ballets, that give a glimpse of what ballet was like before the Russians appeared on the scene. And there will be much more. As 150th birthday presents go, the cultural bounty of Belgium's Europalia 1980 is nearly overwhelming. ■

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Terkel's America

by John Kenneth Galbraith

American Dreams: Lost and Found
by Studs Terkel
Pantheon
496 pp., $14.95

You're working for an Englishman
You room with a French Canuck
You board in a Swedish home
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck.
You buy your clothes from a German Jew
Your buy your shoes from a Russian Pole
You place your hopes on a dago Pope
To save your Irish soul.

Over the year I have noticed two ways of conducting an interview. There are those who ask you some deeply penetrating question—"Professor Galbraith, how do you see the present situation of the American economy?"—and then let you talk. And there are those who distract you with irrelevant questions intended in part to show the depth and variety of the interviewer's own information or wisdom. "But how, Doctor, do you reconcile that with what Professor Milton Friedman and Arthur Laffer have been saying? And Howard Jarvis, too." And then, there is Studs Terkel. Terkel is a master of the interview as an art form, and his art consists in letting his subjects talk. Only on the rarest occasions does he intervene. Then he transcribes the result. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that he fixes things up a bit—removes repetition, works on the syntax, rearranges some words to make the meaning intelligible. He does this without, one judges, losing the flavor of the original. Both reader and subject must be grateful for his dexterity.

In *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, Studs Terkel has interviewed people selected by no visible rule or logic but they are truly magnificent in their diversity. All were asked in a general way what they had expected or were expecting to get out of life in the United States—how, in their experience or hope, had the American dream turned out? Some of Terkel's subjects were once great or notorious; some are sedentary citizens who have lived their lives in or near the community where they were born; most are migrants who have moved from Europe, Mexico, Puerto Rico, or Korea to the United States, or from the deep south to Chicago, New York, or California in search of the dream—although it seems unlikely that many of them had ever used that particular word until Terkel brought it to mind. The ethnic and cultural variety is incredible. And despite the note of discontent in the scissorbill ballad above (a scissorbill was a man with a deep antipathy for all foreigners, his own kind excluded), which Terkel recalls from the turn of the century, the general evidence is that we immigrants get along about as well together as the familiar melting-pot romance avers.

Some of the people interviewed are sad, and they, oddly enough, include quite a few of the affluent. I've always been of the opinion that whatever the despair of the rich, it is less than that of the poor. Linda Christianson, a divorcée living in a wealthy suburb, views her community and, in a lesser measure, herself with the utmost distaste. Not the least of her anger is over the way many widows of the rich—after their husbands have worked, smoked, and drunk themselves to death—find themselves forced to survive in highly ungenteel poverty. Here is her summary of her own case:

> I lived the American Dream. I was married to a multimillionaire. I had immediate status. I was living in a house worth a million dollars. I took trips all over the world. I had servants. All these things without working for them. But it was so goddam much work. For every dollar of affluence, you end up getting two dollars' worth of trouble.

The darkest curtain in life is that which descends over the great business executive on the day he retires or is given what graciously is called early retirement. On that day he learns that his speeches were made and heard and commented upon not because of his unexampled percipience and eloquence but because he was the head of General Motors, Citibank, or Charter Oil. Terkel catches this sorrow in the words of Gaylord Freeman, board chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago, first as he faced, and then, a few years later, as he experienced, this slide into nothingness:

> I work hard. I try to be here about a quarter of seven. I work until five-thirty or six. I haven't played bridge in thirty years.... I like work better than golf....Which would you rather be doing: traveling through Europe and calling on the ministers of finance or heads of state, or playing bridge with people who haven't had a new thought in twenty years? This is going to be the problem of retirement. No intellectual stimulation.

Here is Freeman a few years later:

> The guy who's been intensely competitive all his life and then—click!—he's retired, it's hard for him to joyously admire the success of his associates, his friends. He can't help feeling it's a little at his expense. Of course, it isn't. He's not in that league any more. This is a hard thing for many men to take.
>
> I've been retired a year and a half now. I wrote some poems about it.

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Studs Terkel—A master of the interview as an art form. He lets his subjects talk.

Other notables are more cheerful. The first interview in the book is with Emma Knight, who was Miss U.S.A. in the early Seventies and a woman singularly without illusions:

> There are certain images that come to mind when people talk about beauty queens. It's mostly what's known as t and a, tits and ass. No talent. For many girls who enter the contest, it's part of the American dream. It was never mine.

Ms. Knight tells how she was put on a minuscule salary, how all the money from the exposure and indignity to which she was subject went to entrepreneurs and managers, and how she took extraordinary pleasure in making this known to the press in their presence.

Senator Jesse Helms is also a happy man. I was expecting him to be rather stern, even angry, but he sees the American dream as a matter of getting rid of Social Security ("a basket case") and the minimum wage, and keeping the free enterprise system as it used to be. He thinks things are moving sharply in this direction.

However, most of Studs Terkel's people have a less cosmic vision of the American dream, one that centers much more on their personal Elysium. (An exception, and perhaps the most compelling interview in the book, is of a constituent of Senator Helms, C.P. Ellis. Once an ardent member of the local Ku Klux Klan, Ellis makes his way by reason of his own experience and intelligence to a highly responsible role as a local trade union leader and advocate of racial harmony.

There is no generalization about what people have found for themselves. Quite a few of Terkel's subjects are second- or third-generation descendents of immigrants from Eastern Europe; male parents or grandparents in most cases came not to escape ethnic discrimination but because the strong breath of military service was on their necks. (We are a nation, this book tells us, extensively descended from draft dodgers.) Most still have the glow; the country has done well by them. At the other extreme are those who moved to northern cities from the South. The northern cities provide opportunity, an escape from the memory of subservience and discrimination, but they do not offer peace or contentment. If there is any theme in these conversations that stands out, it is that the big cities are sadly in conflict with the American dream. Crime, drugs, the disorientation of the young, recur sadly in the conversations with the urban poor and even the less poor.

To be sure, Terkel finds a difference of view even on the condition of Chicago. Here is Norman Maclean, a retired professor of the University of Chicago:

> To go up the Calumet River by boat and see all those big elevators and cranes and all the big stuff over that dirty river, this is just pure design. Cézanne couldn't find more beautiful geometrical patterns. If I had to name the number one most beautiful sight in the world, given my taste, I would say standing at night by the Planetarium, looking across the bay at the big Hancock and Sears buildings. No place more beautiful. You can't be provincial about beauty.

However, one cannot entirely trust Maclean. Impressions depend on the part of the city from which such sights are viewed, and he tells Terkel that he has a cabin outside of town to which he escapes. Moreover, the Macleans, like the Galbraiths, are Canadian Scotch (as properly we are called), and it is not now known even in Canada how deeply, even subversively, admiring the Scotch used to be of the United States. In my part of southern Ontario, Detroit was considered perfect in every respect except for having Sunday baseball and movies. Franklin Roosevelt was wholly perfect. A more reliable and compelling view of Chicago comes from a black reporter:

> If I'm feeling good and want to have my morale lowered, all I have to do is drive out Madison Street on a bright, beautiful day and look at the throngs of unemployed youngsters in their weird dress, trying to hang on to some individuality. Can't read or write, looking mean to each other. You see kids hanging around, hating themselves as much as they hate others. This is one thing that's contributed to the ease with which gangs kill each other. Another nigger ain't nothin'.
>
> The city is not heaven any more. It is more of a refuge. It is not a city of hope. The whites are victims, too. ■

John Kenneth Galbraith is the author of numerous books, including *The Great Crash, The Age of Uncertainty,* and *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went.*

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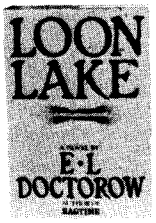
Doctorow's "Hit" is a Miss

by Anthony Burgess

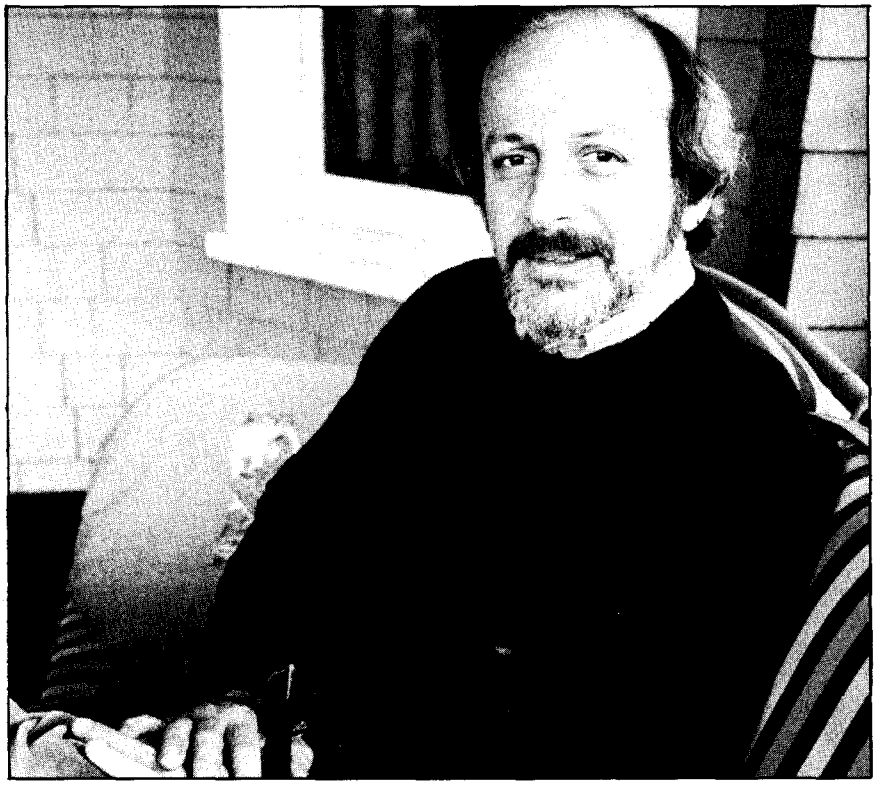


Loon Lake
by E.L. Doctorow
Random House
258 pp., $11.95

The excitement caused by *Ragtime* five years ago was so great that, long before its European publication, we who live on the Mediterranean were itching to get hold of a copy. Summoned to Hollywood for a script conference, I made straight for a Los Angeles bookstore and bought one. Jet lag abetted my decision to read the book before even making amicable contact with my temporary masters at Universal. I was, of course, disappointed. Literary reality has never yet lived up to literary expectation. But that E.L. Doctorow was a genuine experimentalist I did not doubt. The aim of *Ragtime* was as purely aesthetic as that of *Ulysses:* The joy lay in the manipulation of the crass elements of history. Houdini and Scott Joplin and Freud and Jung and certain of their less reputable contemporaries were drawn into a kind of ballet. Bernard Shaw had done something similar in his *In Good King Charles's Golden Days,* but Doctorow's achievement didn't seem derivative.

Rereading *Ragtime,* I find that most of the initial impact has been blunted: Literary shocks are subject to the law of diminishing returns. I find, too, a certain vacuity of literary display. What once seemed verbally startling is now revealed as mostly tinsel. But that Doctorow was superior to most of his American fellow-novelists in his concentration on fiction as form, not as a vehicle for special or ethnic preaching, is made very clear. A rereading of *Welcome to Hard Times* and *The Book of Daniel* has confirmed Doctorow's special status. *Loon Lake* exhibits a new formal direction. It is a difficult book and I don't think it is a successful one. But it is a very honorable attempt at expanding the resources of the genre.

Set in the prewar Depression period, the novel concerns a young man whose name is finally revealed as Joseph Korzeniowski, though he is a.k.a. Joe of Paterson (New Jersey) and changes his name legally to Joseph Paterson Bennett. This name change symbolizes fulfillment of the American dream, since Joe's elected nominal pseudo-father is the great automobile magnate Bennett, master of a mansion on Loon Lake. Joe himself, according to the capsule biography that comes at the end of the story, achieves the identical mastership, but the narrative explicitly presents only the years of struggle—two years. In 1936 Joe works in a traveling carnival, obtains a job on Loon Lake, moves to a Bennett automobile factory, and becomes involved in union trouble; by the end of 1937 he is enrolled in Williams College and heading for a distinguished career. His career is paralleled by one less distinguished—that of the poet Warren Penfield, whose reminiscences of an exile in Japan form a counterpoint to Joe's narrative and who achieves the sinecure of Poet in Residence at Loon Lake, thus swimming into Joe's spatial



Doctorow—What once seemed verbally startling is now revealed as mostly tinsel.

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orbit, or it may be the other way round.

The paronomastic possibilities of the historical term Depression have not been lost on Doctorow. This is a depressed and depressing story, not really much modified by learning Joe will triumph. Depression forbids overmuch coherence. Doctorow's prose patterns eschew punctuation of the regular kind: "I would sell pencils on the sidewalk in front of department stores I would be a newsboy I would steal kill use all my cunning but never would I lose the look in my eye of the living spirit, or give up till that silent secret presence grew out to the edges of me and I was the same as he, imposed upon myself in full completion, the same man with all men, the one man in all events...." There is a faint odor of John Dos Passos, abetted by the bio as well as the radical tone, or subdued hysteria, of the narrative. There is also a kind of verse:

Commingling with me she becomes me
Coming she is coming is she
Coming she is a comrade of mine
Comrades come all over comrades
Communists come upon communists
Hi Hi.

Here the Com motif is more musical than logical. You travel from orgasm to political organization along an arbitrary morpheme. It is Doctorow's way.

Sometimes whole patches of *récit* are presented in *vers libre*:

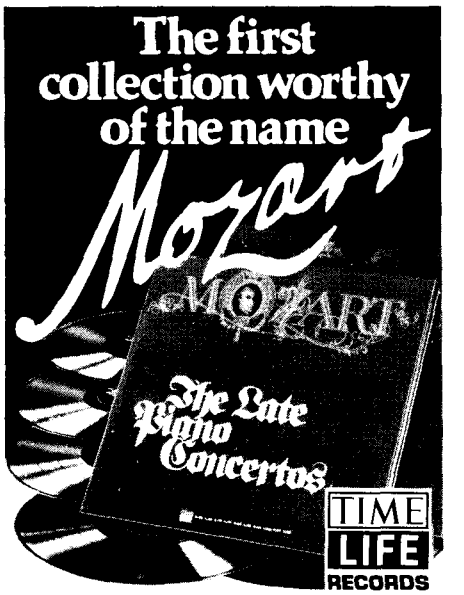
She strode off down the trail toward the
big house
and they were not to see her again that
day
neither at drinks which were at six-thirty
nor dinner at seven-thirty.
But her husband was a gracious host
attentive to the women particularly.
He revealed that she was a famous
aviatrix
and some of them recognized her name
from the newspapers.

Under the shifting verbal patterns—which draw attention to themselves more blatantly than is usually considered seemly in a novel—characters stir (including the famous aviatrix) and sometimes rise to dominate the flow, so that we become aware of them in the traditional cinematic way, forgetting the technique of their presentation.

But Doctorow will not permit us to settle into a comfortable read for long. Apart from his abrupt transitions, there is the tendency to confuse us by not separating the imagined from the actual. "The light is blinding. I become my own size and break her open like an egg." But, we are told, "You are thinking it is a dream. It is no dream. It is the account in helpless linear translation of the unending love of our simultaneous but disynchronous lives." The gloom and violence are occasionally irradiated by such cerebral conceits. "The story of Noah is the religious vision of cloning." Try that on your alto flute.

I am happy to learn that *Loon Lake* is already a popular book, in that it is a Book of the Month Club choice and eighty-odd thousand copies have already been printed. Happy because, whatever the faults of the work (nearly always the admirable faults of the overreacher), serious students of the novel must recognize here a bracing technical liberation, and such a recognition is being forced upon a readership probably happier with *Princess Daisy*. The bulk of our popular fiction is the work of either cynics or simpletons. The serious novelist's problem is to be uncompromising and yet to find an audience. Doctorow has found an audience and nothing could be less of a fictional compromise than *Loon Lake*. Like most writers who consider the craft to be primarily an exploration of the nature of human consciousness, he is brought up against such damnable problems as the validity of memory, the truthfulness of the senses, and, more than anything, the ghastly dilemmas of style. And, behind the epistemological agonies, there rests that basic obligation of all but the French anti-novelists—to invent living personages and a convincing spacetime continuum to hold them. Doctorow's characters—Joe, Penfield, Clara, even the grotesque Fat Lady of the carney—are alive, unrefracted by the often wayward medium. That *Loon Lake* breaks new technical ground and yet possesses so many of the traditional virtues of fiction must be accounted its peculiar distinction. ■

Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* will be published by Simon and Schuster in November.



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Lippmann's Troubling Legacy

by Benjamin DeMott

Walter Lippmann and the American Century
by Ronald Steel
Atlantic-Little, Brown
669 pp., $19.95

It was, speaking mildly, a full life. New York-born, the son of a garment manufacturer/real estate investor who married an elegant Hunter College graduate, Walter Lippmann grew up in a "gilded Jewish ghetto," driving goat carts in Central Park and correctly regarding himself and his friends as "part of a cultural and social elite." He was an only child, and felt unloved as a youngster—lost in a household of "uncaring servants and of parents too preoccupied with themselves."

But all that swiftly changed as he began earning, as an undergraduate, the admiration and affection of friends, teachers, fellow activists on the left. While he was at Harvard, William James praised his writing and had him to tea once a week, George Santayana appointed him his teaching assistant, and John Reed, introducing him to classmates, "jumped to his feet, made a sweeping bow, and announced, 'Gentlemen, the future President of the United States!'" Thereafter came public roles. In his mid-twenties, as an editor on the *New Republic*, Walter Lippmann swung the magazine—and Progressives generally—behind Woodrow Wilson, and began writing presidential speeches, and from then until 1971, when he produced his final article for *Newsweek*, this author, White House advisor, newspaper editor, and syndicated columnist influenced the course of American affairs. His pen and his counsel helped push the country into World War I. He shaped Wilson's Fourteen Points. He was an architect of Lend-Lease before World War II. A proposal he advanced during the Cuban missile crisis opened a path to compromise. From 1965 onward he was among the strongest voices denouncing LBJ ("messianic megalomanian") and the U.S. intervention in Vietnam. At 82 he was invited by Chou En-lai to be the first American newsman to visit mainland China. (Lippmann politely declined.)

There were, to be sure, some blank spaces and hard spots in his days. Married twice, he had no children, and, for a man of means who knew both Isabella Gardner and Bernard Berenson, he seems to have cared little about art or music. The experience of childhood loneliness "put a 'chill' on his emotions and made him afraid of getting really close to anyone." Besides a bad first marriage that lasted 20 years, and the erratic highs and lows of his literary reputation, Lippmann suffered wounds inflicted by "genteel anti-Semitism." But Lippmann was respected and cosseted by most of the major political and cultural leaders of the age. If intense lyric attachment came late, and was accompanied by remorse—Lippman fell in love with his best friend's wife, breaking up her marriage as well as his own—it didn't finally elude him. He was handsomely paid, he lived in style (an apartment in Manhattan, a house on Woodley Road in Washington, places in Maine and Florida), he knew the Western world like the back of his hand.

The view of the meaning and worth of his career that prevailed two decades ago was well-stated at Lippmann's 70th birthday party by James Reston, who praised the man as one who had "nourished the national dialogue on great subjects for over half a century." Ronald Steel doesn't explicitly challenge this estimate in *Walter Lippmann and the American Century*, but his biography as a whole implicitly argues a surprisingly different thesis, namely that Lippmann may actually have contributed to the narrowing of public concern and to the impoverishment of the national dialogue. Nowhere, of course, does Steel deny that Lippmann's voice was of distinctive intelligence; to do so would be senseless. Throughout the Cold War, Lippmann's braininess was a national resource. Unbellicose and realistic, he didn't sentimentalize the Soviet past or present, yet labored ceaselessly to persuade the most resolute Cold Warriors that, if the Russians were ideological fanatics, they were also worried to death about national security—so why not address those worries reasonably? Nobody before Lippmann described so gravely the dilemmas arising from the power of the media to create stereotypes and prejudice. And nobody possessed his "knack for synthesizing complicated material and putting it into [understandable] language...."

There were episodes of wrongheadedness, illiberalism, evasiveness, even toadying in this career. Lippmann seems to have invented the fantasy that World War I was a crusade to make the world safe for democracy. He equivocated on Sacco and Vanzetti, supported a filibuster against anti-lynching legislation, favored the internment of Japanese Americans on the West Coast after Pearl Harbor, favored the setting of quotas for Jewish students at Harvard, ignored the Holocaust. But, as his biographer demonstrates, Lippmann at his worst never lacked mental energy.

Yet Steel raises profound doubts about the author of *A Preface to Morals* as a true nourisher of national dialogue. The ground for this doubt, bluntly stated, is Lippmann's own

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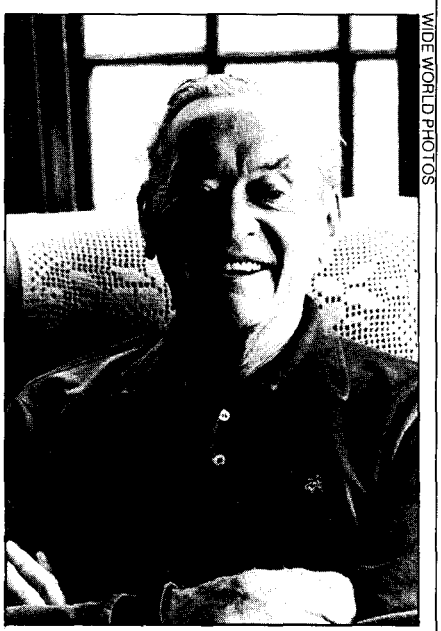
declared distaste for such dialogue, his emerging belief that the public was "a Great Beast to be tamed rather than . . . a force to be educated." Item: Lippmann held that the electorate should not be offered significant choices. "Two virtually identical candidates was Lippmann's idea of a perfect election," says Steel, reminding his reader of his subject's avowal that "the very absence of consistent national principle in either party . . . is fundamental to the domestic peace of the United States." Item: Lippman was certain that making decisions about public affairs was the proper business of elites alone—insiders, managers, specially trained technicians: "The common interests very largely elude public opinion entirely and can be managed only by a specialized class." Item: Lippman saw social reformers as either bomb-throwing militants or do-gooders, and he refused to acknowledge substantive conflicts of economic interest.

Lippmann's performance as a would-be abolisher or neutralizer of debate depended partly on his skill as a polisher of half-truths, partly on a kind of sublimely self-confident blandness. (The day after Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, Lippmann published a column congratulating both the prosecution and the defense "for an onerous job well done.") And while he did change his ways on occasion, the record assembled by Mr. Steel, author of well-received studies of American politics and foreign policy, simply does not support versions of Walter Lippmann as a committed nourisher of national dialogue.

As is often the case with lives of public men, the present biography isn't a continuously fascinating human document; much of its length is necessarily devoted to the rehearsal of events occurring in arenas remote from the human heart. The author's handling of the crucial private moment in Lippmann's life—his love affair with Hamilton Fish Armstrong's wife Helen—is tactful and touching. I respect, too, Steel's effort, in a chapter called "A Conspicuous Race," to come to terms with Lippmann's rejection of his own Jewishness. Readers interested in his problem will find an especially provocative interpretation in Louis Auchincloss's novel *The House of the Prophet*, whose hero, Felix Leitner, resembles Lippmann in many respects. In a striking passage, Leitner proudly and angrily defines his attitude toward his Jewishness as a brave assertion of liberty rather than as a cowardly act of deference to WASPdom.

But plainly it's not the quality of its psychological portraiture that establishes the importance of this book. *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* matters because, in tracing out its subject's development from activist to critic—even despiser—of the popular will, it contributes powerfully to our understanding of the unmaking of the democratic mind in our time. Walter



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Walter Lippmann—no faith in democracy.

Lippmann started life in a fancy goat cart, but began his career as a spokesman for the disenfranchised and the excluded, and as an opponent of Establishment arrangements designed to promote the ends of a stratified society as distinguished from those of a cooperative commonwealth. Inside a decade he not only completely reversed himself but was launched upon what became a lifelong campaign to persuade others into tranquilized acceptance of an emasculating consensus politics. A not unusual pattern of political development? Certainly—but I've seldom encountered a clearer anatomy of its causes and conditioning than that provided in these pages.

Inevitably the pertinent motivations were complex. Ambition, relish of insiderdom, joy in being the confidante of the great, prodded Lippmann into anti-democratic thought and feelings. So, too, did the *mythos* of "effectiveness." In addition, as one of the first of this country's paid manipulators of public opinion, Lippmann learned early on that citizens of a democracy haven't a prayer of discovering the truth for themselves if their rulers—himself among them—conspire to tell them lies. Yet another factor—it could have been pivotal—was Lippmann's unfamiliarity with resources for renewal resident in the relatively close-at-hand American past. He wasn't alone in this respect; only within the last generation, in fact—thanks to the work of Vann Woodward, Lawrence Goodwyn, and others—have we arrived at a grasp of the extraordinary success of the late 19th-century populists in creating new forms of continuing public education and new instruments of civic participation. (Mr. Steel's book would have been stronger if he knew the relevant scholarship better; his chapters about the relationships between populism and progressivism are badly confused.) But the point in any event is that, having before him as models of social activism only the do-gooder and the bomb-thrower, Lippmann was almost forced to accept the paternalistic expert as the only savior and to give up hope of widening public participation in a dialogue on national issues.

There's much more to the story: Mr. Steel's account of the intellectual as well as personal forces shaping Lippmann's emergence as a confirmed elitist is admirably comprehensive. The exceptional usefulness of his book is that, in bringing forth the obstacles which prevented this onetime man of good hope from perceiving the full cultural and moral possibilities of the polity into which he was born, it reveals why our own faith has weakened. It's an examination—and clarification—of our fears and our timidities and our ignorance, not just of Lippmann's, and as such stands as an immensely valuable contribution to the future of the democratic promise. ■

Benjamin DeMott is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor of English at Amherst College.

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BOOK BRIEFS

Fiction

The Old Neighborhood
by Avery Corman
Linden Press, 224 pp., $10.95

EVERYTHING ABOUT *The Old Neighborhood* is nice. Its narrator is a nice Jewish boy. Its other characters are nice Jewish people, but not too Jewish. None of them is Jewish enough—or anything else enough—to inspire pity, fear, love, or envy. The book is as flat as a matzoh and bland as a frozen bagel.

Mr. Corman's hero, Steven Robbins, leaves his lower-middle-class Bronx background for a career in advertising. Twenty years later, he has his own agency, a lovely wife, two lovely daughters, and a lovely suburban home. The voice of the belly is stilled, but the voice of the soul starts ringing up in the middle of the night with rude questions: Why do I have these headaches? What am I doing here? Who are these people anyway? On the verge of a nervous breakdown, Robbins returns to the scene of his youth and—I kid you not—finds solace playing basketball with the local kids and making egg creams in a candy store. He then divorces his wife, moves to Manhattan, and opens a shop selling *tchotchkes* of 40 years ago.

Mr. Corman has written this pathetic tale in the dead language of ladies' magazines. ("This was also my first exposure to people my age from different backgrounds." "The field was not within the social context of the neighborhood.").. With most of the events described instead of dramatized, the novel reads like a long inspirational article. Mr. Corman is a Jewish Erich Segal. —RHODA KOENIG

Fifty Stories
by Kay Boyle
Doubleday, 648 pp., $15.95

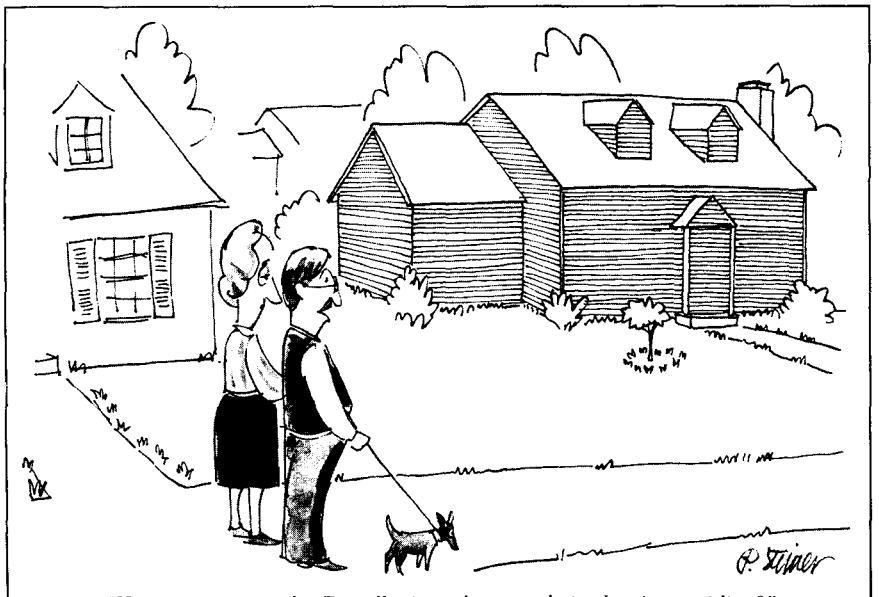
THE FIFTY STORIES of this anthology, arranged in chronological and geographical groupings, document the career of one of our finest minor writers. Born and raised in an America of bygone gentility, Kay Boyle subsequently lived in Europe for 30 years. Her "Early Group, 1927-1934," hints at the stories to come, but it was the double shock of expatriation and World War II that provided her theme—that of the individual's moral responsibility. The details of these stories are so precise that they can be read as fictional reportage on the massive upheavals of the war and the American occupation of Europe.

Still, as critic David Daiches notes in his introduction, it is Kay Boyle's superb craftsmanship that makes her short stories so eminently rereadable, true classics of the genre. In recent years, Boyle's reputation has been in eclipse, in part because her poignant, lyrical style did not quite survive the sea change of the postwar period. Her gift for moving the reader is bound to be undervalued in a tough, cynical age when feeling is suspect. But story by story, she forces us to suspend our grudging disbelief in man's honor and to share in her own passionate idealism. There is hope, she seems to argue, only for those who hope. This is Kay Boyle's best book and it is pure, sweet cream.
—CAROLE COOK

Last Courtesies and Other Stories
by Ella Leffland
Harper & Row, 218 pp., $12.95

WRITTEN OVER the last 20 years, during which Ella Leffland also produced three novels—the most recent, *Rumors of Peace*, was published last fall to great acclaim—the stories collected here cover many fictional territories. "Vienna, City of My Dreams" and "Inside" depict young women whose sense of isolation verges on madness, and are written in the somewhat poeticized diction literary convention has decreed appropriate to the insane. "The Forest" and "Gorm," on the other hand, two tales that draw on the author's Scandinavian background, show verbal precision and economy reminiscent of Isak Dinesen at her least mannered. In "House of Angels," Leffland adopts the slangy voice of a tough Midwestern salesgirl whose dreams of respectability are threatened by a half-witted brother.

Leffland's versatility as a stylist and as a storyteller is impressive; no less so is her singleness of vision. What interests her in all her stories is the loneliness at



"Has anyone seen the Farrells since they got their aluminum siding?"

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the heart of human relations, connections missed and broken. It is impossible to read these stories without admiring the ingenuity and tautness with which they are constructed. At their best they resist the obvious endings toward which they seem to be moving, and reverse our expectations in a way that deepens our understanding. *Last Courtesies* is a strong and varied book by a first-rate writer, a book that should be not only read but reread. – KATHA POLLITT

Emmeline
by Judith Rossner
Simon and Schuster, 331 pp., $12.95

READY FOR a good story? Get out your handkerchiefs. Judith Rossner has got another juicy one, and she claims it's true. It's about sweet Emmeline, "who, before her fourteenth birthday, was sent from her home on a farm in Maine to support her family by working in a cotton mill in Massachusetts. The year was 1839." Right away you know that Emmeline is going to be ruined, and indeed she is. The cad is her kindly, rich but lonely employer, who, having impregnated her, promptly pays her off to get rid of her. In due time, the bastard child is delivered, placed in a good home, and Emmeline returns home to Maine and a spinster's life. Long about 20 years later, a handsome young stranger happens through town. Emmeline falls in love and despite the difference in their ages marries him. Who is he? Three guesses, and the first two don't count. An unforgettable tearjerker, and another best-seller from the author of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* —CAROLE COOK

Burnt Water
by Carlos Fuentes
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 193 pp., $11.95

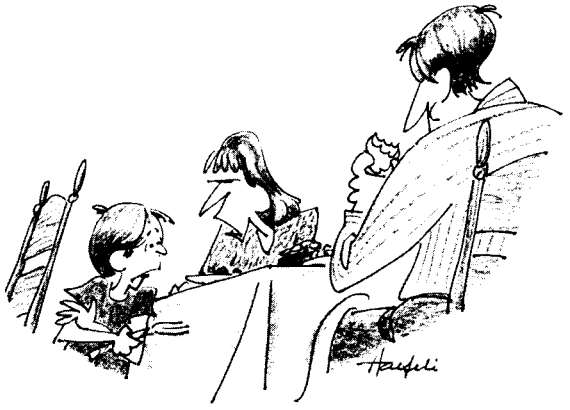
ONE OF THE WEST's most versatile men of letters, Carlos Fuentes has published novels, essays, plays, and short stories that have won him a reputation on several continents. This volume contains 12 of his short stories written over the past 16 years and brought out in three separate collections in the original Spanish editions.

"Chac-Mool," the opening tale, shows us a Mayan statue gradually coming to life and bringing about the death of its bureaucrat owner. It announces that unique fusion of the mythological and urbane which has marked Fuentes's literary production from the start and sets the tone for the rest of the stories gathered here. Among them are "In a Flemish Garden," "These Were Palaces," and "The Doll Queen," which evoke the mysteries and rarer atmospheres of a society longing for, and yet fearful of, the dessicated past; "Mother's Day," a pithy history of Latin American family life and revolution; "The Two Elenas," "The Mandarin," and a stunning long story "The Son of Andreas Aparicio," bewitching yet realistic assays of the ignorance and poverty among various social classes in contemporary Mexico. The techniques and characters may vary, but the goal of these tales remains the same: open-heart surgery on the populace of Fuentes's post-Aztec homeland. —ALAN CHEUSE

Still Life With Woodpecker: A Sort of a Love Story
by Tom Robbins
Bantam Books, 227 pp., $12.95, cloth; $9.95, paper

"WHO KNOWS HOW to make love stay?" asks Tom Robbins in his new novel, *Still Life With Woodpecker: A Sort of a Love Story.* The question whines on like a radio song, still unanswered after Robbins has sent his characters to happily-ever-after land.

Robbins's girl meets boy—girl loses boy—girl wins boy love story begins when exiled Princess Leigh-Cheri meets outlaw Bernard Mickey "Woodpecker" Wrangle on Maui. She discovers him bombing a Geo-Therapy Care Fest, but before she can turn him in, falls (naturally) in love with him. Unfortunately, a CIA agent discovers the Woodpecker's fingerprints on a



"Eat your carrots or I'll tell the Ayatollah."

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BOOK BRIEFS

royal teacup and sends him to jail. In her grief, the Princess voluntarily sentences herself to a term in her attic.

Robbins never develops his characters, who serve only as tools for expressing his philosophy. His prose, as spasmodic as his heroine's sex life, is marbled with limping puns heavily splattered with recurrent motifs and a boyish zeal for the scatalogical (all, Robbins seems to feel, in the great tradition of Swift and Sterne). He simply reworks the language and now-cult philosophy of his earlier *Another Roadside Attraction* and *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* into his new plot. Those who never get bored with his familiar didacticisms (good and evil are banal concepts; everything has meaning; only love and fun should prevail) and his pugnacious prose will find Robbins's exuberant wit in *Still Life With Woodpecker* as gratifying as ever. But those who are looking for better-crafted and more varied entertainment will find this new novel a tiresome addition to what Robbins calls the "dispassionate and indecisive last quarter of the twentieth century."

—JULIE B. PETERS

My America!
by Eliot Wagner
Kenan Press, 512 pp., $13.95

THE SHARE FAMILY, Jews in New York during the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, are caught in the immigrant's dilemma. While two generations of Share women transform a cottage lamp industry into a tiny empire, two generations of Share men chase after the dream of tender ladies and of a high culture placed within their grasp by the efforts of their hard, unsophisticated wives. Without the tough-minded heroines, Golda and Carrie, the slums would become ghettos and opportunity, like the Passover angel, would go by. Without their husbands, Hymie and his son Daniel, the good life would never be good, would be empty of the sterling intangibles. The sexes are inseparable and incompatible, and the tension between them forms the comic fabric of Eliot Wagner's third novel, *My America!*.

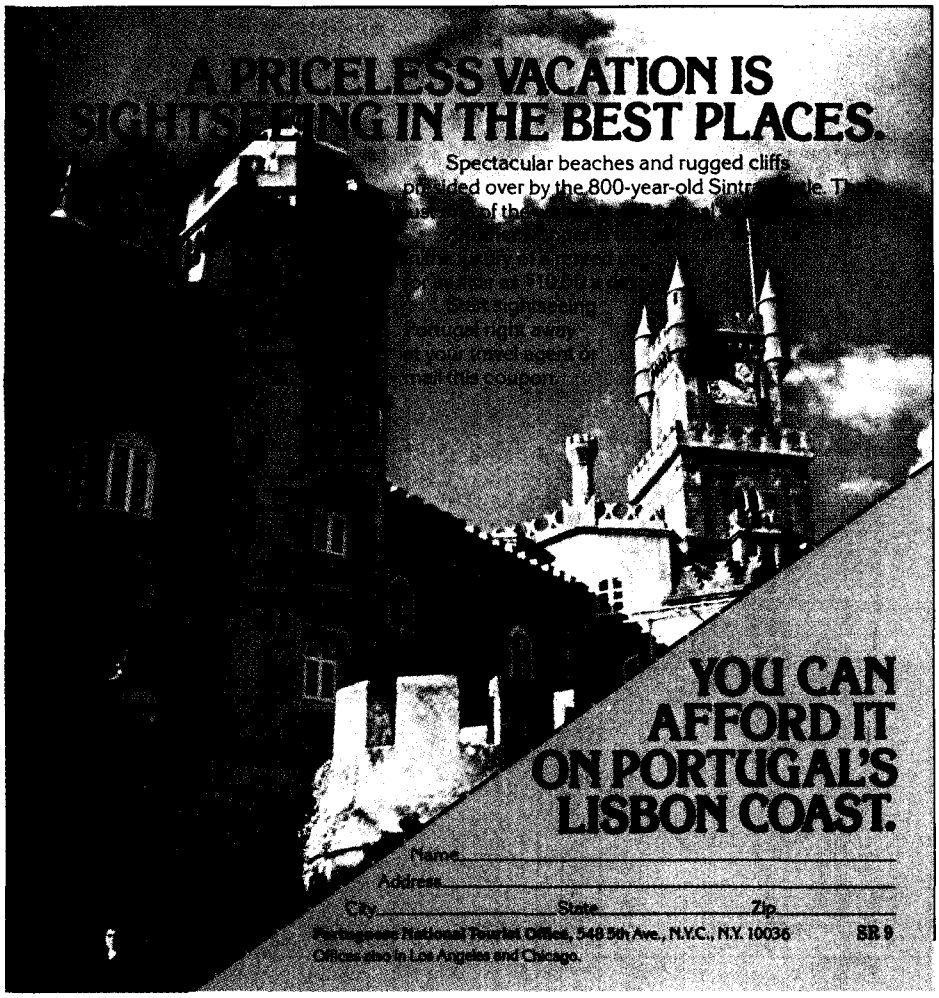
It is a funny, vibrant saga, and its language is splendid. Wagner shines Jewish dialect through a prism, so that each voice, while part of the spectrum, communicates the shades and visions of the individual character. The story is told via shouts from a crowded sidewalk: cacophonous, but oddly sweet, and altogether true.

—ANDREW KLAVAN

The Storyteller
by Alan Sillitoe
Simon and Schuster
288 pp., $11.95

"HE PREFERRED going head first into a story, and hoped that the heart would follow." Thus, Ernest Cotgrave beguiles his pub audience with a formless narrative that struggles to evoke allegory from the grimy lives of Nottinghamshire folk. Allan Sillitoe (*The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*) has fashioned, in *The Storyteller*, a character emblematic of Sillitoe's own plight in controlling the structure and purpose of his newest novel.

Parlaying his storytelling prowess into a profession, Cotgrave attempts to escape the limitations of his industrial milieu. His personal relationships, reshaped into banal fantasies, form the matrix of his act. Leather overcoat swung over his shoulders, microphone in hand, he plays to audiences in small clubs, ale houses, and student halls. Although his tales of proletarian gloom and doom are loaded with absurd metaphors and aimless digressions, his listeners remain attentive. But by his final engagement, aboard a cruise ship, he has become so cozened and con-



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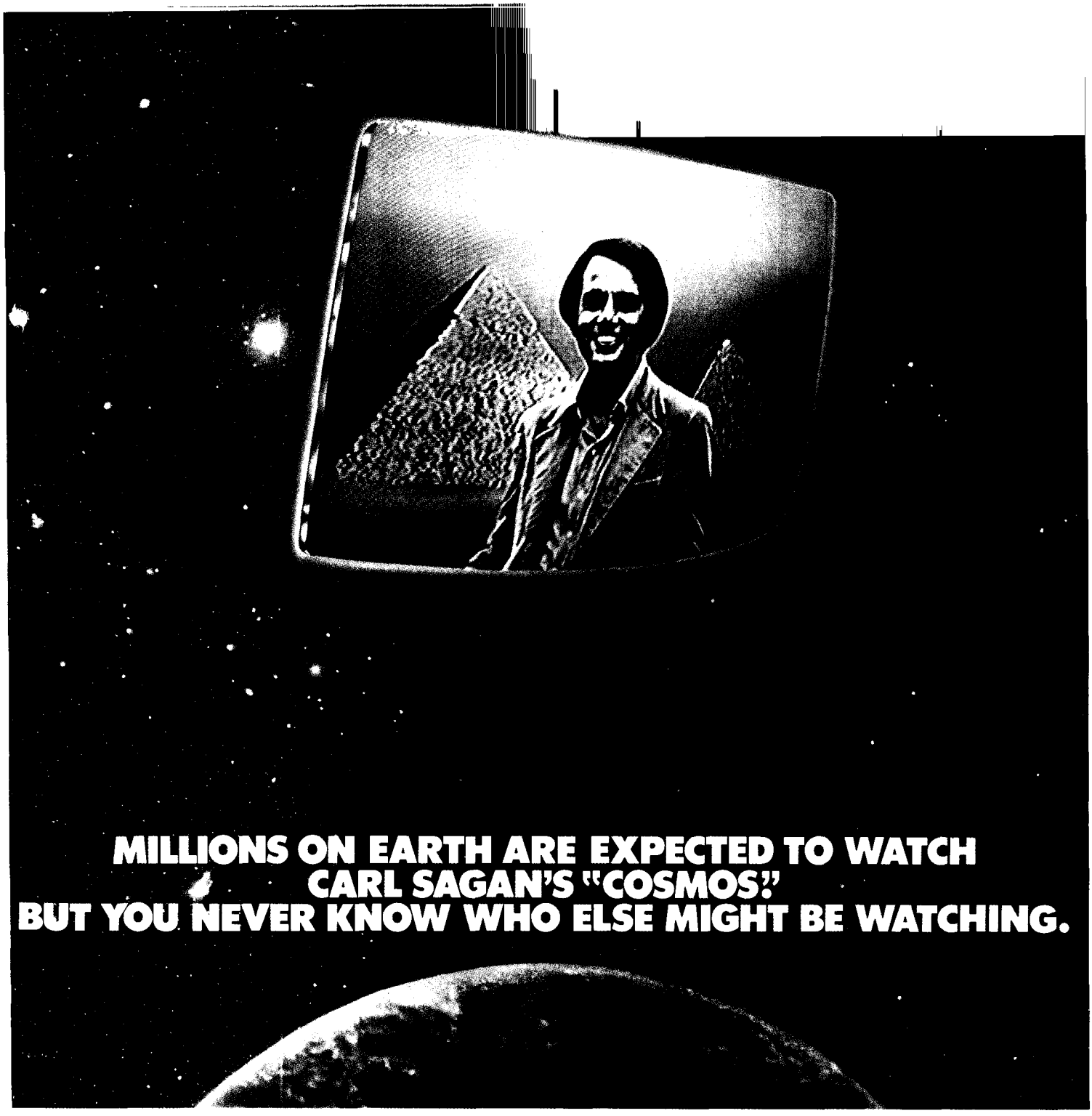

Carl Sagan, the distinguished astronomer and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, invites you to join him for "Cosmos," a 13-part series starting September 28th on public television.

"Cosmos" is described as the most ambitious project ever undertaken for PBS. It takes you on a journey through space and time to explore the great cosmic questions.

One moment, you find yourself in a spaceship billions of light-years from Earth among the galaxies. The next, walking the marble floors of a library in ancient Egypt. And the next, exploring the possibilities of extraterrestrial life.

Since television signals travel through space, Sagan has been asked to speculate on what beings of other worlds might think of his series.

"I would hope," he said, "that they would see this as an attempt by humans to understand something of their origins and their destinies."

So watch for "Cosmos" on PBS. Somewhere out there, "they" may be watching, too.

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COSMOS is produced by Carl Sagan Productions and KCET, Los Angeles. Made possible by grants from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the Arthur Vining Davis Foundations and Atlantic Richfield Company.

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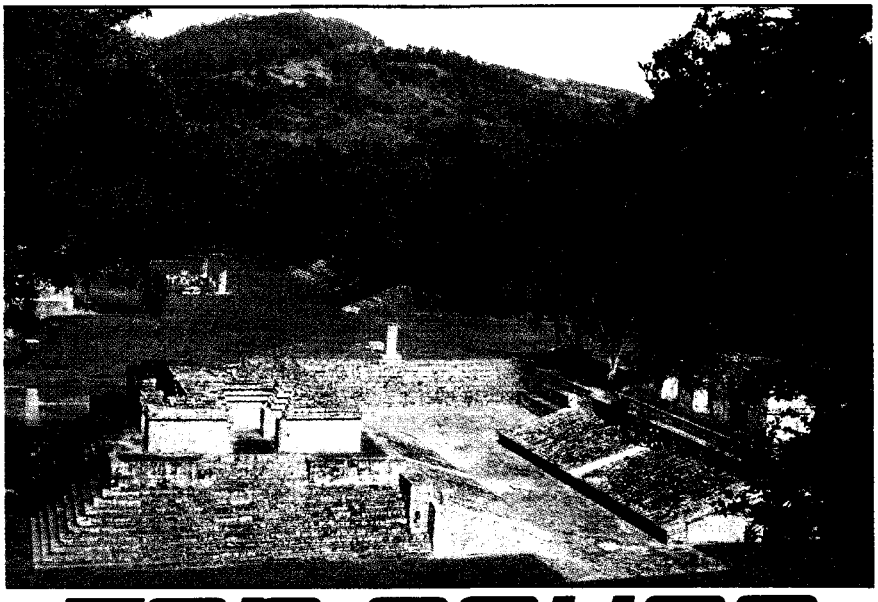
BOOK BRIEFS

trolled by his own narrative that he erupts into a psychotic frenzy.

Unfortunately, the novel is too windy and solemn—and too awkward in its intercuts between fantasy and reality—to gain cumulative power. The only compelling impression that emerges is that of the author and his alter ego being overwhelmed by their own creations.

—DAVID BELL

Art Museum, Honduras Style.
The Copan Ruins.



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Nonfiction

Getting by on $100,000 a Year (And Other Sad Tales)
by Andrew Tobias
Simon and Schuster, 228 pp., $10.95

ECONOMICS HAS BEEN described as "the dismal science," meaning that it's hard to write comprehensibly, much less entertainingly, about it for a lay reader. Andrew Tobias has been doing both in the pages of *Esquire* and *New York* magazine for some years, and this selection shows him at his brightest. The title piece is funny, rueful, and realistic about the way many of us choose to live now, and there are trenchant portraits of money/power people like builder Sam Lefrak, movie merchants David Begelman and Frank Yablans, Glenn ("Dare to Be Great") Turner, gold enthusiast James Dines, consultant Herb Cohen, and blind Wall Street analyst Laura Sloate.

Tobias also tells you convincingly why tax shelters hardly ever work, why chain letters never do, and why picking stocks blind is just as likely to work as the best advice you can buy. He's glib but not superficial, and when he turns serious, as in his plea for smaller cars and a dollar-a-gallon gas tax, he's utterly convincing. If you haven't come across Tobias before, this is a terrific introduction; if you have, then you've probably clipped and saved his pieces, in which case you can save $10.95—which is economic advice he might not applaud.

—JOHN FIRTH

Goodbye, Darkness: A Memoir of the Pacific War
by William Manchester
Little, Brown, 401 pp., $14.95

A SHADOW of our former selves surviving in vestiges of bygone joys and fears, incidents and innocence, memory has led many writers back along the trails of their lives looking for time lost. William Manchester joins them in

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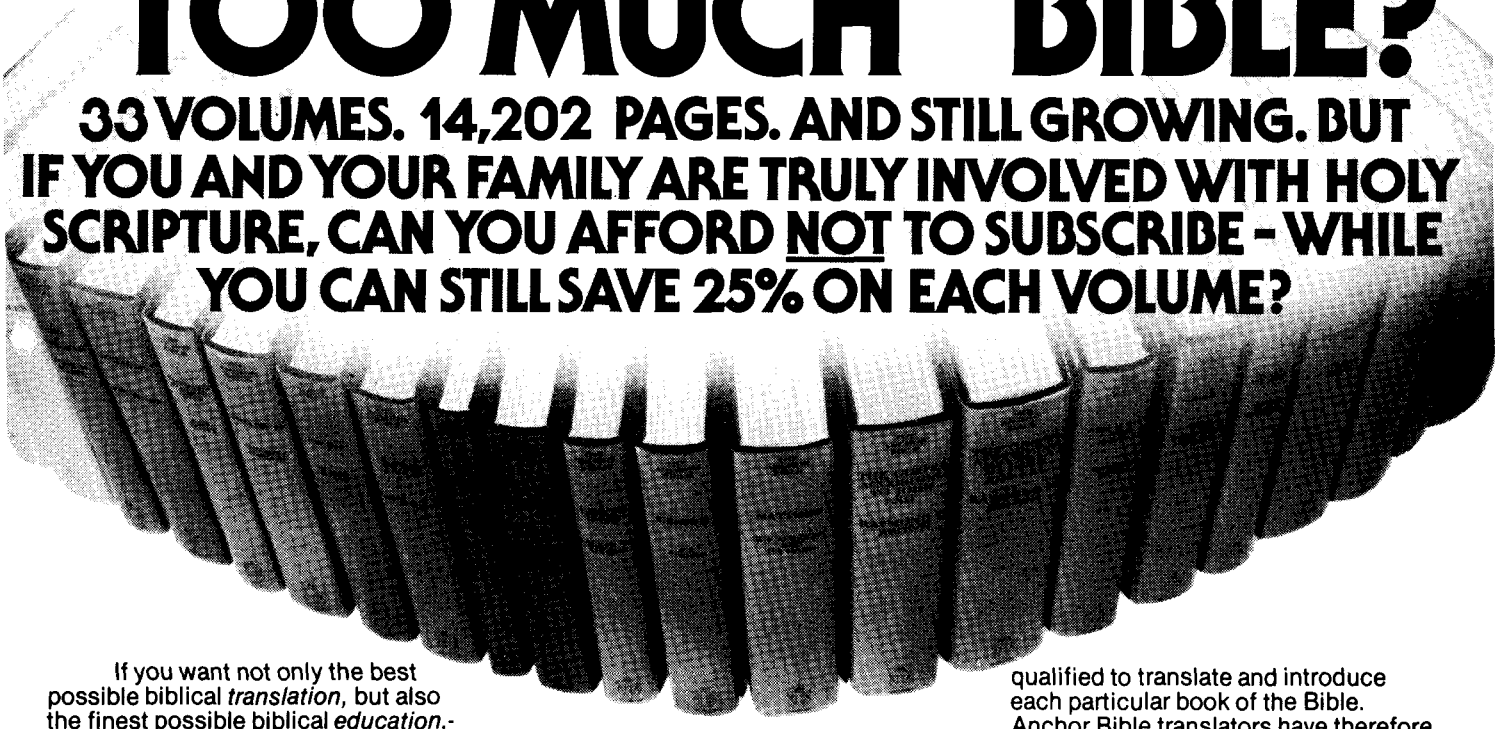

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The Anchor Bible has already received the highest honor of the American publishing industry, the Carey-Thomas Award. About the project as a whole there is general agreement: "The best English Bible yet," says the *Baltimore Sun.* "The outstanding biblical commentary of our generation," says Professor Cyrus Gordon. "For specialist, scholar, and general reader alike," says the *Boston Globe,* "The Anchor Bible is one of the greatest biblical contributions of the century."

Comments as each new volume is published are just as enthusiastic. "The most significant work on the Psalter in the last hundred years." —Frederick L. Moriarity, S.J. "Certainly the most provocative commentary published this past year,"—*Christianity Today* on *Revelation.* "Fresh and exciting...a new look at the First Gospel,"—*Pulpit Digest* on *Matthew.* "The best commentary on *John* available in English."—*Christian Century.*

Continuing acclaim such as this attests to the original wisdom of general editors William Foxwell Albright and David Noel Freedman, who sought as contributors those scholars best qualified to translate and introduce each particular book of the Bible. Anchor Bible translators have therefore come from many nations and faiths, and each volume is translated by an individual, not a committee. Every contributor is concerned exclusively with what the Bible says, not with any one interpretation of "what it *means.*"

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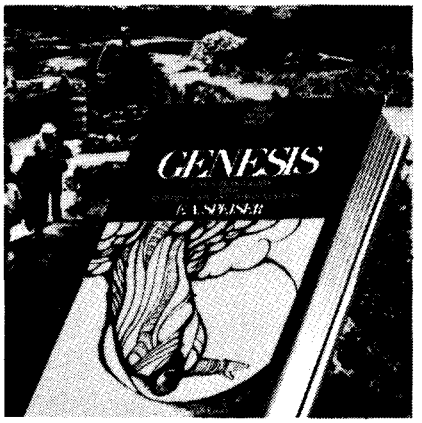

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BOOK BRIEFS

Goodbye, Darkness: A Memoir of the Pacific War as he ventures to retrieve moments of his fugitive past, moments that were, it seems, decisive in his life, jarring him from puerile idealism and putting a man where a boy had been. They were moments of war.

Disturbed by the discord of American life in recent decades, Manchester took flight for the Pacific islands where he had spent World War II, there to let his memory play across old battlefields in search of himself. Weaving recollection with research, Manchester lets the war unfold like memory itself, in concentric circles rising from subjective sensations to historic events. The sensations dominate, especially those of terror, loss, revulsion, remorse, and, beneath them all, love, the unchosen love shared by fighting men amid the horror and sacrifice of honorable war—a love that had driven Manchester back into combat from a safe road home. Gory and sentimental, confessional and panoramic (and often over-written), Manchester's reveries leave us not so much a document of war or a straight memoir as a literary exercise by a tender-hearted, self-conscious writer recapturing his vanished youth. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times
by James R. Mellow
Houghton Mifflin, 672 pp., $19.95

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was one of our greatest authors not just because he wrote *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of Seven Gables* but because he shaped the American imagination, defining our attitude toward our Puritan heritage as Faulkner would much later define the South and Fitzgerald the Twenties. Writing his early stories anonymously in the seclusion of his home in Salem, Massachusetts, Hawthorne made the town where his family had lived for six generations the dark center of the American experience. We still live in the shadow of his imagination.

Yet this pessimist participated in our most famous utopian experiment, Brook Farm. An extremely private man—taciturn among friends, apt to avoid visitors by hiding in the woods—Hawthorne at one time was U.S. consul in Liverpool, an uncomplaining captive of all the ceremonial rounds of diplomacy. Strangely, biographies of Salem's handsome, blue-eyed romancer have been few.

Both the scholar and the general reader should welcome James Mellow's thorough, highly illuminating study, a full biography that never lapses into either trivia or sweeping irrelevance. Mellow (*Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company*) has recreated Hawthorne's milieu and nicely sketched his acquaintances, drawing on them for the apt citations that keep Hawthorne's character continually before us. While the occasional psychological speculations on the motivations for Hawthorne's somber fictions leave no wish for more, the careful shaping of this biography to reveal the experiences on which Hawthorne drew is masterful indeed. —CHARLES NICOL

No Man's Land: 1918, The Last Year of the Great War
by John Toland
Doubleday, 696 pp., $14.95

WAR MAY be hell, but popular historian John Toland makes adventure of it, hurling legions across burning fields, leading them through stifling trenches and dense forests, and placing them against a background of official bungling and intrigue. His is not a view of war intended to determine causes,

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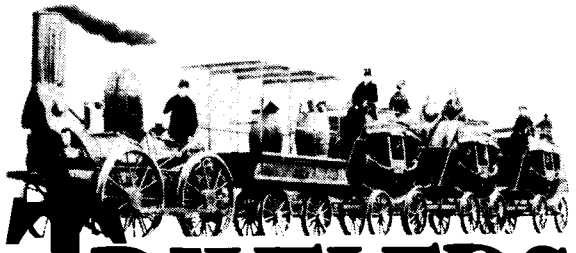
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assign blame, or assess consequences. Rather, it dwells on action, like a screenplay, flashing back and forth between embattled armies, presenting vignettes of both leaders and led. It all seems to say: War is very exciting, and soldiers and diplomats are all the same kind of chaps fighting for the same kinds of reasons.

Toland has not missed many of the tricks of his craft in assembling this fast-paced yet scholarly history of World War I's last year. Don't expect much insight into the politics and diplomacy of war, or an interpretation of events beyond the homilies that "war inevitably breeds war" and "only the brotherhood of suffering endures." Don't even expect concentrated drama revolving around a crucial battle, for this is instead a story about the slow shift in the fortunes of war from virtual stalemate and German confidence to allied victory through American intervention. Just go at it for the spectacle and the sketches of the great (e.g., Woodrow Wilson, Lenin, Clemenceau, Ludendorff, Pershing) and the not-so-great on all sides. The saga will carry you right along. Then turn to another book to learn what it was all about.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

First Reactions: Critical Essays 1968-1979
by Clive James
Alfred A. Knopf, 256 pp., $12.95

DON'T BE PUT OFF by the prospect of reading a handful of television reviews from London that go back a few years in boob-tube history. You would miss some madly funny and deft pieces by Clive James, who continues to write them weekly for the *Observer*. The best of those collected here, on the wedding of Princess Anne, the 1976 Summer Olympics, and a documentary on yoga, are sharp satires with volleys of one-liners. Before he's through, Mr. James disrobes quite a large cast of fools on both sides of the screen.

The surprise is that these sparklers are intended as intermission features between two sets of essays on literature

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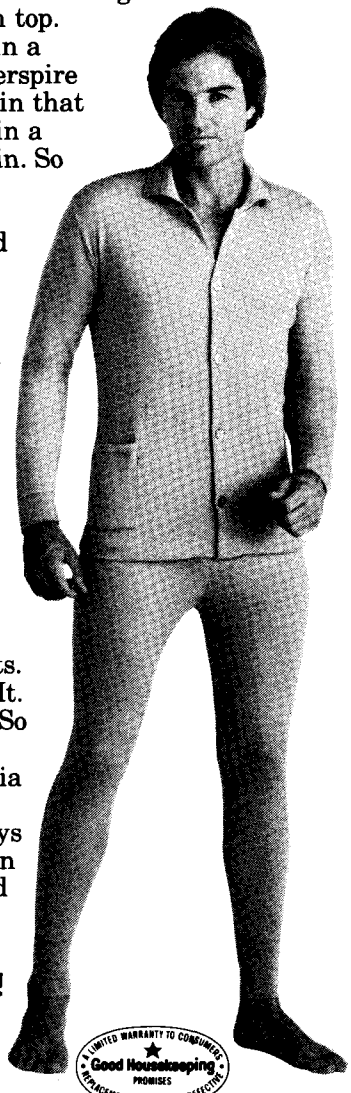

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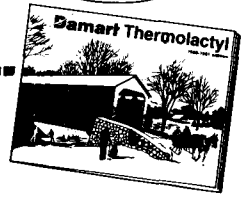

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BOOK BRIEFS

and culture. The schooled intelligence, the love of language, and the knowledge of human ways that you sense in the giggle pieces flower eloquently in these individualistic studies. The author is moving on D. H. Lawrence and Edmund Wilson, incisive on Solzhenitsyn and Auden, withering on Lillian Hellman and Norman Mailer's *Marilyn*.

Clive James is from Australia. This, his first book available in the United States, offers selections from the three already to his credit in England.

—JOHN FLUDAS

An Open Book
by John Huston
Alfred A. Knopf, 400 pp., $15

JOHN HUSTON is hero to many a movie devotee. His films, which range from *The Bible* and *Moby Dick* to revival-house classics such as *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The African Queen*, and *The Misfits*, are the work of a director with a moralist's vision and an acute instinct for irony. But strangely, neither quality is much in evidence in this rambling account of his life. His technique is the cinematic fast-fade through an endless sequence of stories that begin "One time. . . ." From boxer to brawler, drifter to director, Huston (if we believe him) has lived by the Hemingway credo: "Horses, women, and strong drink." His friends have included Humphrey Bogart, jockey Billy Pearson, Louis B. Mayer (of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Phillipe de Rothschild and his wife Pauline.

Decades as the sun in the "little planetary system" of filmmaking have given Huston stories that would make any writer jealous: from the time he taught tigers and lions to walk two by two, unassisted, into the Ark, to the one in which he instructs his father, actor Walter Huston, to act the prospector's part in *Treasure* without his false teeth. But despite its title, *An Open Book* is not a confessional; it is more a series of short takes out of the archives of a life.

—KAY LARSON

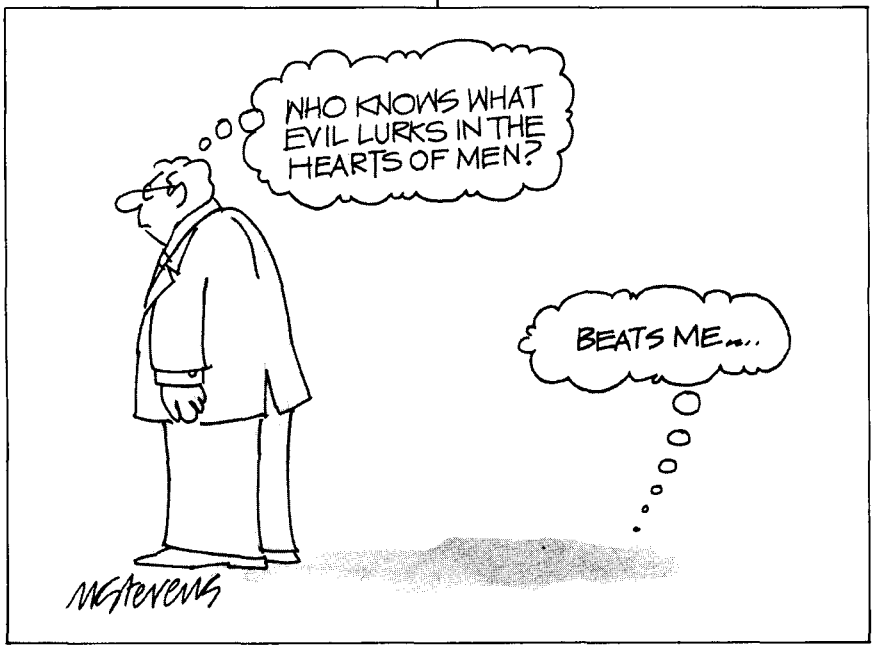
Going to Extremes
by Joe McGinniss
Alfred A. Knopf 320 pp., $12.95

CONSTANT TEMPERATURE readings in the 35°-to 50°-below-zero range tend to numb the mind, and at times in *Going to Extremes* they seem to have had a similar effect on Joe McGinniss's reportorial talents. A hardy constitution may be necessary even to endure reading about the experience of an Alaskan winter.

To his credit, there are moments of thaw when McGinniss warms to his subject. His first night in Alaska, a drunken native crashes into his restaurant table: "There was drool coming from the corners of his mouth. His eyes looked like pieces of red linoleum. He smelled like a dead animal in the road." McGinniss is also deft at describing Anchorage life, where the bars must close between 3 AM and 5AM but the massage parlors stay open 24 hours, and where the editor of a local newspaper cancels his libel insurance explaining, "Out here, they are more likely to shoot you than sue."

But one must also forebear unfortunate observations about nature and technology locked in mortal combat, and writing so bland it sounds as though McGinniss (the author of *The Selling of the President* and *Heroes*) went to Alaska looking for a story but wasn't sure how interesting he found it once he got there. Apparently, the frozen tundra yields up more oil than inspiration.

—JOSHUA GILDER



Editor's Note: Three books by *Saturday Review* contributors will be published this fall:

Travelers: The American Tourist From Stagecoach to Space Shuttle, by Horace Sutton (William Morrow, 311 pp., $10.95). A spirited social history of American travel.

In Quest of Music, by Irving Kolodin (Doubleday, 198 pp., $14.95). An enthusiastic excursion into the music world, from the 1930s until today.

Albums of Early Life, by Stanley Kauffmann (Ticknor & Fields, 229 pp., $10.95). An unsparingly honest recollection of the film and theater critic's early years.

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Thomas H. Middleton

The Sociologese Plague

I often hear from people who want me to write about sociologese—"the pernicious influence of sociologists and psychologists on the language," as John A. Stoler puts it. Professor Stoler is assistant dean of the College of Humanities and Social Sciences at the University of Texas at San Antonio. He writes:

> My wife, who is working on a master's degree in social work, often brings home examples of the published work of sociologists and psychologists that are at best irritating and at worst incomprehensible. I have an article before me now, and quickly skimming one column in it, I find this: "He must then be capable of reaching back for feedback" (just after the author cautions against using jargon).

I know what Professor Stoler means. My wife Jeannie is a social worker. I hesitate to admit it, but once, under the influence of her colleagues' style, she asked me, "Will you make me a promise on an ongoing basis?" I wouldn't reveal this except that it happened a while back, and she hasn't said anything comparable since then.

Four or five years ago I wrote a number of columns on some of the incomprehensible examples Jeannie used to bring home as a student of sociology. I got several interesting responses to those columns—letters from sociologists telling me that, while the field may be bursting with execrable jargon, many sociologists do write clearly and well. These letters were themselves generally very well written. On the other hand, I got a few angry letters written by doctoral candidates and fledgling professors of sociology. Most of these letters required study, careful deciphering, and occasional references to the dictionary.

One that I remember particularly was from a man who was incensed that I would expect sociologists to "replicate" the language of the world they were attempting to describe. That was my first encounter with "replicate" as a verb meaning "copy" or "duplicate." I have seen it several times since then. It's a jargon word, I think, of the type young sociologists favor. I haven't learned to like it.

I used *replicate* once in a Double-Crostic, but I defined it as "folded; bent back on itself"—clearly an adjective. That's the only definition given in *The Random House Dictionary*. When I saw this business about "replicating" the language, I thought *replicate* might mean "make a replica of" or "copy" or "duplicate," and that perhaps it carried some further nuance, since my correspondent didn't simply say "duplicate."

"Copy" and "duplicate" aren't doctoral words —like "replicate."

That was bad thinking on my part. This man was a doctoral candidate in sociology, and words like "copy" and "duplicate" are just not doctoral. I don't suppose he knew that his "replicate" would send me to some of my other dictionaries, but it did. My hopes for a special nuance were dashed. *WNI III* says *replicate* as a verb means simply "duplicate, repeat."

The pernicious influence of sociologese on language in general comes singing through in an anti-jargon complaint I got well over a year ago from Mrs. Alfred Hartley, of Duluth. Mrs. Hartley is evidently an active force in her community and is on various committees. She wrote, "At a meeting last week the chairman ran this sentence by me: 'This is a concept which needs to be conceptualized and then implemented, and I want you to run with it.' Now I ask you . . .?"

She continues, "Through the church I have received . . . the following: 'The concept (how I hate that word!) of and the importance of belongness. . . .'"

Belongness. What a shabby, ill-kempt mongrel of a word. *Belongness* is a word coined by someone with no liking for words, little imagination, and, evidently, neither a dictionary nor a thesaurus. Looking in my Roget under *membership*, which must be at least within hailing distance of what is intended by *belongness*, I find, under the broad heading "association," a nosegay of possibilities, among them community, fellowship, sodality, membership, and—perhaps best of all—belonging. My favorite, though, is *sodality*, a word that has fallen out of use. *WNI II* says it means "association, union, fellowship, unity." It also has a definate consonance with *solidarity*, which does no harm.

But I see a problem. If we try substituting *sodality* for *belongness* in that sentence, we come a cropper. "The concept of and the importance of" is a social climber of a phrase, a parvenu ill at ease in the company of an old-timer like *sodality*. People who write "the concept of and the importance of" are not particularly comfortable with words of solid breeding, so they eschew obvious ones, like *belonging*, and make up improbable freaks like *belongness*.

O, Faith of Our Fathers, struggling to stay alive in the insubstantial quicksands of the New Rhetoric, I wish you well. ■

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Goodbye to "Great" Careers?

SEYMOUR KRAWITZ (L) WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Burton with Gueneveres: Julie Andrews in 1961 and Christine Ebersole in 1980.

What do we want of an actor's career? We often say of a gifted actor that he isn't fulfilling himself, but what actually do we expect of him? (Or her, of course.) Because of Richard Burton, I thought about the question during *Camelot*—even with Burton, there's plenty of time to think during *Camelot*—and I'm not as sure about the answer as I used to be.

All of our criteria for an actor's career, which are not quite the same as those for acting itself, derive from an increasingly remote past theater. We remember the adage that great actors are made by the great roles they undertake; we remember some towering figures; and we sigh. But we overlook two facts. First, the great careers of the past include lots of dubious plays and, especially up to 1900, even more dubious conditions of performance. (Famous story about Edwin Booth: He was guest-starring as Hamlet with a local troupe somewhere, and the Ophelia asked him where he wanted her during the "nunnery" scene. Reply: "My dear, just stay downstage of me and six feet away.") Second, old-time virtue is to some degree negative. Until about 50 years ago, there were no lasting temptations for a serious actor outside the theater; until about 100 years ago, theater itself was practically synonymous with repertory.

Another way to put it: What would Booth's career be like if he had been born in 1933 instead of 1833? How could he have worked almost continuously in repertory in a society whose economics tries to strangle repertory? How could he nurture a national theater audience, as he did by touring so much of his life, in a country saturated with film and TV? What resident company that we have would be worth the lifelong devotion of his genius? How could—I'd say "why should"—he resist offers to do good films or, if there should ever be such a thing, a good TV play?

The usual examples of modern great careers come from England: Gielgud, Richardson, Olivier. But their lives were shaped before 1945 when repertory work was easier even in England, and they too have since had to pick their way carefully through a society culturally inimical to the highest acting standards. If Gielgud and Richardson now do tiny parts sometimes at the National in London, if all three appear in trashy films, they are secure in the knowledge that they are already classically great *and* famous. That combination is not so accessible any more, even to extraordinary talent. What lesser known member of the National or the Royal Shakespeare Company, apparently devoted, would refuse the chance of big commercial success elsewhere, even if it narrowed his career? Does this mean that outstanding careers, historically tied to repertory and/or classic roles, are doomed? That only minor actors will stay in worthy companies? That the better people, who go into the glitzier world, can never fulfill their talents?

Most of the American actors who, in recent years, have opted for long-range company commitment, for lives as artists, have been members of unconventional groups like Mabou Mines or the Other Theater. Those ensembles are not concerned with traditional acting: Rarely does one see in them a talent that could flourish elsewhere, valuable though they may be as contributors where they are. Outside such groups, for "mainstream" actors, gifted and serious, our culture is fundamentally so full of obstacles, so unconsonant with

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their seriousness, so seductive commercially, that human pride and ego cannot long withstand the tugging. (Most of us critics who berate actors for "selling out" get *our* ego satisfactions from the berating.)

I do not begin to suggest that acting be judged less rigorously. (That's a laugh. It could hardly be less rigorous most of the time in most places.) What an actor chooses to do, he's responsible for. It's the context of his choices that has changed, and it's this change that I'm trying to understand. In our world, an actor has to fight very hard to work and grow as an artist. I'm thrilled by every actor who puts up such a fight—Christopher Walken and James Earl Jones are two fine examples—but am I arbitrarily to condemn every actor who doesn't? What a lot of good performances, scattered through haphazard careers, I'd be losing.

So when I see the magically gifted Richard Burton in *Camelot*, when I think of what he has done in the 20 years since he was last in the same show, I want to understand how I am judging his career. He could have done fewer cheap films (though two of his worst were classics, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Dr. Faustus*). But what first-class films do we know that he turned down to do the cheap ones? He could theoretically have returned to the rep company in London with which he once played and could have spent the 20 years there. But then most of us would have missed his work, and a few of the things he has done elsewhere have been superb. Burton suffers from the facts of his profession. We don't compliment a ballerina for sticking to ballet or a pianist for playing the best piano literature; they don't have much alternative. Where would Suzanne Farrell dance if not with a ballet company? On *The Big Show*? What music would Horowitz play other than his repertoire? Hard rock? In our world, virtue is easier for other performing artists than for actors. And the idea of virtue for actors needs reassessment, unflabby but realistic.

Still, without viewing the matter through 19th-century perspectives, I can't feel that Burton had to wander back, after two decades, to this really dreadful musical. (I'm not considering his personal problems because a) they're not my business and b) some actors have had great careers with similar problems.) The sadness I feel in seeing his talent spilled in this enterprise is not because he didn't found and run a Lyceum Theater like Henry Irving, but because I can't believe he ever faced the questions I've sketched above.

About *Camelot* itself, I have no nostalgia; I had not seen it before, on stage or screen. To see it now without nostalgia is, quite apart from Burton, depressing. The score by Lerner and Loewe has two modestly memorable songs, the title piece and "If Ever I Would Leave You"; the rest is failed music box, especially the numbers with two-note themes like "Follow Me" and "The Lusty Month of May." The book isn't good enough even to make a mockery of noble Arthurian legend. Sample line: "He'll stop at nothing to destroy you." Desmond Heeley's sloppily sentimental sets and costumes look like a 1935 Metropolitan Opera revival of one of its 1920 productions. The only other interesting member of the cast is Paxton Whitehead, who is funny as the quirky, club-grouch King Pellinore. The role of Arthur, as written for Burton, doesn't call on him to be much more than rueful, tender, weakly hopeful. It never comes close to straining him; he does it all with simple command, though a shade too abstractedly.

I wish an obvious wish: that Burton had made a great career. When I first saw him in *The Lady's Not for Burning*, 1950, I thought he might do it. I wish, too, I were more certain about how to reprove him for not doing it. But perhaps the abstraction I sense in him is because he's thinking about the future. "*Camelot* is a tryout," he has said. "I figure if I can do a year of *Camelot*" [after New York, the show will play Chicago, Dallas, Miami Beach, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Los Angeles] "I can do six months of *King Lear*." Allow for the inflation of interview talk; allow, too, that six straight months of *Lear* is not the happiest idea artistically; and still we can let ourselves have a hope for the 1981-82 season. ■

Do you need a brain to think?

Dr. E. Lester Smith

A Fellow of the Royal Society, says "No. The brain is not the mind." Indeed,

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MUSIC

Irving Kolodin

Barenboim's Maturing Art

Barenboim on the podium.

Like astronomical bodies that come and go irregularly in our firmament, the appearances in the Western Hemisphere of musical superstar Daniel Barenboim tend to recur not in days, weeks, or months but in years. This is not because of an aversion to its residents—some of his best friends are Americans—but because of the all-too-well-known ailment (multiple sclerosis) of his cellist-wife Jacqueline Du Pré. Prudence limits her husband's absences from their home in London to places within 24 hours. He is musical director of the Orchestre de Paris.

Thus his only 1980 appearance in America as pianist-conductor—during the final week of the outdoor season at Philadelphia's Mann Music Center—was a double alert to attention. Indeed, since the opportunites to hear Barenboim perform with the Philadelphia Orchestra are so rare (the last was five years ago), it was a command performance—for me, if not for him.

As pianist, he took his place quietly at the Hamburg Steinway he favors, his back to the audience (the keyboard fully in view), his head and arms directly visible to the players, and focused everyone's attentions on the C major (No. 1) concerto of Beethoven.

To some, the reputation of the Philadelphians for performing the most difficult scores with baffling ease would not argue an ability to perform chamber music equally well. But, where true artistry is at issue, Beethoven's C major concerto provides an ideal demonstration of ability. It offers greater substance than the B-flat (which is labeled No. 2, though written earlier) and not yet of the symphonic design of Nos. 3, 4, and 5. It carries forward the ensemble principle for which the Mozart concerti are cherished.

From the orchestral introduction, in which the pianist has both hands available for getting the orchestra off to a unified start, to the last chord of the finale, under Barenboim everything worked together. When one hand or the other was not engaged on the keyboard, the pianist-conductor gave clear, concise signals to the players around him. But when both hands were engaged and the orchestra was also at work, he did not resort to the head bobbing or shoulder movements that some other pianist-conductors feel are essential. With musicians of the Philadelphia quality, such nonfunctional prompting would verge on insulting.

Barenboim used, after all, only about 40 of them, and the spirit of give-and-take was underscored by the uncommon applause from the orchestral personnel at the end. It was a way of saying "Well done, colleague" that seemed to please the Beethoven-in-Barenboim even more than the audience's ovation.

For a contrast in quantity of sound as well as quality of content, Barenboim chose the Saint-Saëns Symphony No. 3. This is the symphony with solo organ (played by Keith Chapman), and if the electronic instrument available (a Rodgers) was not the equivalent of those with which Barenboim has performed the work elsewhere (including the organ at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris), the full Philadelphia Orchestra was also something other than those he has conducted abroad. Playing off the values of organ against orchestra, Barenboim fulfilled Saint-Saens' conception with breathless beauty, displaying the kind of artistry that transcends convenience. Shape and detail were woven together in a pattern of melodic mood and contrapuntal contrasts that mirrored the mind of a composer invariably civilized and musically sure of purpose.

For one who has been following his career from the beginning, Barenboim appears to be entering the Eighties a conspicuously different musician from the prodigy of the late Fifties. Then, there was no limit to what he considered himself capable of performing (and recording), whether it was all 32 piano sonatas of Beethoven or all of Chopin.

Earlier in the year, when he made his only recital appearance of the New York season, he revealed a hitherto unknown pianistic interest in the music of Liszt. This, it turned out, was not a necklace of baubles, bangles, and beads strung together on tissue-paper rhapsodies and show pieces. Rather, Barenboim offered a survey of the Abbé's best piano works: the first book of the *Années de pèlerinage*, evoking such Swiss landmarks as the "Chapelle de Guillaume Tell," "Au lac de Wallenstadt," "Au bord d'une source" (very close to Liszt's keyboard best) and, eventually, "Les Cloches du Gèneve."

Some people say maturity comes from a joyous youth sobered by the responsibilities of manhood. Daniel Barenboim has known both. The results are ever more evident in his music-making. ■

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ART

Edward Lucie-Smith

Vikings Invade the Met

If you're off to the new Viking show at New York City's Metropolitan Museum (opening October 4) looking for elkhorn-helmeted, red-haired, ax-wielding marauders, you're bound to be disappointed. You'll find these glamorous villains, history's most illustrious pirates and rapists, replaced by practical, hardheaded farmers and traders. Images of blood-thirsty Norsemen dragging off Saxon maidens are out of favor with today's scientific historians and archaeologists.

The revisionist view of the Vikings is largely the personal brainchild of Dr. David Wilson, director of London's British Museum where the exhibition was first unveiled. Its purpose, he says plaintively, "is to redress the balance a little bit—to show that the Vikings had their own culture at home, almost their own civilization." He describes the Vikings as "supremely self-confident—during their travels they saw the whole of the rest of Europe and, on the whole, they ignored it." Inadvertently he makes them sound a bit like American tourists careering around Europe in bus loads, demanding hamburgers and Cokes at every stop.

But it wasn't a bus that brought the Vikings to their destinations; it was their supreme invention, the most beautiful of all seacraft except for the 19th-century tea clippers—the Viking longship. Longships, with their flowing, elegant contours, were designed to be seaworthy in any weather, and to be run up on any firm, sloping beach. A war party could sack a monastery or plunder a town, and then be off with its loot before anyone but the victims themselves realized what had happened. A stone grave marker from Lindisfarne, carved with a procession of fearsome-looking warriors waving swords above their heads, may suggest what the Viking raiders looked like to the terrified monks whose monastery was sacked in the year 793.

Sadly, one thing the show doesn't contain is a genuine Viking longship. Those few that survive are too fragile and too bulky to be moved. But a visitor does encounter evocative bits and pieces—an anchor, a steering oar, a fierce Viking figurehead, a gilded weather vane.

What modern archaeology and the current exhibit certainly fill in for us are some of the less blood-thirsty aspects of Viking life. It is the metalwork, especially the silver and gold, that will capture the attention of most visitors. The Vikings had a passion for jewelry, and thanks to successful raids they were abundantly provided with it. The most spectacular piece is a colossal gold torque that must, it seems, have belonged to a giant, since it would fit around a neck as large as most people's waists. Made of braided gold wires, it displays Viking jewelry techniques at their simplest and most powerful. With such a piece, the owner not only asserted his own social status, but was able to carry much of his capital with him. If he ever got into trouble and needed cash, all he had to do was to melt the massive ornament down, or chip off his own rough coinage that could be weighed and used as units of payment.

Coins, ornaments, and other pieces of Viking silver, buried in Sweden in 975. The Vikings had a passion for gold and silver—and raided constantly to get it.

In addition to torques, Viking men bedecked themselves with cloak pins and heavy armlets. Women wore twin brooches, usually tortoise shaped, and gaudy necklaces. Often the necklaces were hung with small trinkets and ornaments that were souvenirs of exploits abroad. A Viking necklace can look a bit like a 20th-century charm bracelet.

These finds of precious material help to record the wide range of Viking wanderings. They come from all over Europe, even far inside Russia—very distant from the seas we usually think of as the Vikings' natural habitat. Unfortunately, the exhibition documents the Viking presence in Russia more lightly than other aspects of Viking life. The few Russian items that are on view come from Helsinki (once part of the old Czarist empire) rather than from Russia. The Soviets, being at heart Slav nationalists, find it difficult to admit how large a part the Vikings played in the creation of historic Russia. But in fact, Viking traders traveled the great Russian rivers, the Volga and the Dnieper, establishing permanent settlements along the way. Novgorod was one important Scandinavian colony. Another, Kiev, was used not only as a trading post but also as a military base, from which raids were launched into

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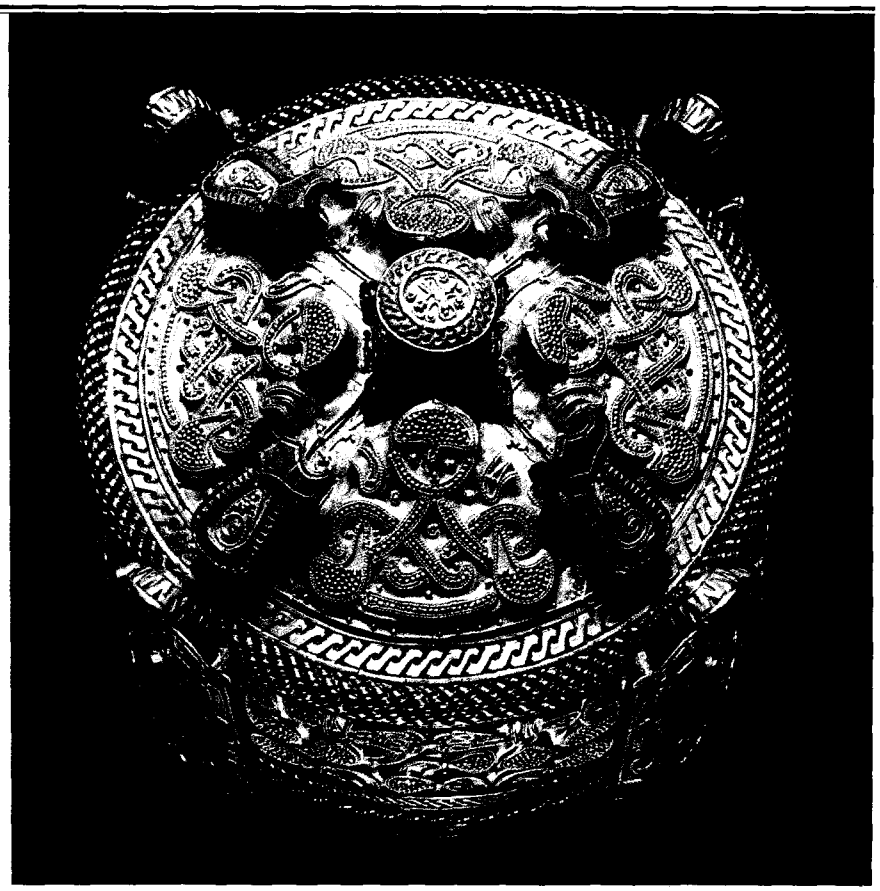
the Caspian and from which on two occasions fleets were sent against Byzantium itself.

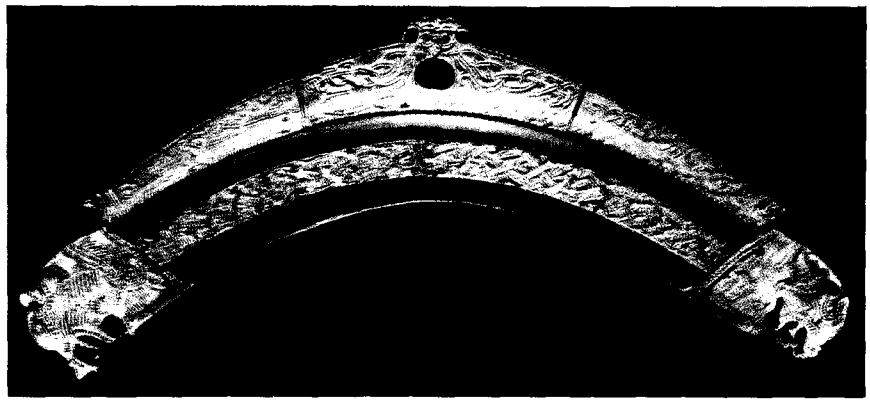
The show illustrates three things very thoroughly—the evolution of Viking art styles, the actual texture of domestic life in Scandinavia, and the gradual acceptance of Christianity in place of the old pagan religion of Thor and Odin. Viking art was based on stylized animal forms, elaborately intertwined in ribbonlike patterns. These beasts generally have powerful paws that grasp the borders of the design, other animals, or even portions of their own bodies. In the course of centuries this basic formula was put through a long series of transformations, but without ever losing its fierce vitality.

As the domestic objects show, the important thing about Viking artists was that they expressed themselves through the form and surface decoration of objects in everyday use. With the exception of funeral monuments—boulders with carved beasts and inscription, and the stone crosses that succeeded these—Viking art is what we now call craftwork. Its richness and patient elaboration allow us to put Viking culture under the microscope in a way that no written account can. It is highly significant, for example, that so much trouble was taken to ornament swords, a man's most precious possession in a warrior society. That a sword constituted art as well as armament can be seen from the attention given to the hilt. This speaks not only to the owner's sense of a sword's material value but to the mystery that surrounded the smith's craft at a time when methods of forging and tempering iron were still uncertain.

Christianity softened Viking ferocity only a little. The silver crucifixes that were worn under Christiandom's influence look very much like the amulets shaped in the form of Thor's hammer which had been worn previously. The upright Christ on his cross shows no trace of suffering. Instead, he stands a magnificent warrior king, triumphant over death.

But, the final impression left by the exhibition is less reassuring, less comfortable, than the organizers seem to think. Despite their best efforts, one is still left with an image of a fierce, proud, predatory race. Wide travel left little impression on the Vikings' culture because they always remained convinced they were superior to anything they might meet. ■





THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Top: a bronze brooch, embellished with gold, silver, and niello, from Gotland. Middle: a 10th-century horse collar from Jutland, dated by its ornamentation. Bottom: a silver pendant from Sweden, perhaps a protective amulet.

Edward Lucie-Smith is a poet and art critic living in England. His most recent book is *Art of the 70s* (Cornell University Press).

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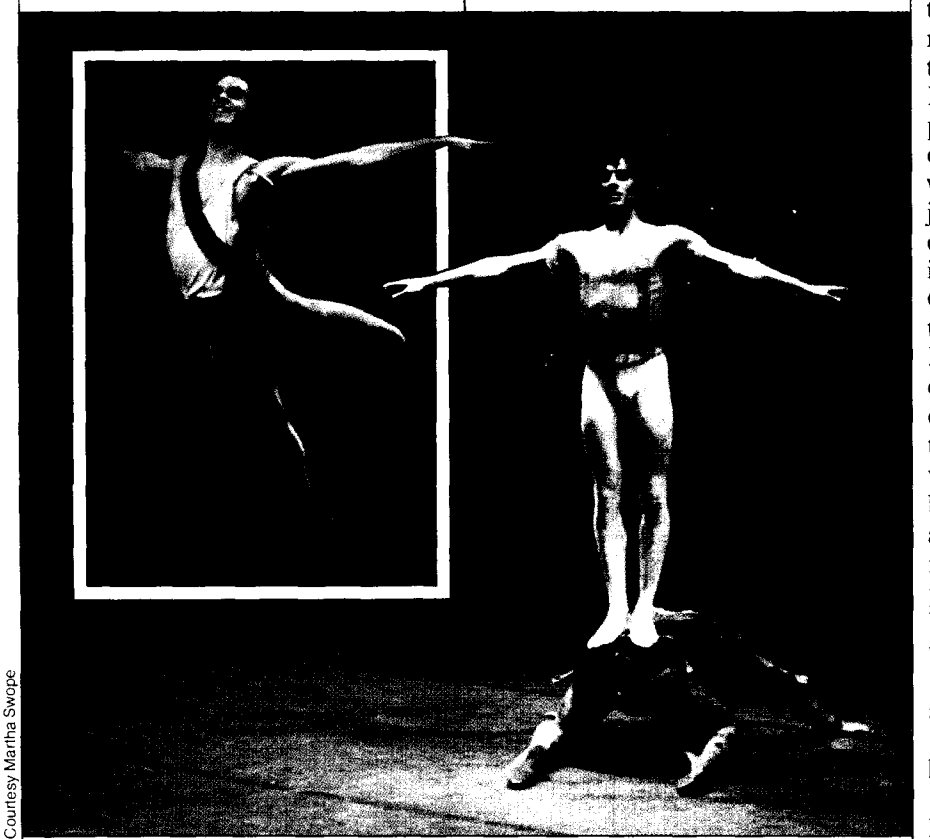
DANCE

Walter Terry

At Last, an American Superstar

Today, technically and classically speaking, my body is prepared to dance any virtuosic piece. As far as purity of line and cleanness of execution are concerned, I don't think there is anyone in the world today who can rival me." Thus Fernando Bujones, never one for false modesty, appraises his present stature in the world of ballet. His estimate of himself is quite correct.

During the American Ballet Theatre's spring-summer season at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, Bujones won high praise from the press and general acclaim from the fans. Flowers tossed over the footlights and standing ovations signaled appreciation not only for his dazzling virtuosity but also for his comedic skills in *Coppelia*, his unleashed Hispanic ebullience in *Don Quixote*, and his poetically romantic portrayal of the emotionally tormented hero, Solor, in *La Bayadere* (*SR* July 1980). Although his physical prowess is what excites his swiftly growing legions of fans, he himself prefers roles that bring out the dramatic quality in his personality. "I'm something of a melancholic," he says, "and I'm serious by nature. That is why the character of James in *La Sylphide* has a special appeal for me because I can make use of artistic as well as physical qualities. Another favorite is Solor, so rich in its emotional dynamics."



Courtesy Martha Swope

Bujones's clean bouyancy and bravura make him one of the rarest of male dancers.

Bujones, at 25, is just now beginning to probe his potential and to project his strengths. A few seasons ago, his dancing exhibited brashness rather than bravado, and his partnering of ballerinas lacked gallantry, physical exactitude, and finesse. Today, one sees tasteful bravura and a new rapport with his partners, be it the diminutive and gentle Marianna Tcherkassky or the tall, commanding, and technically dazzling ballerina Cynthia Gregory.

The rise of Bujones as one of the most electrifying dancers of the day began July 26, 1974 when, as a slender 19-year-old of Cuban ancestry, he became the first American male to win the gold medal award at the prestigious International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria. Young Fernando won first place over an impressive array of contestants from around the world and was awarded a special citation by the judges for "high technical skill." Three days later Baryshnikov, while performing with a Soviet troupe in Toronto, Canada, defected to the West. In no time at all he was snapped up by Fernando's home company, the American Ballet Theatre. Under normal conditions, Bujones would have returned in triumph to ABT. His obviously prodigious talents would have been exploited by the company management, the press would have taken note of him, and a campaign to promote him to stardom would have been launched. It never happened. "I was lost," he recalls wistfully, "while Misha was discovered. I was, understandably, the angry young man. Not until this season, with Misha away, have I been given a brilliant repertory."

Fernando's bitter disappointment led to an angry arrogance that made him, at that time, seem like a foolish

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braggart. In interviews he downgraded others while extolling himself. Today, the arrogance has subsided, replaced by the quiet self-assurance of an acknowledged star. The once-neglected Bujones is now an international box-office attraction. Next month, a worldwide tour will culminate in Broadway's Uris Theater where Bujones will perform with Makarova and Company, a new troupe headed by the famed Russian ballerina. One of the highlights will be a new piece created especially for Natalia Makarova and Bujones.

Looking back to the frustrations of 1974 and the ensuing seasons, Bujones says, "I think in the long run I came out the winner because it gave me the opportunity to develop as an artist without being pushed too hard and too fast. At 19 I might not have been able to handle such pressure: not from the physical point of view, but pressure from the critics and from the mature ballerinas I would have had to partner."

The experienced ballerinas with whom he has danced in recent seasons have brought out qualities that might have taken longer to emerge if he had been limited to partners of his own age. "Not only do they help me with the physical side of partnering," he says, "but also with style and dramatic content. This is how Margot Fonteyn helped Rudolf Nureyev. She gave him something he never had before. She led him to greater depths in performing."

For Nureyev, the pioneer Russian defector of this era, Bujones has great admiration and profound gratitude. "In matters of energy and intensity I'm like him, although I'm different in build. Recently, in Vienna, he coached me as Albrecht in *Giselle*. He made me realize that I could play the part in any way that I conceived it. He, for example, plays it very arrogantly as if Albrecht, the nobleman, were not really in love with the peasant Giselle. He understood that I wanted to play it as if I were deeply in love. But he told me that I must always be lively during the first act, otherwise it may seem static and heavy. Watching him, I discovered that whether he moved or stood still, he was always transmitting—the chest was alive, the eyes were lively."

Bujones is eager to learn from Nureyev, from experienced partners such as Miss Gregory, and even from Baryshnikov (once his near-nemesis and now his new employer—Baryshnikov assumes the directorship of the ABT this fall). This desire is rooted in his remorseless drive for balletic perfection, a drive that has been characteristic of him since childhood. Born March 9, 1955, in Miami, Florida, his first ballet studies were in the style and methods evolved by Cuba's great ballerina-director, Alicia Alonso, herself primarily American trained. His teacher and principal coach through the years has been his cousin, Zeida Cecelia Mendez, also an Alonso product.

Bujones's dancing was once brash rather than gallant. Now he's electrifying.

There have been years of study at George Balanchine's School of American Ballet, where Denmark's Stanley Williams and the late, great danseur, André Eglevsky were Bujones's principal teachers.

This variety of training, all thoroughly assimilated by Bujones, has greatly benefited his technique. The consummate ease with which he accomplishes multiple pirouettes echoes Eglevsky who was the champion "turner" in the later years of the Ballet Russe and the early days of the New York City Ballet. And Bujones's stunning elevation mirrors not only the bouyancy of youth, but also the aerial bounce and the swift and facile *batterie* of the Bournonville school, which remains a part of Williams's teaching style.

As for his Cuban ballet influences, Bujones says, "The Alonso approach is always with me. It gave me a good line in the air and on the ground, and the famous Alonso 'fifth position,' which starts you off and returns you to place so correctly... well, it is what makes my dancing clean, clear, and refined." The word "clean" signifies a physical presence that looks as if it had been cut out of space by the sharpest of knives, the execution of steps and related port-de-bras so skillfully done that there are no frayed ends of movement to be seen. Bujones and Baryshnikov are both "clean" dancers, very probably the cleanest, and therefore the rarest, of male dancers today.

If Baryshnikov has an edge, it is neither in matters of cleanness, of execution, nor in virtuosic range. He is a glamorous defector and he is Russian. Ever since the immortal Anna Pavlova first visited America 70 years ago, there has been a lurking suspicion that the words "Russian" and "ballet" are synonymous. Bujones doesn't believe it for a minute and states that many American dancers today are superior to Russian-trained dancers. "Ballet Theatre has always given preference to big name stars from Russia," he says. "Alexander Godunov has come to us as a star from the Bolshoi. As an artist, we welcome him, but unfortunately one of our American soloists will now have less chance of making it to the top."

When asked what he thought about the number of male dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet who have joined American ballet troupes—among them Erik Bruhn, Peter Martins, and most recently, Ib Andersen—Bujones replies, "The Danes become assimilated: the Russians take over!"

For a time, it seemed as if Russian dancers might displace Fernando Bujones even before he had a chance to prove his worth. Today, Bujones has no fears. Of Baryshnikov he says, "He is a great technician, but he's not a young bird any more. He is several years older than I. His technique is crystalized. I intend to improve in the years ahead."

But will Bujones, even with his fabulous technique, ever be able to produce the theatrical wallop that makes Baryshnikov a champion or achieve that charisma that makes Rudolf Nureyev, in motion or in dynamic stillness, the most hypnotic dancer of the age? His determination has pushed aside the obstacles placed in the path of an obstreperous, talented teenager. It is possible, though not yet predictable with certainty, that Bujones's remorseless drive will carry him to his goal: the world's undisputed premier danseur, American-born, American-trained. ■

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FILM

Judith Crist

The New Tracy and Hepburn

At last—an antidote for a summer of one-liner cardboard-character comedies, with only *Airplane!* so stuffed with successful gags that one didn't have to plead a special weakness (for the *Saturday Night Live* folk, or Rodney Dangerfield, or simply bad jokes) to explain one's laughter.

The antidote is *Hopscotch* (Arco Embassy)—a grown-up, complicated, and sophisticated anti-CIA adventure, a lighthearted spy thriller given both glitter and substance by Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson. They establish themselves here as a latter-day Tracy-Hepburn team, with that charisma of adulthood so lacking on the contemporary screen. We first felt the aura of their initial teaming in 1978's *House Calls*; in the good-bad-old studio days they'd have been paired in three or four more movies by now. But they are Together Again—and we can rejoice.

Hopscotch, with a screenplay by Brian Garfield and Bryan Forbes, is based on a Garfield suspense-thriller that won an Edgar in 1975 (Edgars, similar to Oscars, are awarded by the Mystery Writers of America). Its protagonist is Miles Kendig (Matthau), a CIA man of 30 years' standing, a Mozart devotee, and a maverick with affectionate respect for his enemies. As head of the Munich station, he deftly smashes a spy ring but lets his opposite KGB number off the hook; he is, after all, a known enemy, and why waste time having to learn the ways of a successor?

Kendig's new boss, a Carter-country "company" man to the core, will have no such attitudes toward intelligence in his CIA, and promptly demotes Kendig to a Washington desk job. Furious, Kendig takes off for Salzburg where he revives a romance with a former CIA colleague, now a wealthy widow (Jackson), and considers his options. Double agentry doesn't interest him. Memoirs?

Therein lies the inspiration for Kendig's revenge. He starts pouring out his inside story, chapter by chapter, and dispatching copies not only to his own headquarters—which is already keeping him under surveillance—but also to intelligence chiefs around the world. They agree: He must be silenced.

The chase is on—and a merry international one it is, as Kendig, allied with his lady, reaches into the company bag of dirty tricks, bringing the game quite literally to his chief's own backyard before arranging for a marvelously explosive finale.

Matthau and Jackson have a charisma of adulthood rare in current films.

Matthau reaches deep into his own bag of theatrical tricks, giving remarkable depth and cogency to a man who realizes, as he thinks over his long and successful past, that his spying isn't as admirable as it seemed. Revenge, therefore, is not merely sweet—it's sensible. And Jackson, as an agent who came to her senses a lot earlier and a woman who knows how she likes her gin-rummy winnings paid off, proves an elegant partner in crime and comedy. There's fine support from Ned Beatty as the gung-ho agency chief; Sam Waterston as an agent who knows Kendig all too well; and Herbert Lom, as the philosophic KGB man. Above all, there's the directorial hand of Ronald Neame who, much like Hitchcock (Neame entered the business, in fact, as an assistant cameraman on Hitch's *Blackmail* in 1929), gives you a feeling from the start that all will go well. And it does—from start to finish.

It's a sense of insecurity, perhaps, that makes Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing* (World Northal) as fascinating as it is striking—and as admirable as it is unlikable. Roeg, who began his career as a cinematographer (*Nothing But the Best*, *Petulia*, *Far From the Madding Crowd*) is a mesmerizing craftsman (he directed *Walkabout*, *Don't Look Now*, and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*). His choice of subject matter, however, is often risky.

The screenplay by Yale Udoff is about obsession—with male possessiveness and female independence caught in erotic compulsion. An American woman in a drug-overdose coma is rushed to the emergency room of a hospital in Vienna. She is accompanied by a man who describes himself only as a "friend." As a medical team tries to save her, the police begin to investigate the suicide attempt—or can it be murder?—and we are thrust into a web of memory, a dense recall of a complex entanglement. In its final unraveling the memory becomes a nightmare: repulsive and frighteningly human.

Art Garfunkel is coldly interesting as an objective research psychoanalyst, who is determined to fulfill his sexual passion by possession even though the woman who holds him in thrall goes completely against his intellectual grain. But the focal point of interest is Theresa Russell, a hitherto unremarkable actress. Her portrait of a woman whose untidy life has led her to an impossible relationship is stunning in its blend of naiveté and cynicism, a pathetic presentation of a woman of ersatz independence with too little to offer beyond her flesh. Roeg, as always, scorns exposition: He engrosses one by

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Current couples: (top) Thomas Hulce and Glynnis O'Connor in *Those Lips, Those Eyes;* (middle) Art Garfunkel and Theresa Russell in *Bad Timing;* and (bottom) Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson—a latter-day Tracy and Hepburn—in *Hopscotch.*

inference and suggestion, and does so with such cinematic power that his repetitions and ultimate slickness emerge only in retrospect.

To come into the sunlight, one can turn to *Those Lips, Those Eyes* (United Artists), a charming recall of an adolescent summer encounter with the theater—and a touching homage thereto. In softer and more nostalgic tone than last year's *Breaking Away*, this original David Shaber screenplay takes us to Cleveland in 1951 where a college student is hired as assistant prop man for a season of operattas in the park. The lagniappe happens to be scenes from third-rate productions of *The Red Mill, The Vagabond King, The Desert Song,* and *Rose Marie.*

Our hero, played with appealing stolidity by Thomas Hulce, encounters Life as well as Art. He meets Life through the company's leading dancer, played with compassion and just a bit of hard edge by Glynnis O'Connor. He meets Art, gloriously, by way of Frank Langella, who gives a fine performance as a second-rater, getting a bit puffy about the edges, dreaming the impossible dream of the big break, an evocation of everything that isn't star quality—an extraordinary accomplishment for a star.

It's a small and sweet movie, bound up in its protagonist's own age of innocence; there are parents to be scorned, appeased, and ultimately respected; a kid brother to squelch; and pals to impress. And there's the Real World that intrudes—in the form of ruthless agents, major disappointments, a big break for the wrong person and, of course, the end of the summer. The film is a pleasure for the current cinema season—and beyond. ■

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TELEVISION

Timothy Mason

Dr. Miller's Deft Dissection

Jonathan Miller, British director of theater, opera, and television, stands above a slab on which rest the principal internal organs of a recently deceased 70-year-old. As the camera moves in, Miller apologizes to his television audience for "this messy dissection—it's been years since I've done this"—and lifts and offers for our inspection the human brain.

Before his theatrical career was launched by the satirical revue, *Beyond the Fringe* in the 1960s, Miller qualified as an M.D. in pathology, and in the past 20 years he has managed, between numerous directorial assignments, to pursue his interest in the history of medicine. In 1978, at the invitation of the BBC, he created *The Body in Question*, a 13-week series that will be aired by the Public Broadcasting System in association with KCET of Los Angeles beginning on September 30. Neither a strict medical history nor a "layman's guide to the body," it is instead an unusual progression of video essays exploring, in Miller's words, "the hectic activity going on under the skin," and examining mankind's search for an understanding of his most intimate premises. The work is unique, and may well be destined to rank with such television achievements as *Civilization* and *The Ascent of Man.*

"These programs," says Miller, still holding the brain, "are not really about organs as such. They're about the way in which this particular organ has struggled to understand all the rest." In another respect, *The Body in Question* is very much about Jonathan Miller himself. "One of my prime aims," says series producer, Karl Sabbagh, who instigated the project, "was to share with the public this remarkable man—the way he talks, the way he thinks—and to share his excitement."

For the most part, Miller holds the stage alone, expounding and explaining from a dimly lit circular set or from locations in Italy, Africa, and the Andes Mountains. He makes abundant use of his well-known verbal facility (he used no script—only Teleprompter listings of key points and, says series director, Patrick Uden, "Jonathan's own ability to come up with endless, endless words: a continual waterfall of ideas"). At the same time he reveals a striking visual sensibility, and uses the camera to create metaphorical links between image and concept.

The Body in Question's opening segment shows Miller crouching beside the plaster forms of Pompeiian corpses, captured and preserved on August 24, AD 79, when lava flowed over the fleeing victims. Miller looks up at us and with an unforced intensity reminds us that "the physiques which left these spaces in the lava were not simply owned by the people to whom they belonged, but to all intents and purposes they *were* the people to whom they belonged."

COURTESY THE BBC

Jonathan Miller with plaster casts of bodies preserved by Pompeiian lava.

Here is one of the series' underlying themes, and one which Miller says prompted him to accept the BBC's invitation. "Talking to friends, I began to realize that the thing they tended to know least about was that part of the world nearest to them, the one that moves with them wherever they go."

In certain respects, explains Miller, the paradox is understandable. "The primary reason for our ignorance is that we stand in the place from which we look out. There's no way that one can know by introspection what one has inside one."

Another of Dr. Miller's motivations emerges more subtly in the course of the series: He seems to be attacking, albeit in a rather compassionate manner, a currently popular distrust of conventional medical science, and a growing return to so-called holistic, organic, or even mystical approaches to the human body and healing.

"Now some of this is understandable," says Miller in an interview, "and some of it is even sympathetic, but the main thrust of this movement I deplore. It is perfectly true that an over-mechanistic attitude toward the human body dehumanizes the patient. On the other hand, the steadfast refusal to

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regard the body as an impenetrable organic mystery which can only be appreciated or understood by some abject surrender to mystical principles doesn't help anyone at all."

In conversation, Miller bombards one with more thoughts and abstractions than can be immediately absorbed, but returns to the same points, making them over in different ways. The structure of *The Body in Question* tends to duplicate the structure of Miller's speech patterns, laying down a number of threads and then returning to them again and again in subtly different variations. The same technique is employed with the myriad of images and physical objects that are used repeatedly throughout the programs (a bust of the Roman physician, Galen; the "Mona Lisa"; a model steam engine; René Magritte's "The Empire of Light II"; and Poussin's "Dance to the Music of Time"). Sometimes these objects are seen in close-up and used to create a specific metaphor, and sometimes they are merely glimpsed over Miller's shoulder, the camera passing over them for a moment, stirring up a vague memory in the viewer, raising the possibility of unexpected connections.

"That's what Patrick Uden and I intended," says Miller. "We wanted to litter the set with what I regard as the furniture of my imagination. As one goes through life one stocks up one's imagination with images, half of which are seemingly forgotten, but which are 'glimpsed over one's mind's shoulder,' as it were, and then suddenly burst with some sort of insistent suggestion."

According to Miller, it is valueless to try to chart the progress of medical history chronologically—there are no ordered chains of "Eurekas!" So instead of proceeding sequentially, Miller plays a graphic hopscotch with history, moving from modern open-heart surgery to the 15th-century Anatomy Theater in Padua, to present-day Sudanese villages of the Azande tribe (whose members attribute illness to the malice of relatives and neighbors).

What has emerged above all from centuries of fragmented intellectual and experimental strugglings with the body and its mysteries is a pattern of metaphorical thinking. "Since finding out what something *is* is largely a matter of discovering what it is *like*, the most impressive contribution to the growth of intelligibility has been made by the application of suggestive metaphors."

As it turns out, most of the metaphorical models that have revealed the functioning of human systems have been derived from the man-made devices that "lift, dig, hoist, wind, pump, filter, and extract." "It is impossible to imagine how anyone could have made sense of the heart," Miller says in one of the programs, "before we knew what a pump was." And, in fact, no one did.

Miller constantly creates verbal and —in a skillful use of his medium—

Miller delights in visual connections.

visual metaphors to convey his thought and the thinking of his medical predecessors: the "open system" of a living organism compared to "the wobbling improbability of a fountain"; the brain as a map not drawn to scale, an "electoral map as opposed to a geographical one"; and the body after death as a newly vacated house.

At the same time, the programs are very much about entertaining an audience, and here is where Miller's vast theatrical experience enters in. He seems to be "playing to us" directly; he confesses that in fact he was trying to make the cameramen laugh. He experiments upon himself mercilessly (rendering himself unconscious on camera to show what happens when the respiratory fail-safe systems are thwarted; and in another segment, attaching electrodes to his arm muscles, saying, "Never do to a frog anything you are unwilling to do to yourself"). He suggests at one point that different nationalities seem to have formed different biological preoccupations: "Although I have not been able to find, so far, an American national organ, among the British the last four feet of the intestine seem to loom larger than they ought."

The final segment of *The Body in Question*, titled "Perishable Goods," seems to offer a means of looking at death that could be somehow hopeful in terms of on-going life.

"Of course," Miller admits, "one can't derive all that much comfort from the thing. Biologically one has to accept that there is a wisdom about it, that death is not simply an accidental terminus to life, but a biological constitution of life. I think that once you commit yourself to the possibility of an adapting novelty in any system—whether it be a system of thought or a system of life—you're committed also to the death of individuals: the death of individual ideas that prove effete and defunct, and the death of individuals who prove effete and defunct. But from that comes the possibility of the immortality of the species and of the stream of human ideas as well."

This year, having completed *The Body in Question*, Jonathan Miller has taken over production from Cedric Messina of the massive BBC Shakespeare series (*SR*, February 17, 1979). If *The Body in Question* typifies Dr. Miller's standards—a work of memorable insight, a distinctly personal vision of the tortuous and exquisite mechanisms of human biology—then Americans may have a lot to look forward to in transatlantic viewing. ■

Timothy Mason is a freelance writer and playwright.

COURTESY THE BBC

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HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Caranicas

The Video Imperative

On January 30, 1975, *Live From Lincoln Center* premiered over PBS with a telecast of a New York Philharmonic concert conducted by André Previn, with Van Cliburn as piano soloist. Just a few months earlier, Sony had introduced its Betamax videocassette recorder, the first home video unit to thrive in the U.S. market. The households, perhaps a hundred or so, that owned Betamaxes when this concert went on the air were the only ones that could have recorded it on a consumer video system, and the only ones that by now could have built up a videocassette library of all 24 Lincoln Center telecasts. Such a collection would include performances by the American Ballet Theatre, New York City Opera, New York City Ballet, and recitals by Luciano Pavarotti, Joan Sutherland, and André Watts.

In addition to the Lincoln Center programs, culture buffs could have recorded PBS's *Live From the Met* (which has telecast such works as *La Boheme, Don Giovanni*, and *Otello*) as well as its *Dance in America* series. And even the maligned networks have contributed some cultural programming to the home screen, an example being NBC's July 2 telecast of *An Evening With Jerome Robbins*, part of the *Live From Studio 8H* series.

Although such programming is still a mere trickle compared to the sitcoms, talk shows, and mini-series that flood the home screen, its volume will probably increase over the next decade as cable TV and other technologies expand the options and outlets for producers of cultural fare. Once that happens, culture lovers will find it increasingly necessary to invest in the new video equipment, just as, beginning three decades ago, music lovers came to realize that they could not live without audio equipment.

The first—and least expensive—video investment to consider is cable television. (About one person in four lives in an area where the service is available, and the proportion of people living in "wired" communities is growing.) Cable TV costs about $10 per month and offers improved TV reception as well as a wealth of channels, perhaps 30 or more, containing many programs not available over the air. One or more of these channels may be devoted to a pay-TV service, like Home Box Office or Showtime, which costs an extra $5 to $12 per month and delivers uncut, recently released feature films without commercials, as well as occasional variety specials.

Culture lovers will soon find video equipment as essential an investment as audio equipment.

The remaining channels, called "basic cable," carry the three network stations in the area, the PBS channel, the local independent and UHF station, some stations whose signals are "imported" from nearby cities, and perhaps one or two public-access channels available for use by local community groups. That still leaves a number of channels that, as recently as two years ago, cable systems could not fill. In the past couple of years, however, a host of new, nationwide services have begun offering specialized TV programming exclusively to cable. For example, many cable households can now view channels showing programs ranging from entrepreneur Ted Turner's CNN, a 24-hour all-news network, or Getty Oil's ESPN, an all-sports network, or Warner Amex's Nickelodeon, an all-children's network. One service called the English Channel offers several hours of British television each week. Another, Telefrance, delivers programs produced for viewers on the other side of the Channel.

In the area of cultural programming for cable, some major moves appear imminent. CBS recently established CBS Cable, a unit with the stated purpose of developing and marketing culturally oriented programs for cable TV, a medium the network apparently considers better suited for sophisticated programming than over-the-air television. ABC has also set up a division, called ABC Video Enterprises, to develop programming for all alternative media, including cable. One of the division's first moves was to sign an agreement with the Shubert Theater Organization and with film director Robert Altman to develop a supply of new cable programming.

PBS is another broadcasting operation that may enter the cable Olympics. Although nothing is yet in the works, PBS has been strongly encouraged by the Carnegie Commission's so-called PACE report, released last May, to establish a pay-TV service in order to increase its revenue and expand its audience. And Lincoln Center, moving sluggishly in the same direction, is known to have researched a pay-TV program service. (Interestingly, several cable-TV companies, eager to please public officials and get the go-ahead from communities they propose to wire, have included the—so far nonexistent—Lincoln Center payTV channel in their installation proposals to local governments.)

Having invested in cable TV, the culture lover might then consider

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purchasing a videocassette recorder (VCR) in order to capture what appears on broadcast and cable. VCRs can be set to tape programs automatically when no one is home, or to tape one program while another is being watched, thus liberating owners from rigid program schedules. The recorded tapes can either be kept in a collection, or erased and used again. The cost of a VCR ranges from $1,000 to $1,600, depending on features. Blank cassettes range from $12 to $20 each. Nearly 1,000 VCRs have been sold in the U.S. since Sony brought out its first Betamax in 1975. Although a considerable amount of programming—mostly popular features and adult films—has been made available for sale on prerecorded videocassettes, prices are high ($50 or more per title) and most VCRs are used simply to record off-the-air TV programs.

An alternative to the VCR—the videodisc player—has been designed specifically to play back prerecorded programs over the TV set. Videodiscs look much like phonograph records and can contain up to an hour of programming per side. Unfortunately, three rival videodisc formats are being developed, all of which are incompatible—which means the discs for one system cannot be played on another. Buying a player during the early stages of this corporate struggle is risky because only one format is likely to survive, which would lead to the disappearance of the other formats' discs.

Unlike the videodisc, the VCR is a recording medium. Owners can create their own programs on blank cassettes. Two VCR formats exist: Beta and VHS. The former, sold by Sony, Toshiba, Zenith, and Sears, accounts for 30 percent of all VCRs bought in the U.S. The VHS format, sold by RCA, JVC, Panasonic, and Magnavox, among others, accounts for the remaining 70 percent. In all respects, Beta and VHS machines give strikingly similar results and are comparably priced. In purchasing a machine, a buyer should consider his or her own personal quirks and preferences when it comes to recording TV programming.

For example, someone who is away from home for long periods of time and wants to record TV programs during those absences might consider buying RCA's latest entry, which can be programmed to record specific shows up to two weeks in advance. JVC has a model that plays at twice normal speed without changing the pitch on the audio, enabling viewers to absorb programs in half the time while retaining good sound. Panasonic has a unit with a frame-by-frame advance feature, handy for analyzing one of the Black Swan's 32 *fouettes* in *Swan Lake*. Toshiba's new VCR can move at 40 times normal speed while still showing a video image, letting its owner advance rapidly to, say, Act I, Scene 6 of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*.

If one VCR has to be singled out as a good buy for lovers of culture and music, it would be Akai's recently introduced VPS-7350. This VHS-format machine is the only one the market that offers dual audio with Dolby noise reduction. All other consumer VCRs can record and play back in mono only. Since many cultural TV programs are simulcast over FM radio in stereo, offering higher quality sound than is available from television signals, the Akai recorder is of particular value.

A final word: If you buy a VCR before September 24 you'll be able to record the opening night of *Live From Lincoln Center*'s fifth season. That telecast will present three great violinists—Isaac Stern, Itzhak Perlman, and Pinchas Zukerman—in their first joint public appearance with Zubin Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic. In all probability it will be a night to remember—and to keep. ■

Video equipment preserves such televised fare as the ballet, *Calcium Light Night*.

Peter Caranicas is editor of *View*, a magazine of cable television.

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RECORDS

Matthew Gurewitsch

Operas of "The Terror"

Two operas now recorded for the first time bear witness to the bloody collision of ideals and their perversion in the Terror of the French Revolution: Antonin Dvorak's good-hearted *The Jacobin* (Supraphon, 3 discs) and John Eaton's grim *Danton and Robespierre* (CRI, 3 discs).

The prognosis for hearing either in the theater any time soon is negative. A few enterprising houses have mounted *The Jacobin* in the West during the last decade, but Dvorak's operas have never shared the international acclaim so freely lavished on the composer's instrumental works. John Eaton's magnum opus, *Danton and Robespierre,* because of its complexity and sheer manpower requirements, presents tremendous obstacles to performance. Long years will surely roll around before its bleak power attracts a commercial house; and even then, due to the rigorous demands it makes on the listener, the general audience may be counted on to pass it by. We are, therefore, fortunate to have both of these pieces committed to disc.

Despite a certain novelistic leisure and a happy ending, the Dvorak of *The Jacobin* suggests a Slavic Verdi: His melodies are supple, yet robust; forthright in pathos; popular in appeal, yet never hackneyed. The accompaniment carries the continuity of motion through the broken give-and-take of the dialogue (this too recalls Verdi), and if Dvorak relies overmuch on the pinging of triangles to indicate gaiety, the orchestration in more reflective or impassioned moments makes striking and lovely use of instrumental timbre.

The characters of the libretto are no deeper than the operatic average, but the music lends them roundness and individuality, and Dvorak's use of Czech folk tunes (or folklike tunes of his own invention) is not only delightful in itself, but of key significance in the plot: A young peasant's taunting rhyme against his rival, an overweening steward, sets in motion a bitter vendetta; in the denouement, the Count's heart, long hardened against his estranged son, is softened at last by a song.

The Brno State Philharmonic under the direction of Jiri Pinkas has given us a performance of great zest and warmth. The fresh-voiced cast is civilized, musicianly, and irresistible.

The humane celebration of the *ancien régime* in *The Jacobin* could not be further from the world of *Danton and Robespierre*, Eaton's unflinching excursion into the heart of political savagery and corruption. This drama transports us to the very epicenters of revolutionary upheaval: into the streets of Paris, the Assembly, the Revolutionary Tribunal, and even to the scaffold. Heads roll. As victim after victim is dragged screaming into the jaws of monstrous death, the libretto is unrelievedly distressing and the score blisters the ears with argument. The work ends suddenly in mid-shriek as the executioner's blade plunges at the neck of Robespierre.

The prognosis for hearing these operas live is negative. So we're fortunate to have the discs.

Eaton is chairman of the composition department and artistic director of the Center of Electronic and Computer Music at Indiana University (where *Danton* received its world premiere in April 1978). "For years," he writes, "I have been fascinated by and devoted to the development of a richer yet simpler music based on notes (pitches) other than those found on the piano."

"My solution," he explains, "is to divide woodwinds, brasses, and pianos into A and B groups: The A group is tuned normally; the B, a quarter-tone lower. . . ." He plays yet more elaborate games with the harps, and pitches the mathematically impeccable "just" intonation of what he calls "the electronic instrument" against the enormous acoustic forces. (More than 400 musicians, all students at Indiana University, are heard on the recording.) Whether composing in this way is richer than traditional fare is very much open to question; harmonically such writing is surely not simpler.

Nonetheless, the score is at times fiercely captivating. Especially terrifying is Robespierre, whose voice, accompanied by church-style harmonies, levitates to an eerie falsetto to speak his chilling dreams of the perfectionism he calls "love." The choral material extends from growl to shriek, without detours through melody; but some shreds of lyricism hang on the disjointed, wounding spikes of the orchestral parts. A love duet for Danton and his second wife Louise, surrounded by lurid electronic glimmers, is a welcome lull in the epic of wreckage.

Not having oscilloscopes for ears, I have no idea how truly Eaton's demands are realized; but the composer supervised the obsessively rehearsed production, and I am prepared to take accuracy on faith. *Danton* is a formidable work in both senses of the word; for audiences that can respond to its challenge, the rewards, both musical and intellectual, are there.

Matthew Gurewitsch frequently reviews classical recordings.

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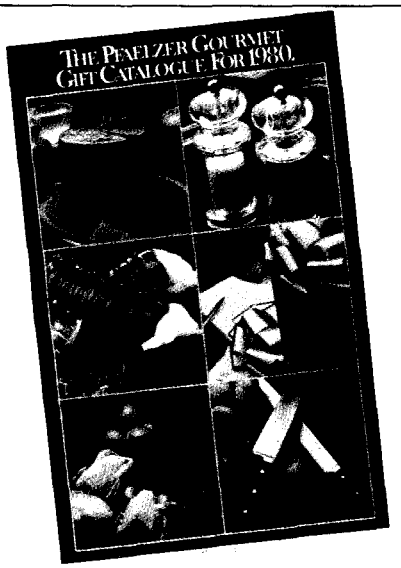

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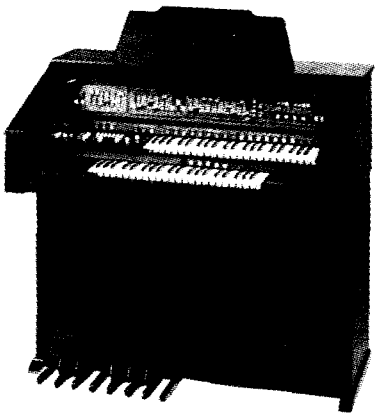

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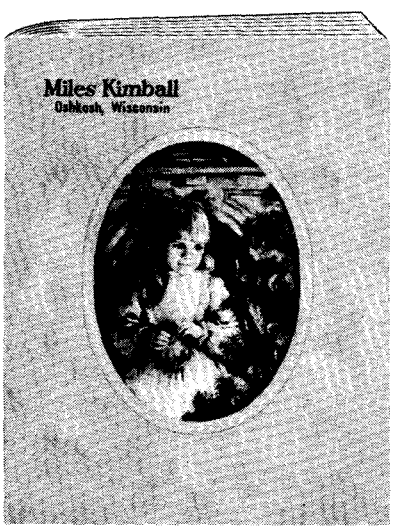

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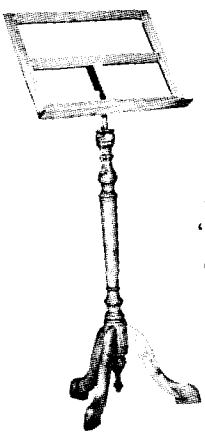

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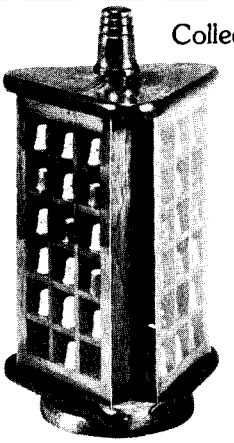

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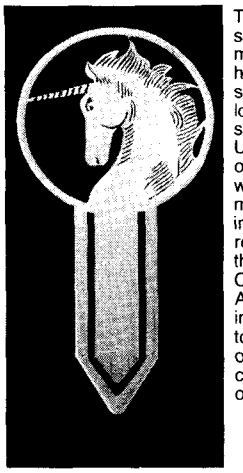

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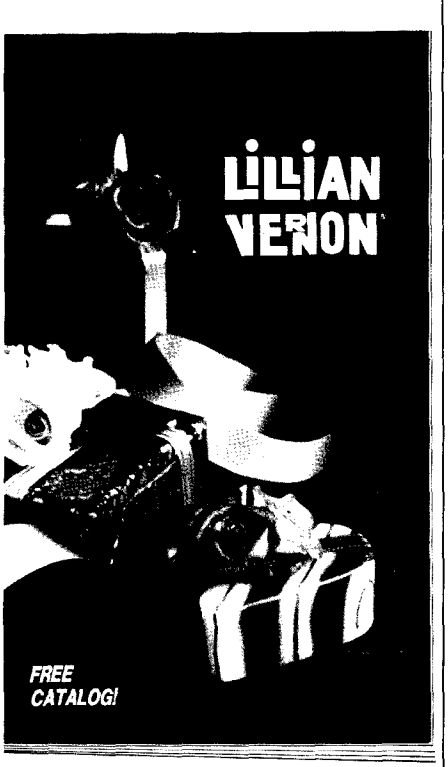

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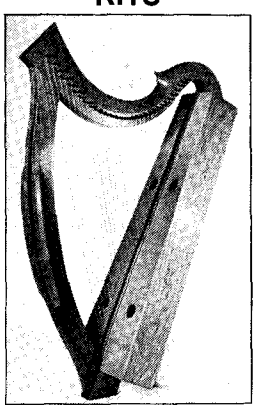

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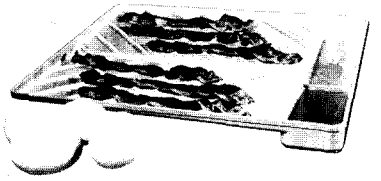

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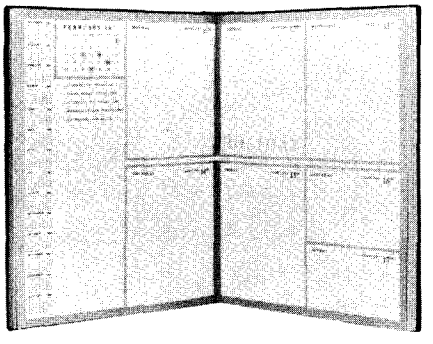

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DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 12

Edmund Clerihew Bentley (1975-1956), the English author and journalist, deserves the gratitude of mankind for two accomplishments. Fatigued by the tiresome infallibility of Sherlock Holmes, he wrote *Trent's Last Case*, in which his detective's utterly convincing solution, clad in an iron logic that would have been the envy of Baker Street, proves in the last chapter to be wrong. And he invented the verse form that goes by his middle name. The Clerihew is normally four rhymed lines of varying length and meter and has only one essential ingredient, a proper noun. Its actually meaning anything is held to be undesirable. Here, beginning with the first he ever composed, are some examples:

Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered Sodium.

And:

My name is Sir Christopher Wren.
I'm going to dine with some men.
If anyone calls,
Say I am designing Saint Paul's.

Future competitions may well involve the submission of a detective novel, but for the time being we shall be content to see your Clerihews. Submit as many as you like; the three winners will be paid at the rate of $6.25 per line, not to exceed $25.

Entries for Competition No. 12 must be received by October 3, and the winners will be announced in the December issue. Please send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 12, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York, 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 9

You're a mischievous group, *SR* readers, no doubt about it. Competition No. 9 required you to spoil some notable historical quotation by causing it be misunderstood, queried, or otherwise interfered with and rendered forgettable. We have noticed that contests which invite this benign species of vandalism attract the greatest number of entries, and, were it not for our congenital dread of avalanches, we would ask you to do something really wicked, like parodying Simonide's epitaph on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae, or I Corinthians 13.

Since we are supposed to have recovered from the post-Vietnam funk, the national psyche is probably strong enough to endure the award of first prize to Howard Upton, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, for deflating our finest recent hour:

Neil Armstrong That's one small step for man. . . .
Houston Control: We're not reading your audio clearly. Repeat.
NA: Roger, Houston. That's one small step for man, one giant. . . .
HC Hold it Neil Baby. Remember—this is for the ages. Try it again from the top and this time turn a little more toward the camera.
NA: Aaaah, Roger, Houston. That's one tall slip for giantkind, one. . . .
HC: Forget it Neil. We'll dub it in on the reruns.

Second prize to whoever is hiding behind the poetical pseudonym "Levent Surleau" of Victoriaville, California, for this surreal version of the first telephone call:

Alexander Graham Bell: Mr. Watson, come here, I want you.
Watson: I say, Holmes—some chap says he wants me. Must be a wrong number.

We also liked the response to the same line as written by Lewis Fowler of Philadelphia:

Voice: It's for you Watson. Sounds like Don Ameche.

Finally, third prize to Linda Kline of Santa Ana, California, for despoiling a scene from *Macbeth*:

Lady Macbeth: Out, damned spot! out, I say.
Gentlewoman: Go gentle on the poor beast, milady. He's only just come in from doing his business.
LM: No, no, no. I mean this blood on my hands.
G: The brute didn't bite you did he?
LM: Thou cream-fac'd loon! I'm going back to bed.

To all the above, our thanks and the latest edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 157

URB CIRCULANT Z'LKQYKA BYG BULK UL ZYNS REA BYGUNKO-ARK YG Y TNAX AUYA ORLG YIREKS NK TNITZLG.

WRUK DYGRK PIRBK

Wit Twister No. 169

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

A _____ of fine phrases must he be
Whose _____ is lost to terminology.
To him, "_____ primrose that,
forsaken, dies"
Is primula that on the parched _____ lies.

Mary A. Grant

Answers next issue

August Answers

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 156

Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings.
Shakespeare

Solution to Wit Twister No. 168

Edgar, raged, grade

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 198

MARK TWAIN:
HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave and has to go about that way every night grieving.

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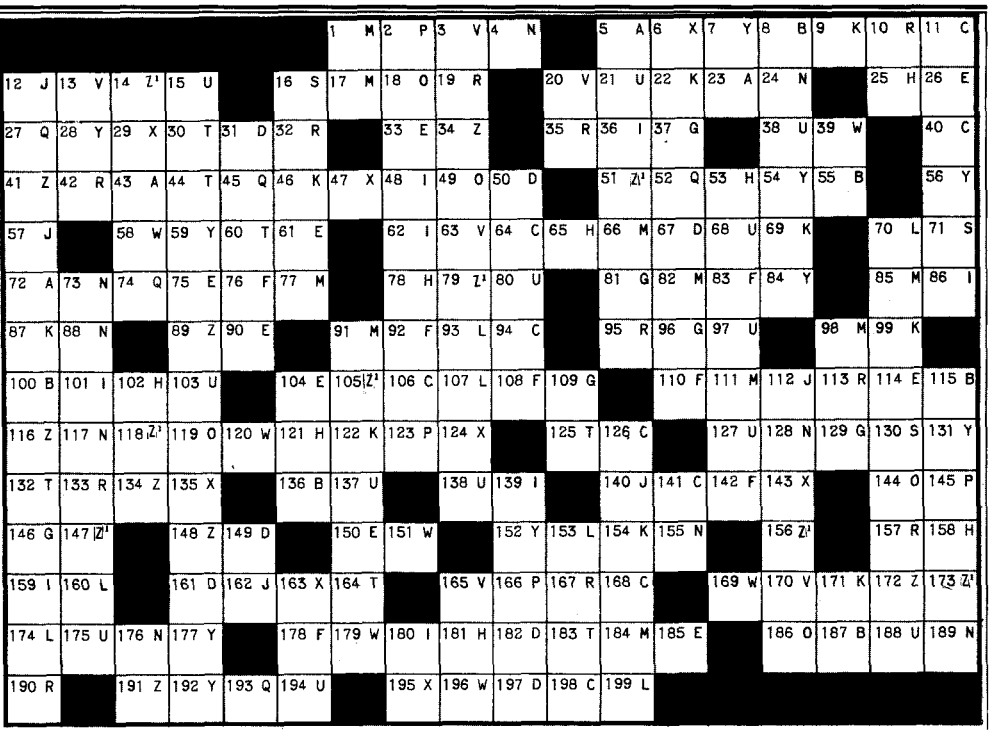
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Double-Crostic No. 199

by Thomas H. Middleton

CLUES	WORDS
A. Bold; saucy; sprightly	5 23 43 72
B. Old World bird of Europe, having an erectile, fanlike crest	100 115 136 187 8 55
C. Slender, carnivorous mammal of Egypt	64 106 141 168 198 11 94 126 40
D. Removing or rescinding, as a ban, curfew, or tax	50 67 149 161 182 197 31
E. Paradoxical statement that appears to make sense (2 wds.)	33 61 75 90 114 104 150 185 26
F. Warm-weather hats	110 76 83 92 108 142 178
G. Wins a complete or overwhelming victory (in a contest)	37 81 96 109 129 146
H. Polynesian garment also called a pareu (comp.)	53 78 102 121 65 158 181 25
I. Straying from the right, normal, or usual course	101 62 86 159 180 36 48 139
J. Tight, high, mellow	140 162 12 57 112
K. Pertaining to the gospel and its teachings	99 154 171 22 69 87 122 46 9
L. U.S. publicist (1820–69) founder of *The New York Times*	93 153 199 70 107 174 160
M. Platform on a rooftop, as on many coastal New England houses (2 wds.)	1 17 66 82 91 111 98 184 77 85
N. Disclosure that startles one into a fresh realization	128 24 73 117 88 155 176 4 189
O. It. violin maker (1596–1684)	49 144 186 18 119
P. Nothing, to Tanner, Navratilova, etc.	123 145 166 2
Q. Playing card bearing an allegorical representation	27 52 74 193 45
R. Valley in Yosemite, a lake since the construction of O'Shaughnessy Dam (2 wds.)	19 133 190 10 32 157 167 42 113 35 95
S. Veneration	71 16 130
T. Roundabout, tortuous	132 164 183 44 60 30 125
U. Courageous terrior named after a character in Scott's "Guy Mannering" (2 wds.)	15 188 38 127 175 103 80 138 68 194 21 137 97
V. Shut in, confine	13 170 20 63 3 165
W. Abundant	120 39 58 169 196 179 151
X. Nonsense, balderdash	143 29 163 195 124 6 47 135
Y. Unfinished, crude (3 wds.)	56 131 84 28 7 192 59 54 177 152
Z. Thrown wide	148 41 34 191 116 89 134 172
Z¹. Lacking in constructiveness, helpfulness, etc.	79 14 118 156 147 173 51 105

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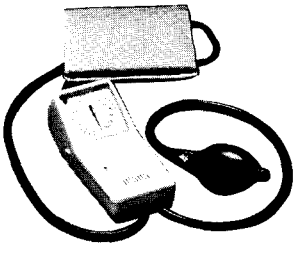
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

MEDICAL SELF-HELP

The most positive medical development of the last decade has been the new know-your-body consciousness that has spread throughout the country. We are our own first line of defense against disease, but first we have to accept the responsibility that this imposes on us. We must monitor our bodies closely enough to know when something suspicious arises. The importance of such self-monitoring is revealed by an American Medical Association estimate that as many as 25 million Americans suffer from high blood pressure *but do not know it.* Now, thanks to the electronics revolution, there is a simple accurate way to take your blood pressure at home. Using this unit on a regular basis will give you a great deal of information about your own body and having a record of your readings taken over a period of time in different circumstances gives your doctor more information on which to base his interpretation of your results. This electronic blood pressure monitor is a fully automatic unit. No stethoscope is required. All you do is put on the cuff, pump it up, and turn on the monitor unit. A light and a beeping come on to signal the systolic reading and go off to mark the diastolic reading. That's all there is to it. It is perfectly easy for one person to operate alone. The unit, called Lifemate, is a professional model that has been slightly adapted for home use, so you can trust its reliability and accuracy. The Lifemate has several features that make it especially convenient for older users: an easy-adjustment cuff; a large easy-to-read dial; a battery tester; and the flexibility of hand-held or tabletop operation. The best medical care is the kind that begins at home. The Lifemate is an important new tool for everybody concerned about their own health. We can supply the Lifemate units for $76.00($3.95).

(SRA212)

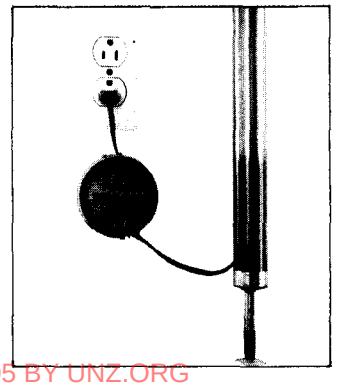


CAROUSEL STORAGE

Not since the invention of the drawer has there been a tool that does away with so much kitchen clutter. This superbly designed organizer rack holds more than 40 utensils and knives in 21 separate compartments and 2 knife racks. Yet it takes up no more counterspace than a dinner plate. The whole unit rotates on a ball-bearing base—thus the Carousel name—giving instant access to everything. It is the perfect home for whisks, can openers, garlic presses, tongs, basters, brushes and other bulky items that invariably jam kitchen drawers. The Carousel organizer rack is well-made of tough plastic that is dishwasher safe. It measures 11½" in diameter by 10½" high and costs $20.95 ($2.00). The kitchen is not the only place where the Carousel will work its magic—use it for sewing things, in the workshop, for hobby supplies, for home or office desk materials. No more turning drawers upside-down looking for elusive implements. The Carousel saves you time, frustration and energy. Its versatility also makes the Carousel a marvelous gift for housewarmings, showers, birthdays. (SRA223)

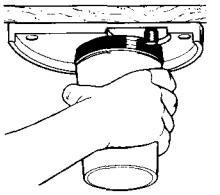
CORD KEEPER

Do you suffer the excess cord problem? Does your telephone cord snarl at you? Are there small tangled nests of electrical cord next to your lamps and small appliances? Excess cord looks messy, attracts dust and poses a potential hazard. The Cord-A-Way will store all that extra cord for you in half-a-minute, no tools required. The patented double-action reel holds up to 8' of lampcord. Once the Cord-A-Way is installed, it is easy to increase or decrease cord length as desired. The excess simply disappears. No more cord mess on floors or countertops. We are offering 3 of these clever cord keepers in white for $7.50 ($1.45). The Cord-A-Way is ideal for offices, too. (SRA194)



OFF AND ON AGAIN

One of the most popular and well-appreciated items we've offered in *Tools for Living* is the Un-Skru one-handed jar opener. This unit mounts under a shelf or countertop where it conquers the most stubborn lids with a mere twist of the wrist. We were so impressed by the Un-Skru's great performance and modest cost that we recommended that every kitchen should have one. Now, on the theory that what comes off should go back on just as easily, we are pleased to offer a new model, the Un-Skru's big brother, the Off/On jar opener. The Off/On works with the same one-handed ease—but it also allows you to put the top back on as snugly as you found it. In addition, the Off/On accommodates larger jar lid sizes up to 5". It mounts easily and is made to survive years of commercial use. It is a must if you do home canning or preserving. The Off/On costs $8.50 ($1.45). (SRA208)



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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

Music for Chameleons, by Truman Capote (Random House, 262 pp., $10.95). A glittering collection of stories and a novella, blending fact and fiction. More technical ingenuity than literary heart, but Capote's art is nonetheless satisfying.

Aberration of Starlight, by Gilbert Sorrentino (Random House, 240 pp., $9.95). Tom Thebus, a sporty meat-cutting-machine salesman, takes Marie Recco, a young Catholic mother, for some heavy petting among the pines. Around this night and its painful aftermath Gilbert Sorrentino creates a tightly focused novel about the spiritual devastation wrought by life's compromises and disappointments.

Fanny: Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones, by Erica Jong (New American Library, 512 pp., $12.95). Jong's concern with language has led her to a genuine experiment — a full-length novel in an obsolete mode of English. It recounts the trials of a high-spirited 18th-century woman, who in our age would be running an advertising agency or sitting on the High Court bench. Imaginative and always enjoyable.

Nonfiction

American Aristocracy: The Lives and Times of James Russell, Amy, and Robert Lowell, by C. David Heymann (Dodd, Mead, 561 pp., $17.95). The Lowells landed near Boston in 1639 and have been one of its leading families ever since. Heymann sketches a brief history of the main branches of the family, their wealth, intellectual powers, and devotion to the cultural life of the city, then focuses on the three American poets: James Russell, Amy, and Robert Lowell.

Lyndon: An Oral Biography, by Merle Miller (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 645 pp., $17.95). John Kenneth Galbraith, Lady Bird, and the hundreds of others interviewed for this compendium of LBJ anecdotes have obviously been infected by Johnson's vulgarity and storytelling prowess. But the emphasis is on Johnson's feeling for the poor and his remarkable civil-rights record, a legacy sadly eclipsed by the Vietnam debacle.

Paradigms Lost: Reflections of Literacy and Its Decline, by John Simon (Clarkson N. Potter, 224 pp., $12.95). A collection of 36 essays on language written by the ubiquitous critic at the bequest of *Esquire* and *More* magazines. Simon warms his spleen to gender-speak, black English, U or non-U words, then gets Rex Reed and the copy editors of the *New York Times* between the eyes.

The Question of Separatism: Quebec and the Struggle Over Sovereignity, by Jane Jacobs (Random House, 144 pp., $8.95). Jacobs sees no reason why Quebec ought not to secede from Canada: She argues cogently that her new Canadian homeland might have to break up in order to survive. Some parts of her discussion are familiar from her earlier writings, but no one handles a discussion on the corruption of size as well as she does.

Weapons: The International Game of Arms, Money and Diplomacy, by Russell Warren Howe (Doubleday, 563 pp., $19.95). It is hard to do justice to the sheer range of detail that Howe has gathered between covers. *Weapons* is a compilation of virtually everything everybody has done about, thought about, and said about the world's arms for the last 35 years. Its pure ore is to be mined, not read.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Film

Airplane! This bright, inventive, gag-jammed takeoff on all those *Airport* disaster movies is a refreshing reminder that there are still bright young satirists around—as well as a few stern old-timers like Lloyd Bridges, Peter Graves, Leslie Nielsen, and Robert Stack to lend a practical hand to the hilarity.

Willie and Phil. Paul Mazursky's update of *Jules and Jim* to the Seventies offers compassionate, satiric comment on the fashions, foibles, and identity crises of the middle-class. With Michael Ontkean, Ray Sharkey, and Margot Kidder.

Dressed to Kill. For the strong of stomach and nerve, this Brian De Palma thriller is a dazzler, inspired, in part, by *Psycho*, with sex, scares, and gore galore; and fine performances by Angie Dickinson, Michael Caine, Nancy Allen, and others.

The Hunter. Steve McQueen, approaching 50, still has his old charisma in this rough, tough, and human adventure-drama based on the life of Ralph "Papa" Thorson, a 20th-century bounty hunter whose quarry is bail-jumpers. It's a crazy mishmash of offbeat characters and wild action highlighted by a terrific chase through the Chicago public transit system.

The Getting of Wisdom. Another film about adolescence. This Australian tale of a poor but brilliant young

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girl from the outback surviving the snobberies of a fashionable Melbourne seminary for young ladies in the 1890s is distinguished by Susannah Fowle's portrait of the not very attractive but all too human heroine.

Theater

Home (Cort Theater, New York City). The Negro Ensemble Company comes as close to being a true ensemble as any troupe around. Its actors have made this story—of a young black farmer trying out city life, then returning to the land and to clarity—into their own, overcoming its weaknesses, fulfilling it.

Records

String Quartet No. 14 in D Minor ("Death and the Maiden") and **Quartettsatz in C Minor**, by Franz Schubert (Supraphon). Prague String Quartet. The Prague favors a darker sound than Western quartets of comparable stature; its attack, though lively, is more tempered. Its renditions of Schubert are bold yet intimate.

Fernando De Lucia (tenor). The G-T Gramophone Company Recordings, 1902-1909 (Rubini, 5 lps). Through the static of this primitive recording comes the voice of the most fluent and melting of Almavivas. De Lucia is also elegant as a Neopolitan songster and heartbreaking in the heavier music of Lohengrin. A weathered (and expensive) treasure from the age this tenor helped make golden.

The Horowitz Concerts 1978-79. Schumann: Humoreske; Rachmaninoff: Barcarolle, Humoresque; Liszt: Consolation No. 3, Mephisto Waltz (RCA). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Great gifts of interpretation and vituosity are squandered here on fluff—except in Schumann's Humoreske, where they serve a profound reading of a wayward and disturbing score.

Le Parnasse musical, Pièces de clavecin, by J.C.F. Fischer (Harmonia Mundi). William Christie, harpsichord. Stirring compositions, played in a muscular yet grandly meditative manner on an instrument of princely resonance.

Sea Pictures, Overture, and **In the South**, by Sir Edward Elgar (CBS). Daniel Barenboim conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Yvonne Minton. Minton's bounteous soprano, exaltedly sailing the waves of Sea Pictures, helps bring Barenboim's five-album survey of Elgar's splendors to a triumphant close.

Dance

Fifty Years of Dance (Wortham Theater, Houston). Dame Margot Fonteyn, now retired, shares her knowledge, charm, and memories in a lecture-demonstration (September 15), scheduled just a few days prior to the opening (September 18) of the Houston Ballet's 1980-81 season in Jones Hall. The company will revive Michel Fokine's historic *Scheherazade*.

The New York City Ballet at the International Festival of Dance (Théâtre Champs-Elysées, Paris). The NYCB will perform 12 works under artistic director George Balanchine. Three separate programs will span more than half a century of supreme creative effort, from perennial classics like *Apollo* (1928) to his most recent productions (September 10-19).

Art

The Avant-Garde in Russia, 1910-1930: New Perspectives (Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles). For two decades the artistic avant-garde in Russia channeled revolutionary energy into all imaginable art forms—paintings, sculpture, architecture; stage, book, fabric, and china design; and art in the streets, often involving masses of people. Little of this art is known in America; all of it is worth investigating (through September 28).

The Great Bronze Age of China (Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago). An exhibition from the People's Republic of China. More than 100 early bronze, jade, and terracotta creations amaze the viewer with their intricate design and involved symbolism. The life-size terra-cotta figures, part of an army of some 7,000 such figures guarding their emperor's magnificent tomb (still in the process of being exhumed), are astounding.

Photography

Olivia Parker, Photographer (Halsted Gallery, Birmingham, Michigan). The art of still-life photography is much used and much abused, but it can still move the emotions. An exhibition of exquisite black-and-whites and Polaroids by a great young craftsman (September 9 through October 8).

The New Vision in Photography: Forty Years of the Institute of Design (Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia). The dazzling geometrics and eye-jogging views of masters like Moholy-Nagy and Jeff Winningham typified the revolutionary approach to photography taken by America's Bauhaus, as this show brilliantly demonstrates (through October 26).

Wendell Macrae, Photographer (Witkin Gallery, New York City). A fascinating show of period pieces by a New York City commercial photographer who specialized in the life and times of Rockefeller Center (September 3 through October 8).

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Just listen to them. "She's the first!" "I knew it! I knew it!" "Have they set the date?" You want to tell the world. But first you have to share it with someone. You've shared perfume and clothes, secrets and dreams—the silly and the serious. And this is serious. There it is, bigger than life, on the third finger of your left hand. Reach out to faraway family and friends. Big news. Just a "hello," they love hearing from you.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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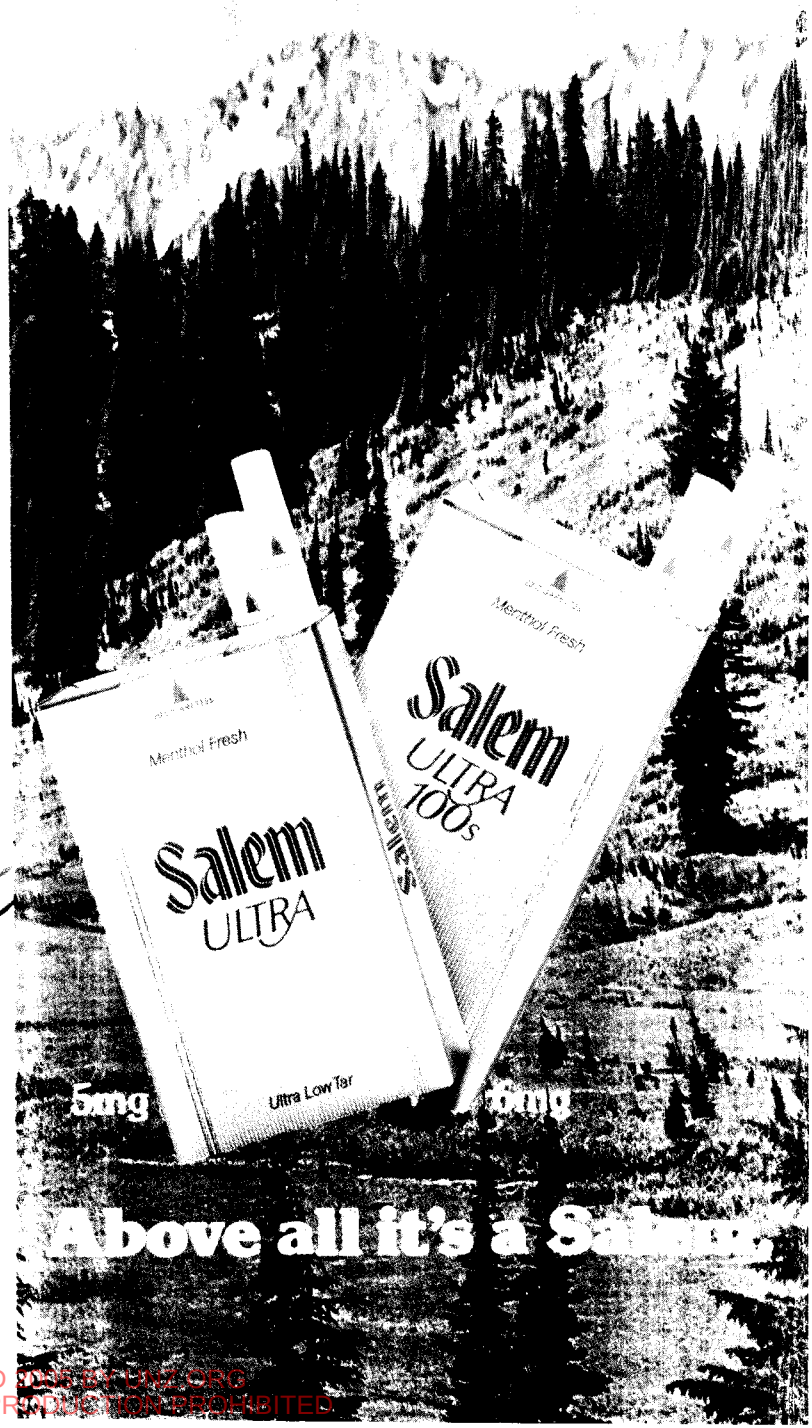
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Sa

The first Ultra lo



Above all it's a Sa

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